Billy Graham & the Pope

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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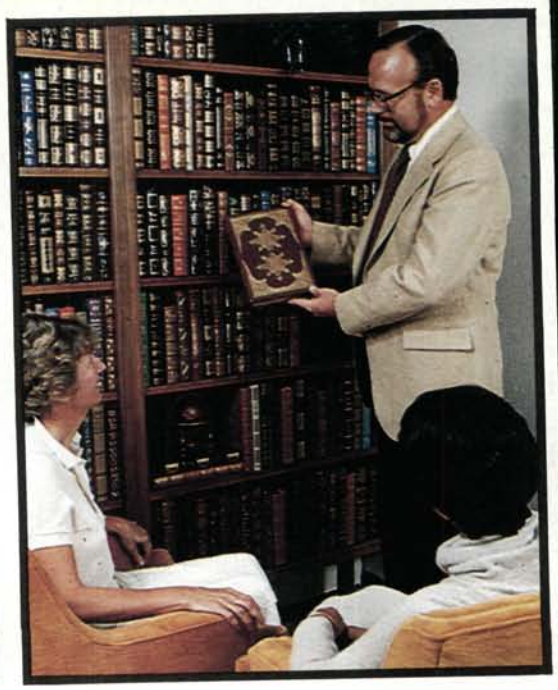

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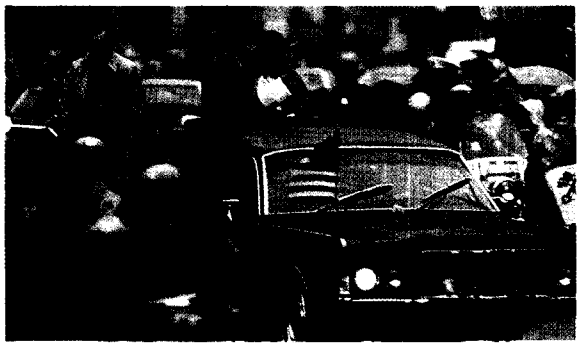
Vol. 252 No. 1



The Pope's Visit

Protestant leader Billy Graham assesses the Roman Catholic Pontiff's visit to the United States in terms of the Pope's roles of pastor, statesman and evangelist, venturing an astute prognostication or two in this *Post* exclusive.

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Is the "G-rated" Julie Andrews just a myth? After a 10-year hiatus from the silver screen, America's best-loved nanny returns with not one but two new movies—one of them rated "R."

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Cardiovascular disease comes under attack from two fronts: A surgeon opts for bypass surgery to save his own life, while a nutritionist's research into the benefits of oat fiber could open your eyes as well as your arteries to the benefits of a preventive diet.

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Bar Keepers Friend is a non-abrasive, talcum-smooth powder with superior cleaning *and polishing* power on most every surface in your home. It's so effective, yet safe, that it's recommended by Tappan, Admiral, and Montgomery Ward for their glass-ceramic cook tops. A sample is even packed in every new range they make.

True, this magic formula costs a little more. But it lasts far longer than the other leading cleansers. Try it once. And you'll probably buy it for the rest of your life.

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Letters to the Editor

Chappaquiddick Cover-up

Why don't you get the truth on "Teddy's Black Night?" Rosemary Keough was in the front seat and her bag was found there when the car was pulled out. Neither of them knew Mary Jo Kopechne was passed out on the back seat until the Secret Service man told them.

Having met my wife 55 years ago on Martha's Vineyard, we have friends who know the truth. We resent the fact that the wealth of the Kennedys can control the media.

Don White
Lookout Mountain, Tennessee

Amway Applause

In an age of "doom and gloom" and the death of the American Dream, the *Post* overlooked the symptoms of page one and found the real pulse of America.

"The Amway Dream" is the phenomenal success story of Rich DeVos and Jay Van Andel at the helm of the dynamic Amway machine. The Amway opportunity has provided Americans with an intelligent alternative to inflation and financial compromise, seasoned with patriotism and based on the family unit. We may have the seeds of the social and economic medicine to cure America's ills. There are hundreds of thousands of modern-day Don Quixotes out there; the rest of us should take a closer look at this phenomenon.

"Scan the sky for eagles, for a new generation is on the way."

Tom Frayne
Woonsocket, Rhode Island

Thanks so much for your article, "The Amway Dream" (November 1979). Frederic A. Birmingham must be congratulated on a well-written, informative and inspiring article. He certainly reaffirmed my belief in the free enterprise system—is he sponsored yet?

My boyfriend and I have been distributors for five months and will be direct distributors by the time you receive this. The freedom that Amway gives us to build our own business in our spare time, working together, is great! You can imagine the security in the certainty that I will be financially independent in four years, when I graduate—all because of Amway! I hope that everyone that read your article explores the possibilities available to them through Amway. "Amway—get the whole picture!"

Debe MacLeod
Toronto, Ontario

Many thanks for the positive, upbeat article on Amway. My wife and I have been distributors for several years now and have grown to love the company and the people associated with it. It is so gratifying to see a national publication with the stature of the *Post* recognize Rich and Jay et. al. for the good they are doing.

Keep up the good work. Every article in the November issue was a winner. Especially Thimmesch's "Silkwood."

Dale and Anne Hugo
Arlington Heights, Illinois

Silkwood Slip-up

I am writing in regard to the first installment of the article "Karen Silkwood Without Tears" by Nick Thimmesch, which appeared in your November 1979 issue and in which my name is frequently mentioned.

In the course of the article, Mr. Thimmesch made a number of statements concerning me that are false and injurious to my personal and professional reputation. I refer particularly to the statement I will discuss here because it is so readily disproved by materials which are available.

Specifically, on pages 28 and 29 of the November issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*, Mr. Thimmesch states:

> The pressure was building. Wodka phoned several times to remind her [Karen Silkwood] that she had made serious charges on the fuel rods, and now would have to document them. He also told her he had arranged for the damning material to be turned over to a reporter from the *New York Times*. What he didn't

Continued on page 8

EDITORIAL
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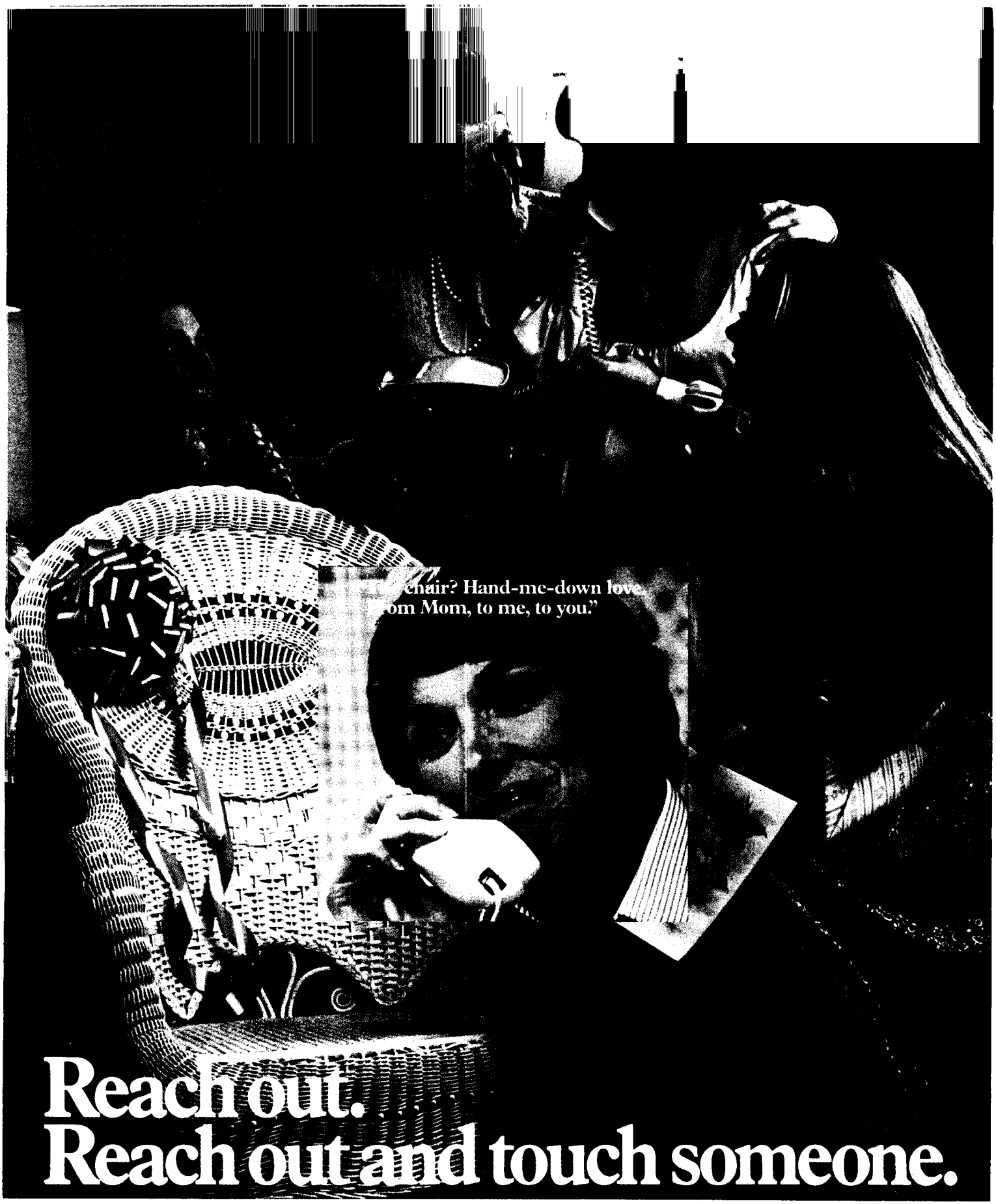

Reach out. Reach out and touch someone.

Your sister's big day is only weeks away. You've always been close. And when you found out you couldn't make that shower, you knew it could spoil her day. So you call, and a family heirloom changes hands. With love. Wonderful, isn't it, how a simple phone call from far away can make everything just great. Reach out and touch someone who's waiting to share her day.

Bell System

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A delightful new limited edition

The Magic Moments of Childhood

12 fine porcelain collector plates featuring original paintings
by the renowned children's artist Elizabeth Moyes

Catching a Butterfly

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Childhood is the happiest time of life—filled with magic moments of fantasy and make-believe, wonder and discovery, tenderness and love. These golden moments stay with us the rest of our lives, mirrored in the smiling faces and beaming eyes of the children we love.

Now, to recapture and rekindle those moments again, the Danbury Mint is proud to announce a new limited edition of collector plates that portray the magic and wonder of childhood as never before—*The Magic Moments of Childhood Plates*

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Rare indeed is the gifted artist able to portray the emotions as well as the experiences of childhood. Such a talent is Elizabeth Moyes, a renowned children's artist of unusual sensitivity and extraordinary gifts. With the award of our commission, she has created a new series of original paintings of great sensitivity and beauty, evoking the innocence, enchantment and joy of childhood. Her works of art were painted exclusively for this collection and will never appear anywhere else.

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To reserve your collection, simply complete the attached reservation application. You need send no money now. Your twelve plates will be issued to you at the convenient rate of one every two months. You will be billed for each of your plates at two-month intervals and the original issue price is guaranteed for each plate throughout the entire collection.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Each plate will be thoroughly inspected by the Danbury Mint prior to shipment. However, if you should receive any plate you are not completely satisfied with, you may return it for replacement or refund. And you may discontinue your subscription at any time.

Please Act Promptly.

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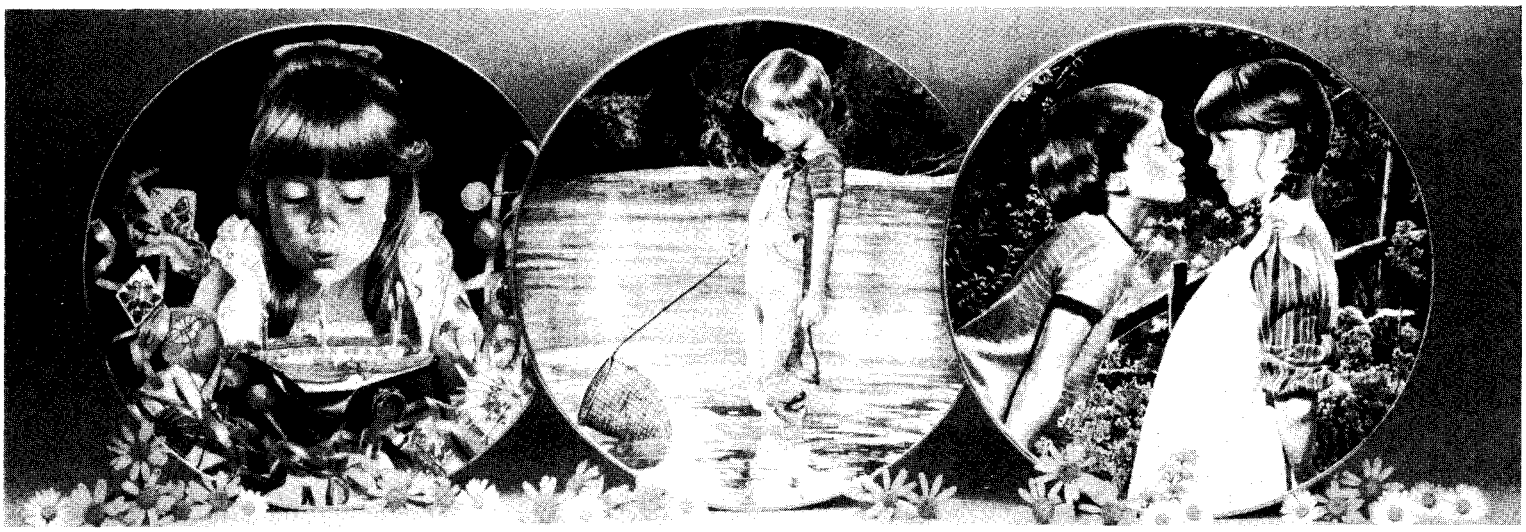

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X-10

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I understand I need send no money now. I will pay for each plate as billed at two-month intervals. I may discontinue my subscription at any time, and any plate I am not completely satisfied with may be returned for replacement or refund.

Name _____

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☐ Master Charge ☐ VISA

Credit Card No. _____ Expiration Date

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Letters

continued from page 4

tell Karen was that he was taping their telephone conversations.

To clear the record, I taped only one conversation with Ms. Silkwood—sometime in early October of 1974—and Ms. Silkwood was well aware that I was recording the conversation at the time. The reason we decided to record the conversation was to preserve permanently the serious allegations that Ms. Silkwood was making concerning health and safety problems and falsifications of records at the Kerr-McGee nuclear facility at which she worked.

I have testified under oath in connection with litigation brought as a result of Ms. Silkwood's death that I recorded only one telephone conversation with Ms. Silkwood and that she knew I was taping her. I am also providing you with an exact duplicate of the tape I used to record my conversation with Ms. Silkwood. The tape shows clearly that she knew our conversation was being recorded.

Steven Wodka
Washington, D.C.

Apology to Mr. Wodka

The Post *reviewed the materials sent by Mr. Wodka and conferred with Nick Thimmesch, the author. The materials provided by Mr. Wodka showed that he did testify that only one conversation with Karen Silkwood was taped and that she was aware that the conversation was being taped. We listened to the tape which he provided and agree that the tape proves that she knew she was being taped. The* Post *regrets misstatements of fact and apologizes for any inconvenience to Mr. Wodka. Mr. Thimmesch intended no embarrassment, inconvenience or injury to Mr. Wodka.*

Post Plaudits

The nostalgia induced by your March '79 issue brings to my mind an incident which might be of interest to you.

In 1913 *The Saturday Evening Post* arrived on the campus of Queen's University, Kingston, between 10 and 11 a.m. every Thursday. Its price was 5¢. At that time the *Post* carried most excellent serial stories, such as those by Clarence Budington Kelland, the Earthworm Tractor stories, etc. Practically all of the students (myself included), eager to read the current installment of their favorite serial, bought copies to take with them to the 11 o'clock lecture.

My 11 o'clock lecture one Thursday was presided over by a likable but dour Scotch-background professor with a dry sense of humor named Sandy McPhail. After a few minutes of the lecture, Sandy looked over the class, all of whom with one exception had bowed heads reading the *Post* under their desks. After a moment, he turned to the one attentive student and said with typical Scotch economy of words: "McPherson, here's a nickel. Go out and buy yourself a *Post.*"

Your autobiography of Rockwell I found extremely interesting—nostalgia leavens the often abrasive harshness of current life.

R. L. Dunsmore
Kingston, Ontario

As a "lifelong" *Post* reader (I became acquainted with the weekly version half a century ago in my Main Line, Philadelphia, childhood home), I must congratulate you on the magazine's enduring sense of humor! Your November '79 cover, posed in charming compliment to Rockwell's eternal "Freedom from Want," is a classic chuckle—yet should offend no one. Surely, we Americans need a good clean laugh today. Thanks for giving us one!

Patricia S. Kehr
York, Pennsylvania

Humble Pie

Thank you for the wonderful article on Jeannie C. Riley in your December issue. I did wish to point out, though, the error in a photo caption: The picture is clearly that of the PTL Club Program, but it states something else.

Joyce A. Fisher
Indianapolis, Indiana

"Pride goeth before a fall," they say. It's mistakes like this that keep us humble.

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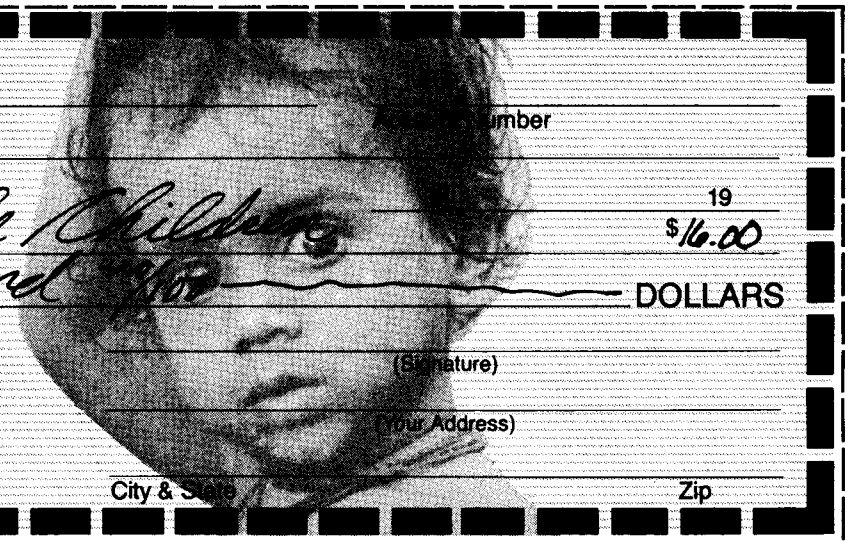

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☐ Boy ☐ Girl ☐ Either

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☐ Colombia
☐ Dominican Republic
☐ Honduras
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☐ Indonesia
☐ Inner Cities (U.S.)
☐ Israel
☐ Korea
☐ Lebanon
☐ Mediterranean
☐ Mexico
☐ Southern States (U.S.)
☐ Sri Lanka (Ceylon)

3 Would you like a picture of your sponsored child?
Shortly after we select a child for you, we can send you a photograph and brief personal history, if you desire.
☐ Yes ☐ No

4 Would you like to correspond with your sponsored child?
If desired, correspondence can help build a meaningful one-to-one relationship. Translations, where necessary, are supplied by Save the Children.
☐ Yes ☐ No

5 Would you like information about the child's community?
Several times a year you can receive detailed reports on community activities to benefit your sponsored child. These community reports show how your money is being used most effectively for permanent improvements to the child's environment—for health care, education, food production, nutrition, and community training. Would you like to receive such information?
☐ Yes ☐ No

6 Do you wish verification of Save the Children credentials?
Save the Children is indeed proud of the handling of its funds. Based on last year's audit, an exceptionally large percentage (80.3%) of each dollar spent was used for program services and direct aid to children and their communities. Due to volunteered labor and materials, your donation provides your sponsored child with benefits worth many times your total gift. Would you like to receive an informative Annual Report (including a summary financial statement)?
☐ Yes ☐ No
(A complete audit statement is available upon request.)

7 Would you rather make a contribution than become a sponsor at this time?
☐ Yes, enclosed is my contribution of $_____.
☐ Check here for general information about our unique programs for aiding impoverished children.

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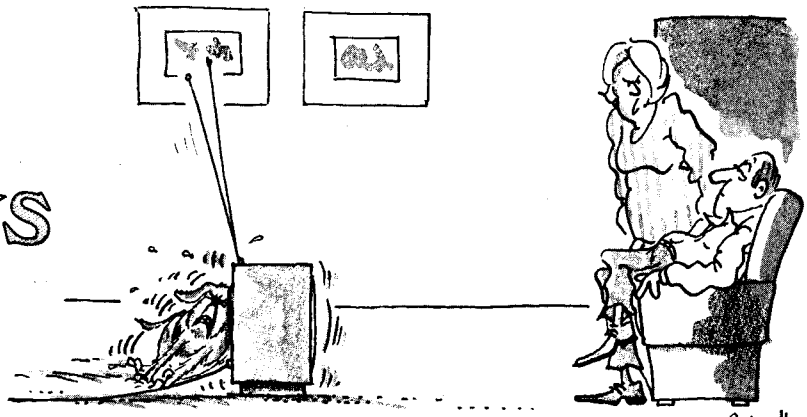
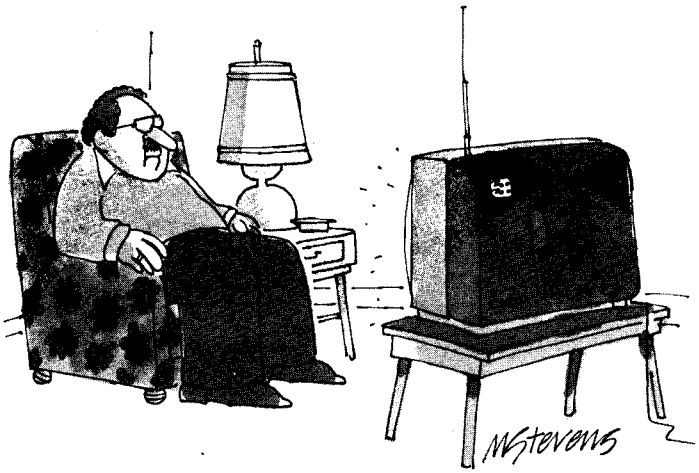
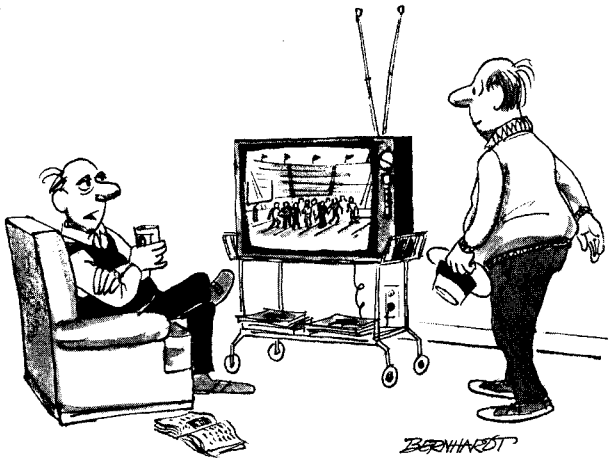


"Arthur, please! Either get a bigger dog or go back to reading the newspaper!"



"We'll return to our feature, 'A bunch of guys hold up a liquor store and get chased around by the police' in a moment. . ."



"This game is so bad the station won't even identify itself."

IT'S NOT BAD BEING A DOG. OF COURSE, THERE ARE LONG HOURS OF SOLITUDE AND BOREDOM. BUT I WOULDN'T TRADE THOSE PROBLEMS FOR THE ECONOMIC, FAMILY AND SOCIAL PRESSURES FACING HUMANS.
MONDAY NIGHT FOOTBALL.

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THE WILD, WILD YEAR OF POLITICS 1980

Are presidential campaigns designed by the inane for the insane? Compelling evidence piling up indicates this election year will be one of the wackiest, least logical ever.

by William Barry Furlong

Illustrated by Jared Lee

The tune was familiar. But the words were all wrong—in precisely the right way.

The occasion was a roasting-boasting kind of dinner that is a Big Occasion in Washington—the Gridiron Dinner of 1973. Onstage was a media-man pretending to be Ted Kennedy in a satirical skit. The tune was from *Casablanca*, the old Humphrey Bogart/Ingrid Bergman movie—"As Time Goes By," with special words that had the edge of malice:

It's still the same old story—
A lust for fame and glory,
A taste for flying high.
But still the nagging question comes—
Can I get by?

In the weeks and months to come—in the whole wild, turbulent year that will be 1980—this is a question that will be answered. For Ted Kennedy and for the world. It is perhaps the centerpiece of the cycle of presidential elections: Will this nation select as president a man who it has reason to believe failed to meet his basic resonsibilities to another human being—and thus left her for dead?

But it is only the centerpiece. Around it will be a series of events that will be wild, bizarre, frenzied, bordering on the berserk. They will appeal to the eye, the ear, the heart, the emotions—anything but the mind. For presidential campaigns seem to be designed by the inane for the insane. And this is seen most clearly—and most hilariously—when you stand off a bit and look at the whole thing with a slightly different angle of vision.

Consider: Does it seem logical to you . . .

•That there is a sizable body of

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public opinion that believes Ted Kennedy would make a good president for no other reason than that his brother Jack was president? ("If I were cut down by an assassin's bullet tomorrow," asked columnist Bob Greene of the *Chicago Tribune*, "would the editors of this newspaper turn immediately to my brother to carry on the torch of the column? Of course not. My brother Tim is a bartender at a place called the Blue Note in Boulder, Colorado. . . . It is only in the loony worlds of politics and media that a man is automatically assumed to have a birthright to a job—i.e., the presidency—because his brother had it before him. It makes no sense, of course, especially knowing many of the things that we know about Ted Kennedy. . . . Would anybody clamor for Billy Carter to take over the White House if anything happened to the President . . . ?")

•That Jimmy Carter, who comes over on TV like a wet dishrag, would *seek* to debate a Ted Kennedy on TV? That a rather small, mumbling, almost shrunken man who smiles as if it hurts his hemorrhoids would *want* to be compared side by side on TV with an expansive, handsome, broad-shouldered, sun-tanned man six or seven inches taller than he is, a man who lusts in his heart, and in every pore of his skin, for the presidency? (Mary McGrory, a columnist for the *Washington Star*, offered a clue: " . . . Away from the prepared text in the face-to-face encounter, Kennedy is rambling, halting, and uncertain when he starts a sentence of where it will all end. He could in debate, the White House must be thinking, do the impossible: that is make murmuring (and mumbling) Jimmy Carter sound crisp and forceful.")

•That we would see such improbable calisthenics as Ronald Reagan rushing left, Ted Kennedy rushing right and Jerry Brown rushing both ways at the same time? (Columnist David Broder of the *Washington Post* commenting on Jerry Brown's drive to be known as both a liberal and a conservative: " . . . exploring space while cutting spending, for example. His embrace of seeming opposites looks innovative to his followers; but to others it appears as contrived and self-serving as his celebratedly unconventional life style.")

Thus the evidence is already piling up that 1980 will be the looniest, least logical election year of all. And yet it will be one of the most meaningful and significant presidential elections in our history. Indeed, 1980 may be recognized as a great watershed of American history, a year in which the people—in the freest expression of will allowed anywhere in the world—will make a series of profound decisions, only a few of which will be listed on the election-year ballot. For example:

In 1980, we will see whether:

•The "politics of glamour" will further weaken the "politics of party." Certainly the campaign technique of Ted Kennedy and the success of John Y. Brown and his wife—a former Miss America—in the Kentucky gubernatorial race reflect the continuing rise of the

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Events in this crazy bash of an election year will be bizarre, frenzied, bordering on the berserk—but the favorite Party game will still be charades.

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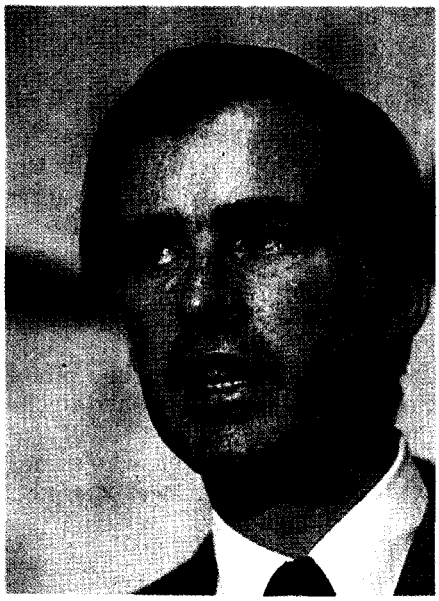
"politics of glamour." Brown, in particular, offered a new dimension to the process. In the past, TV contributed mightily to the decline of the political parties. A candidate didn't need a party organization—or have to wait patiently for generations to rise through one to high office—once he found he could get votes and money through his appearances on television. But the party was still considered useful if he was in politics as a profession or as an avocation. Even the Kennedys followed that tradition. The significance of the John Y. Brown election is that it demonstrated that an individual doesn't have to be in politics at all to get elected. John Y. wasn't; he was everything from an encyclopedia salesman to a fast-food huckster before he decided to become a statesman. He was elected as a Democrat but he was elected *because* he projected so powerful a sense of glamour and celebrity. And this is likely to be the most profound lesson, within politics, of the next generation of candidates.

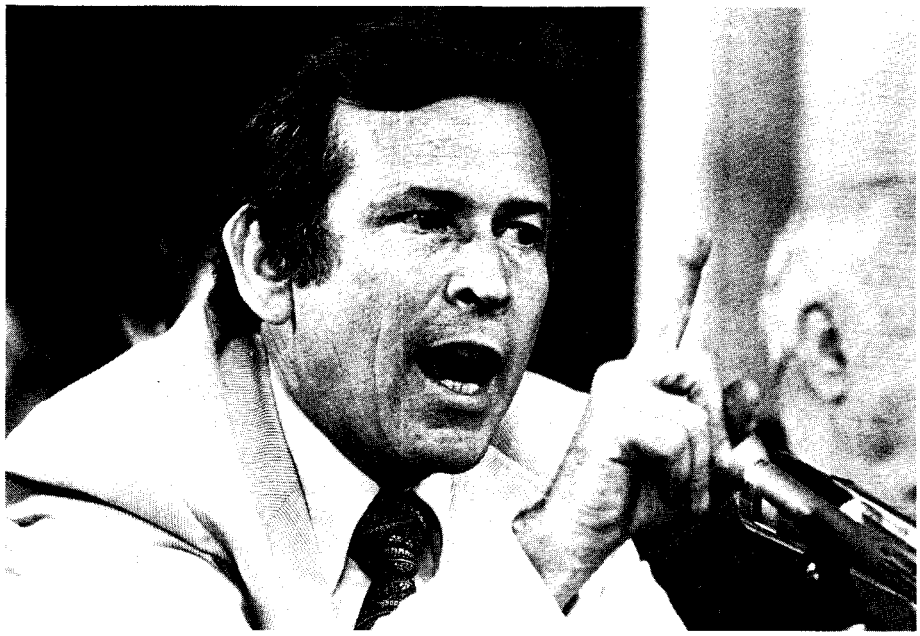
•The Republicans will not only win the White House but also take control of the Senate for the first time in almost 30 years. The reason for the opportunity: Of the 34 Senate seats up for re-election, 24 are now held by Democrats. The GOP need take only 10 of those 24 seats away from the Democrats—while holding all its own, of course—to have a majority in the Senate.



Jerry Brown is 41, the youngest and most "flexible" man in the race. He condemned California's Proposition 13, then embraced it as his own when the vote came in. Now he's for an "era of limitation" for others, while promoting California's continued growth.

•The people will be blocked from discussing openly and in great detail some of the more critical issues facing the nation. Most of the candidates are using personality, not issues, to advance themselves. To be sure, Ted Kennedy as a senator has offered a health insurance plan (nothing to compare with it has been offered by the GOP) and an energy plan, but they are likely to be neglected in favor of a smiling and reminiscent personality in his plea to the voters. Democratic Governor Jerry Brown of California has approached the discussion of achieving safe nuclear power but has done so mostly by suggesting the end to nuclear power as the only way of achieving safety—which does not reassure many people about the depth of his mind. ("He is not a flake!" insists one of his campaign workers—uttering the most memorable campaign cry of 1980.) But it was John Connally—and Connally alone—who broached the most refreshing and insight-filled idea-on-an-issue: He suggested a complex program to end the generations-long war in the Middle East. It asserted that the oil supply, and its price, must be recognized as part of a political settlement. He suggested—among a good many other things—that the Arabs agree to go to a stable oil-pricing system in exchange for the Israelis giving up their land-acquisition program. He did not propose that the U.S. retreat from its commitments to support Israel's security; indeed, he suggested putting U.S. troops in the Middle East to inhibit the outbreak of war. But that did not, he said, mean the U.S. had to support and endorse everything the Israelis might choose to do: "A clear distinction must be drawn between support for Israel's security—which is a moral imperative—and support for Israel's broader territorial acquisitions." Connally's plan was far from perfect; it demanded great investigation and debate. But it was frank and innovative and it tackled aspects of the problem which have been covered up for years. Unfortunately, there are a number of foreign interests which have a stake in continuing the unrest in the Middle East—including the Soviets and the extremist elements in the PLO among them. So Connally's plan was discussed—even by elements within the U.S.—as "reckless," "pernicious" and "perilous." Thus

Continued on page 18



Howard Baker quietly built a staff to explore issues, then got surprised in early straw votes by rivals who had better political organizations. He tried to adjust staff but not goals: He insists it's Baker against Reagan for nomination, is learning it's Baker against Bush as the GOP moderates' alternative. Question: Is he a fast learner?

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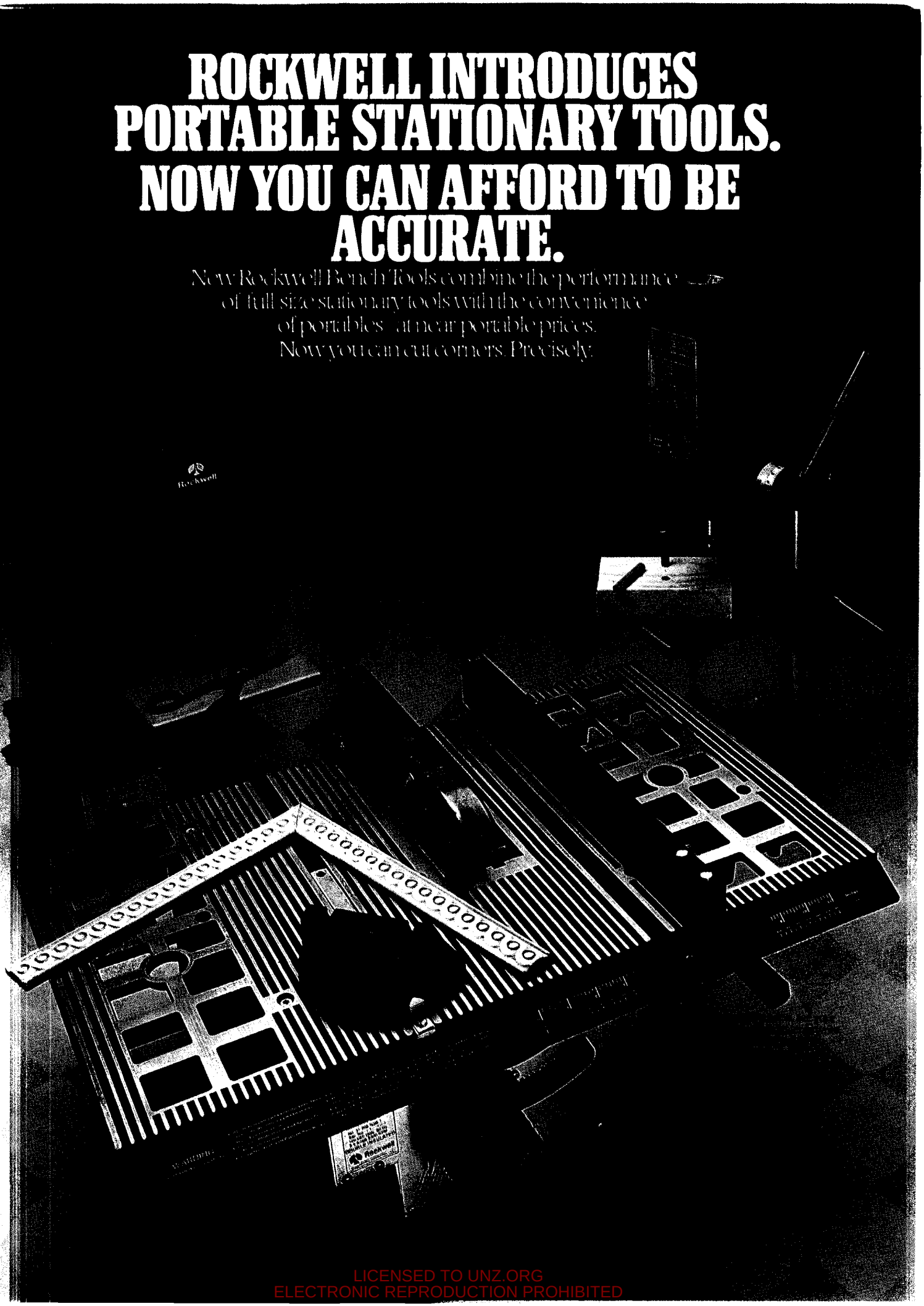

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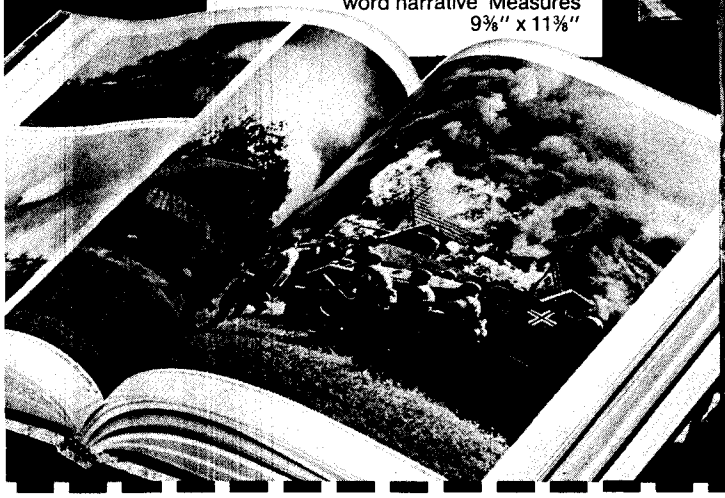

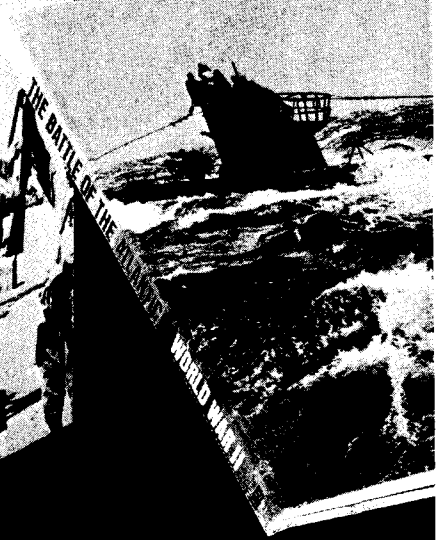

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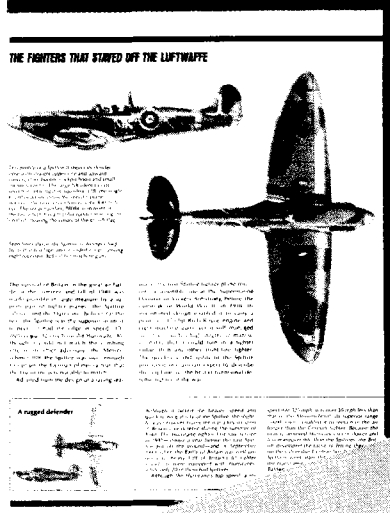

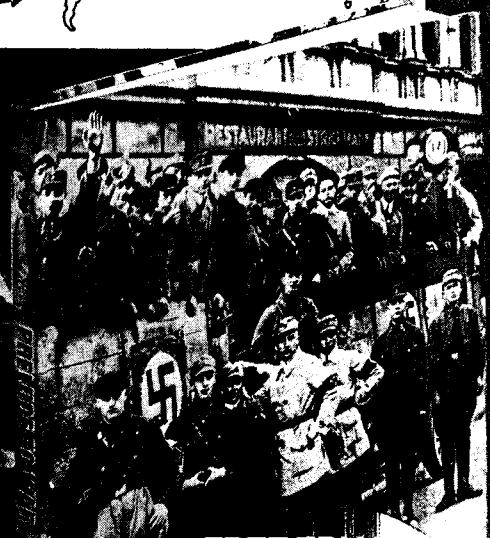

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the function of a presidential election and its glory—the discussion of great public issues by the electorate—was frustrated by a special interest group.

The best that can be said is that some people are measuring the candidates not on their stands on the issues but on their potential impact on the issues—should they ever care to tackle them. "Edward Kennedy has developed into an able and articulate senator concerned with a constantly expanding area of interests," Mrs. George Farenthold, president of Wells College, told *The Saturday Evening Post*. She is "Sissy" Farenthold, once a prominent politician in Texas and—in the view of the women's movement—once a likely candidate for president or (under George McGovern in 1972) vice president herself. Now she says of Ted Kennedy: "He also has the gift to motivate others, an essential antidote to our national political lethargy."

Other people see the race developing in a different way. "The Kennedy aura will fade," says Senator John R. Chaffee, a Republican from Rhode Island. "The incumbency will prevail while Kennedy will always 'have another chance.' " Senator William L. Armstrong, a Republican from Colorado, also thinks—on contemplating events in the opposite party—that it will still "be Carter. Mostly because he is the first Southern president since the Civil War, and to be chased out of the race by a Northerner (i.e., Kennedy) would be highly unlikely. The Democratic schism will become more evident as the contest builds and will eventually split the party. Kennedy was more attractive as a non-candidate."

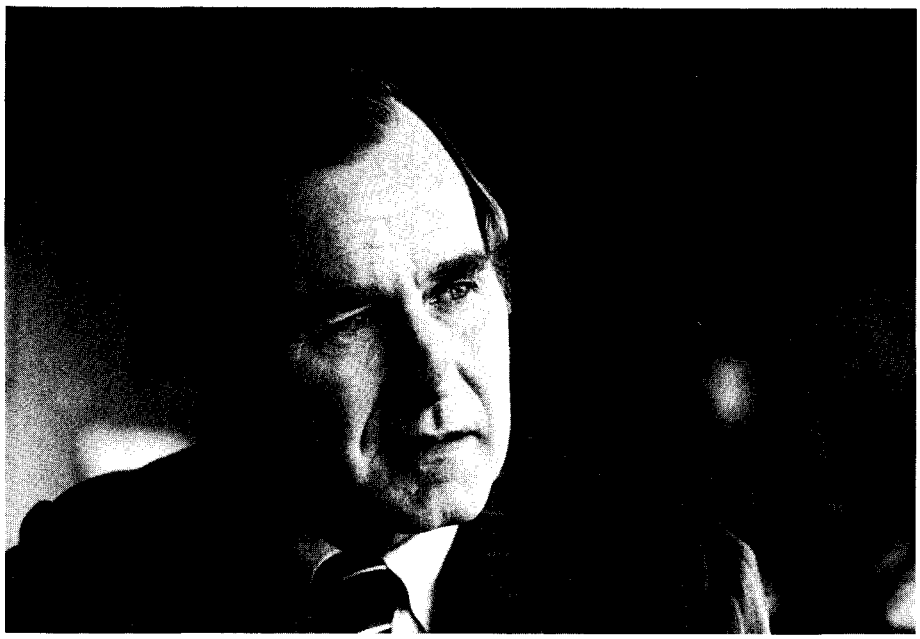
John B. Connally projects a strong personal image. He is the first, and perhaps only, candidate to tackle issues in depth and to offer specific solutions. His "wheeler-dealer" image is considered a plus for dealing with foreign affairs and an unruly Congress.

While there is some discussion of the impact of personality on issues, there is obviously more discussion of personality on politics. And it is a measure of the wild, improbable course of politics in 1980 that one U.S. senator picks a particular personality . . . for the opposition: "Stassen!" says Democratic Senator James J. Exon as his choice for the Republican nominee.

Well, humor . . . or satire . . . or plain foolishness is a part of any presidential campaign. Some of it is quite conscious. Ronald Reagan's current joke is to say that he had a physical checkup before entering the campaign: "The doctor told me I was sound as a dollar and I almost fainted." Some of it is unconscious: Pulitzer prize-winning historian Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., wrote earnestly that Ted Kennedy's participation in the death of Mary Jo Kopechne at Chappaquiddick "would make him a *better* president"—leaving open to Kennedy's opponents the speculation of how many young women would have to die in conjunction with Ted's activities in order for him to become merely an adequate president. Some of it is aimed at the candidates: "This year even GOP candidates have something to be thankful for—that Teddy is *not* a Republican." But you have to leave it to Bob Orben, the gifted humorist who was chief of President Ford's speech-writing staff, to offer insight as well as laughs with his observations about politics, politicians and their habits: "Thanksgiving and Christmas are when you live with a turkey for weeks," he said of the holidays. "Elections are when you get to live with a turkey for years."

"You know what really worries me?" he said of the Democratic race. "Millions of Americans are fighting to keep their heads above water and who are they turning to? Ted Kennedy!"

"I love presidential campaigns," he said of so many candidates comparing themselves favorably with near-70ish Ronald Reagan. "At what other time do you see people



George Bush got labeled as moderate-conservative to GOP's Reagan-Connally conservative consortium. Even if he finishes third behind them in primaries, he is first in his "division" if a moderate-conservative clash develops at the GOP convention. Thus he is one of the few candidates who can survive defeats in primaries.

Continued on page 22

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By Alvin Tresselt, Dean of Faculty

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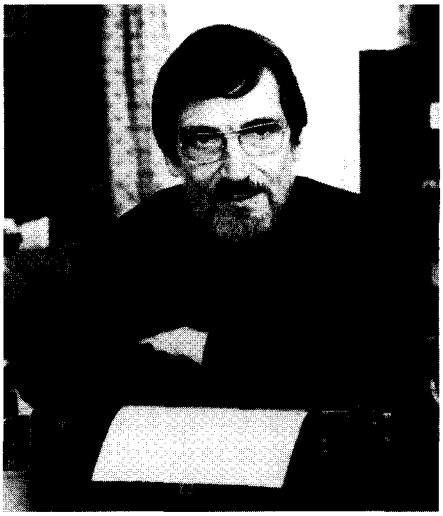

Alvin Tresselt was Vice President and Executive Editor of Parent's Magazine Press, the first editor of *Humpty Dumpty's Magazine for Children*, and has served on the board of the Author's Guild. His 53 books for young readers have sold over two million copies.

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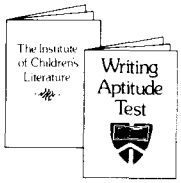

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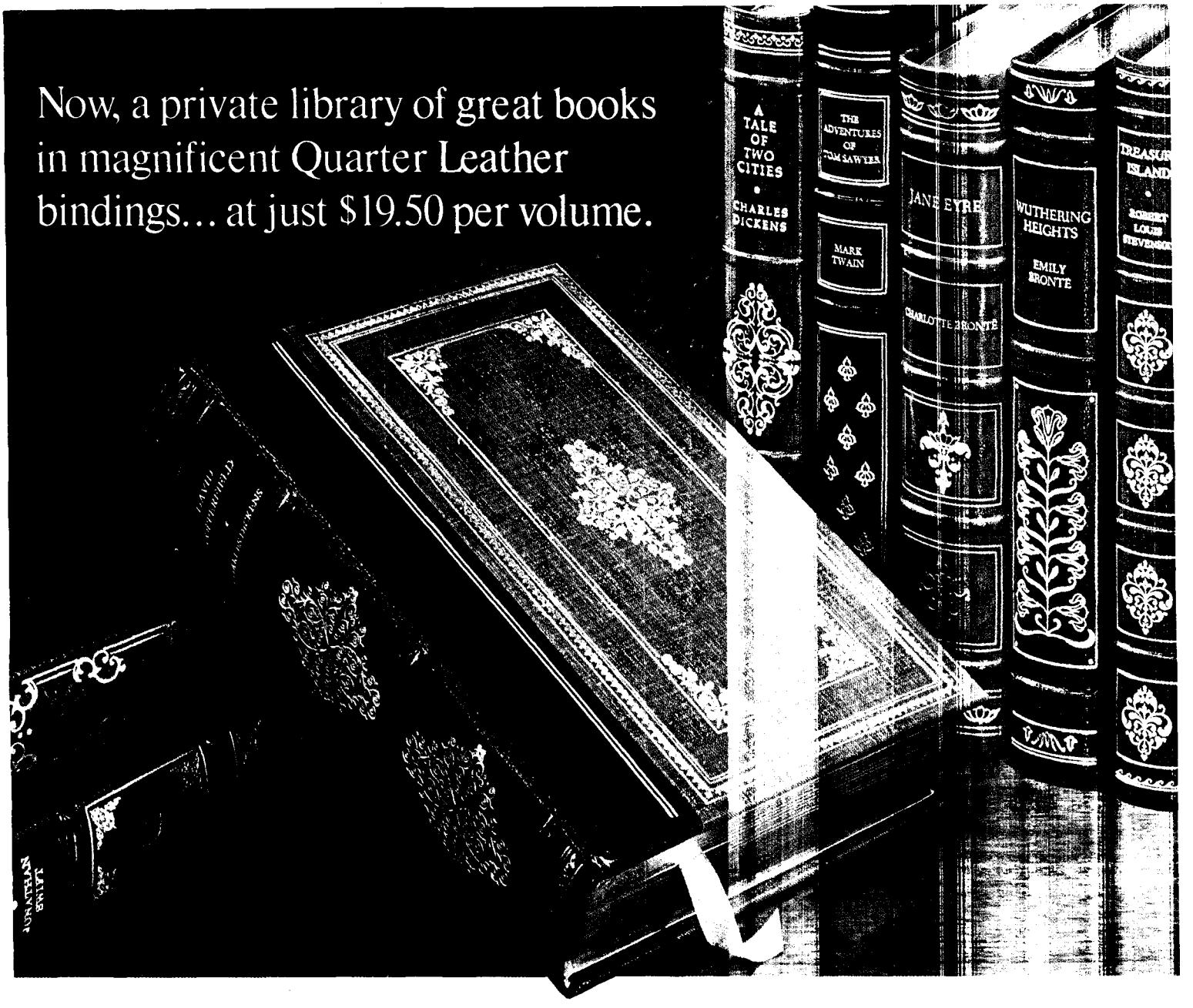
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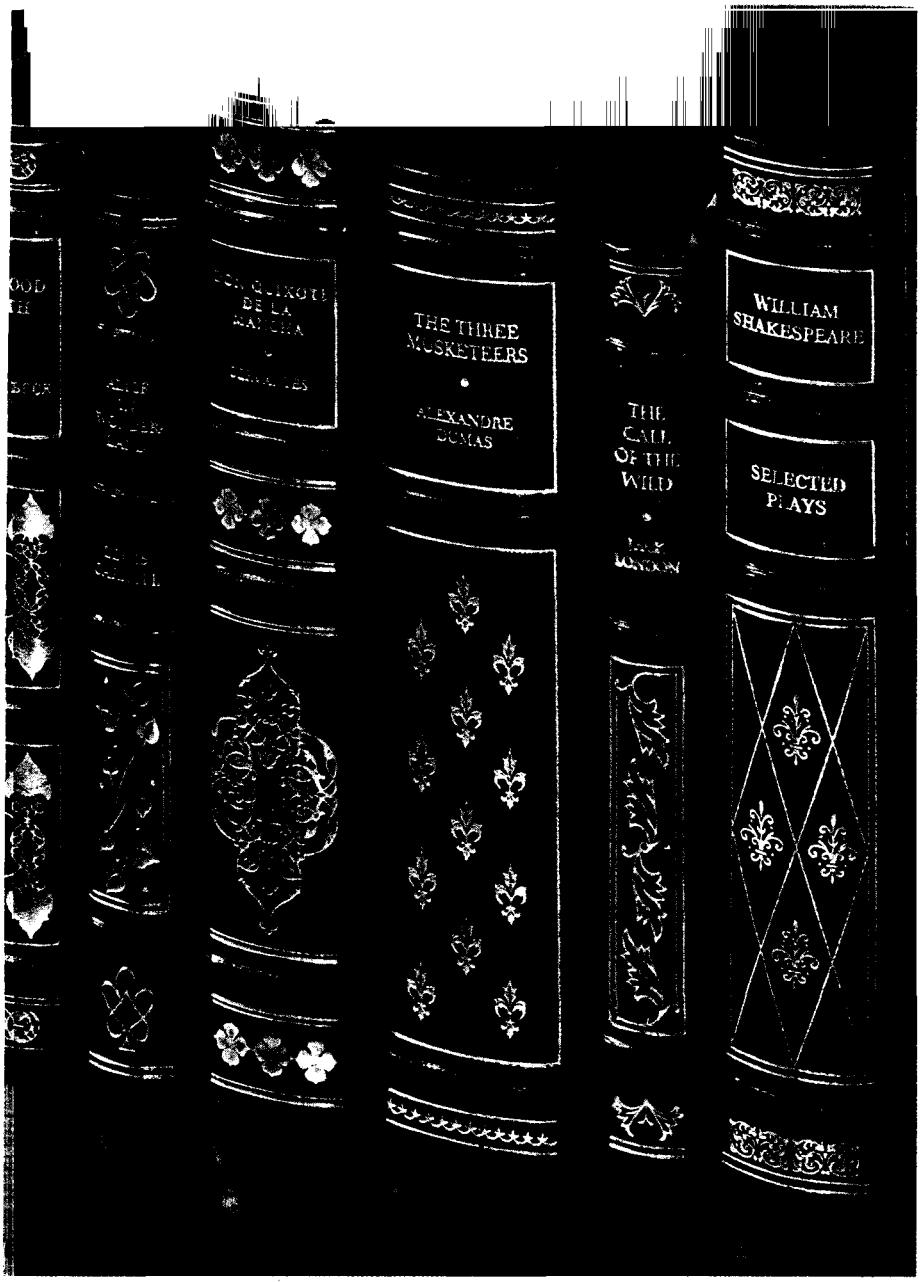

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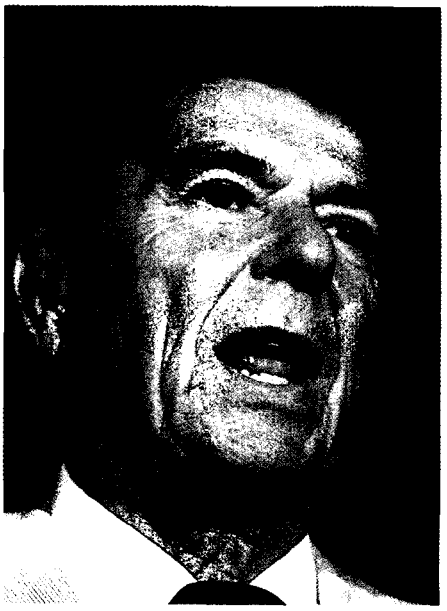
in their 50s capitalizing on their youth?"

"I see where the government is bailing out Chrysler because 200,000 jobs are at stake," he said of one issue, " . . . 200,001 if you include Jimmy's."

And then there was the way Orben put himself in danger of being catapulted into presidential contention by his solution for two problems: "I have this marvelous dream that the third largest auto company in the United States merges with the Department of Energy—and within three months there aren't enough Chryslers to go around."

It is sometimes hard for politicians to keep up with the laughter—if only because their tendency is to make fools of themselves. It is one of the delights of the current campaign to see how often the politicians indulge that habit—by making themselves victims of their own manipulations.

Take Senator Baker. He carefully arranged his formal entry into the GOP race by making his announcement on a Thursday and then winging off to Maine—after recruiting 50 national political correspondents to fly with him—to stage his first great pre-convention victory: a weekend win in a straw vote among Republicans in Maine.



Ronald Reagan's biggest election issue is not the nation's affairs, but his age—if elected, he will be 70 during his first year in office. Can he survive one term of the demanding pace, much less two? Was young Jack Kemp named to a key campaign post as a potential replacement?

He neglected one detail: He lost the straw vote.

The only man more astonished than Howard Baker was his opponent, George Bush. His own campaign manager proclaimed that "Maine isn't very important"—and he'd signaled his own enthusiasm by a lonely automobile trip up to Maine in a rented car, accompanied by his wife and no political correspondents. He made a speech and got out of town as fast as he could—and thereby won the straw vote. It may have signaled an entirely new way to go about campaigning to victory—even if it is a victory which somehow escaped the attention of the candidates. Including George Bush.

Another presidential candidate saw his early campaign strategy collapse like a tired soufflé. He was Governor Jerry Brown of California and he was stirring out from California to assert that he should be in the White House in order to "preserve the earth. . . ." ("It's the first time that he's ever made any sense," said his father, ex-governor Pat Brown—making everybody wonder what Jerry's been up to all these years if his *father* didn't think he made any sense.) In any case, Jerry sent a "point team" into the Outback—the wilderness of America east and north of California—to see what the aborigines were up to. The "point team" was made up of movie star Jane Fonda, radical leader Tom Hayden (who is Fonda's husband) and their entourage. It tells you what the 1980 presidential campaign is like when you consider that a young ex-Jesuit seeking the presidency had to send out a 40-year-old movie actress and a rheumy radical to look things over for him. Ostensibly, the Fonda-Hayden team was traveling around the United States to campaign against nuclear power. It is a significant issue and one which the people must consider carefully. But the trouble with the Fonda-Hayden approach—as a hilarious symbol of the 1980 campaign—is that it is so simplistic: They want to eliminate nuclear accidents by eliminating nuclear fission! The parallel is pointed and inescapable: You could eliminate sunburn by eliminating the sun. You could eliminate automobile accidents by eliminating the wheel. You could eliminate death-by-disease by eliminating birth. But somehow you couldn't eliminate an important thought—that this is a pre-kindergarten approach to political science: Smash everything and claim that solves the problem. The

Continued on page 26

President Carter does one thing incontestably well: run for president. He runs the country less well, is battered by flaws in economic policy and by the decline of U.S. in world affairs. His early campaign strategy: to needle, jab, undermine Kennedy and disparage Kennedy's mental ability to tackle issues and lead the country.

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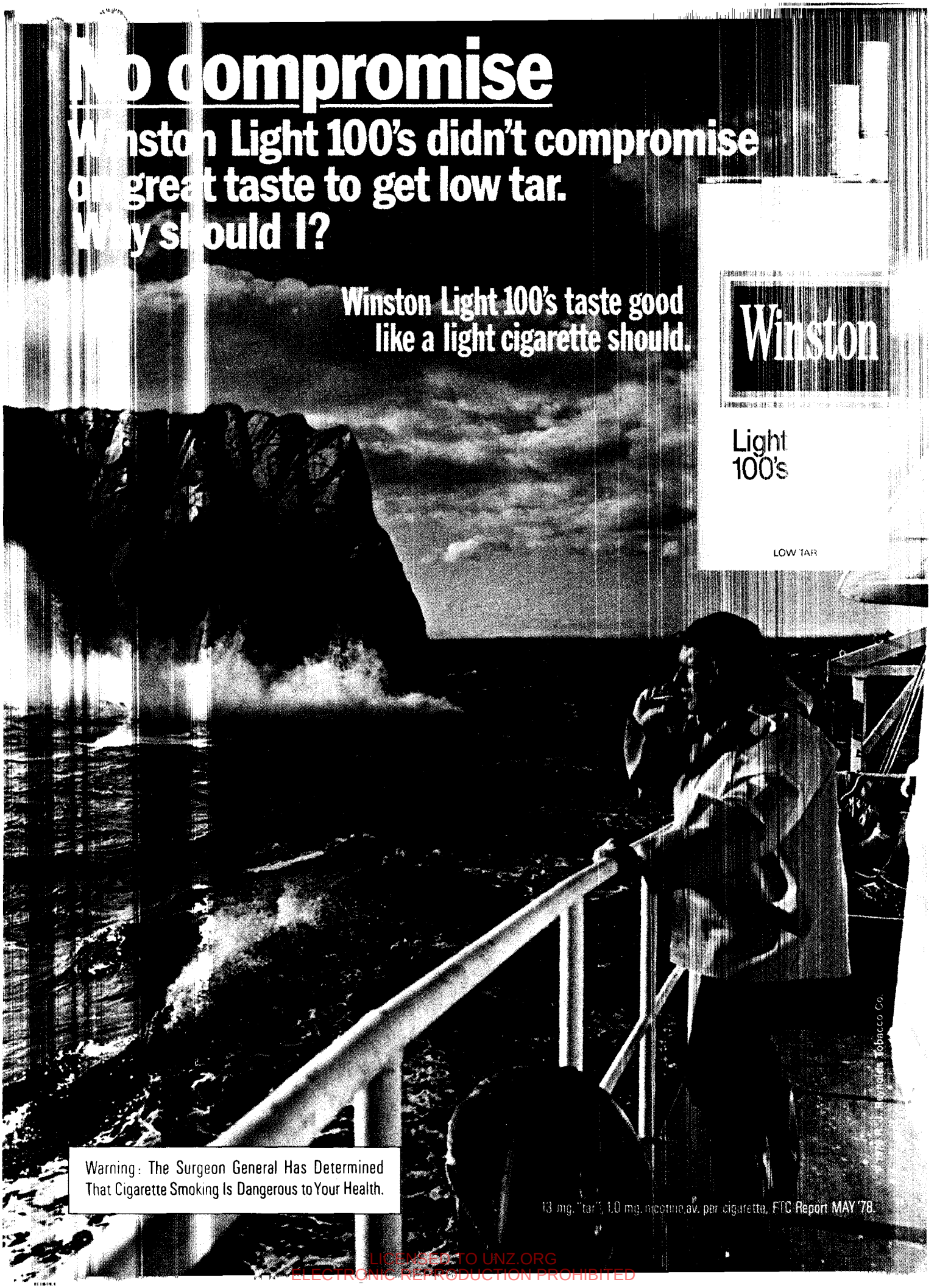
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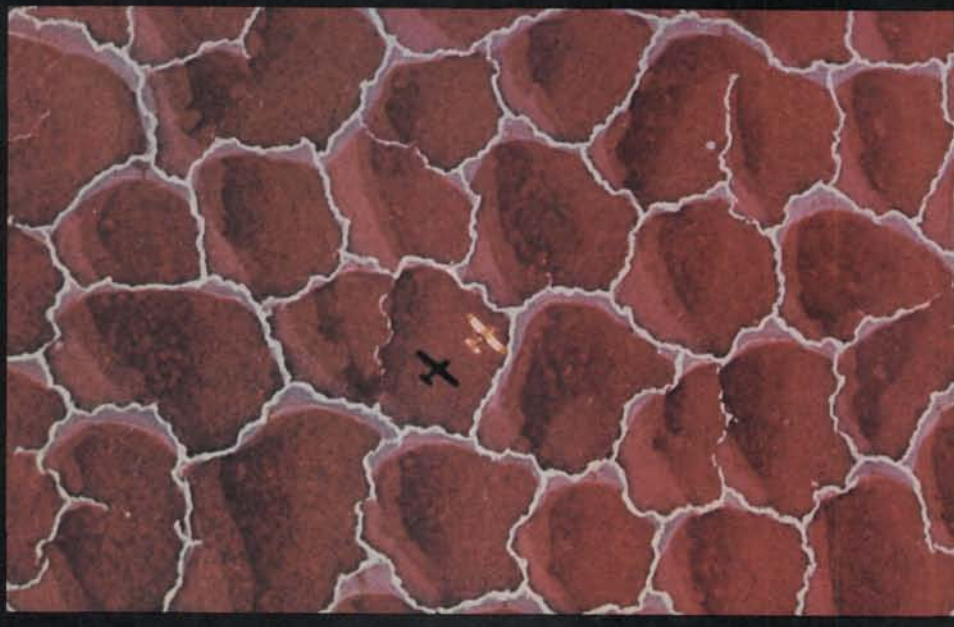

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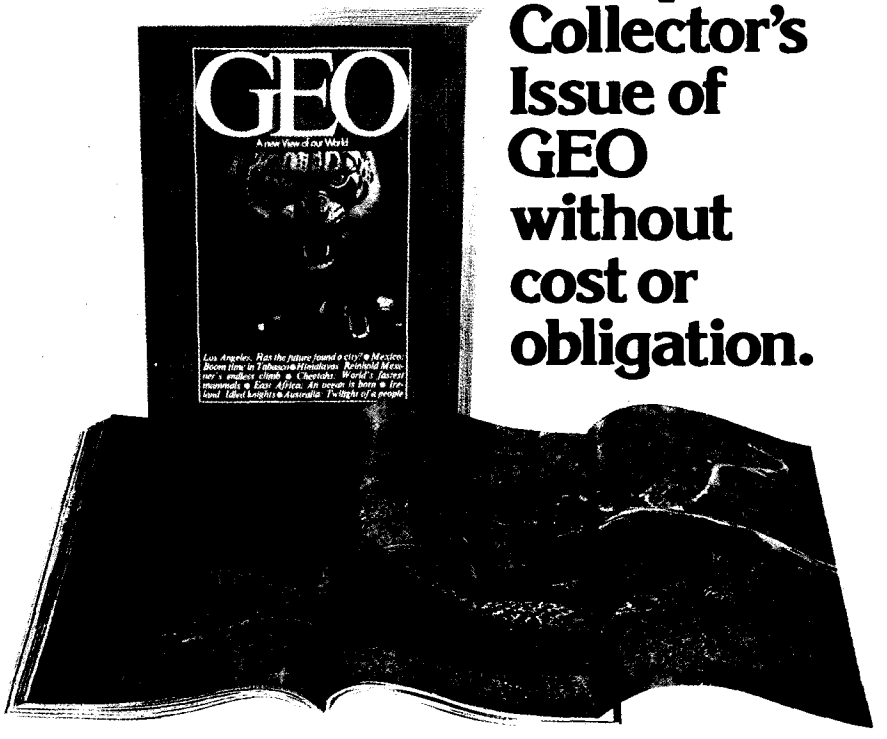

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Fonda-Hayden approach may not be very useful to those Americans who want to examine the issue intelligently, but it does say something important about a certain kind of political participation: Don't let a Californian near a great issue with a hammer in his hands.

To be fair about it, the Fonda-Hayden mission may not have been intended to arouse a serious discussion of the issue. There was a powerful feeling in the media that they were simply traveling around America to use the issue to build the nucleus (if you'll pardon the expression) of a national political army for Jerry Brown. The idea is that they chose the most simplistic approach to find people—presumably those who function most comfortably on the level of the single-cell amoeba—who would most naturally fit into a Jerry Brown campaign. It is not an easy assignment. Not because of the scarcity of prospects—there is an abundance of people who are remarkably stupid, even for politics—but because of a less pronounced reason. You see, Tom Hayden is not just trying to get Jerry Brown into the White House—do us some other favor, Tom—but he's trying earnestly to get him out of California. By 1982. That's when Jerry's term as governor ends and, presuming he won't seek a third term as governor, there's only one other office he'd likely seek: the U.S. Senate seat now held by Republican S.I. Hayakawa. But Tom Hayden would also like to grab Hayakawa's seat. He does not want to have a Tom-and-Jerry show in the 1982 California primary; he wants Jerry safely out of the way in the White House—where he can't do much harm, except to the rest of us—so that it will be strictly a Tom-and-Jane show ("I Tom; you Jane. Let's go out to the jungle and fight against the development of fire.") So the most embarrassing moments of the Fonda-Hayden anti-nuke campaign came when Tom Hayden was asked whether he'd run for the Senate in 1982 and you realized—from his pained denials—that it was not that Tom Hayden had not yet learned to act like a politician. It was that he hadn't learned to lie like one.

As far as Jerry Brown was concerned, he found that the Fonda-Hayden campaign had one perceptible impact: His popularity in the polls went down. Then he formally entered the presidential race and the polls indicated his popularity dropped still further. In a straw poll among Democrats in Iowa his rating fell below one percent. When you consider that he was splitting the vote with only two other candidates—Kennedy and Carter—that suggests to most observers he was less than a triumph as a proclaimed candidate. ("One butcher I know is featuring a Jerry Brown-Jane Fonda turkey," said humorist Bob Orben before Thanksgiving. "Two left wings and it can't get off the ground.") When the *Des Moines Register and Tribune* decided to hold a televised debate among the various presidential candidates, Brown was pointedly left out. Only Carter and Kennedy were included on the Democratic side. Brown—who'd previously indicated he was not much interested in the Iowa caucuses—decided he was outraged. "I will go to Des Moines," he said in a strangled voice, as if he felt that going to Iowa in the winter was about as pleasant as being guest of honor at a public execution. He had not yet faced up to one of the ironic facts of the current campaign: Going to Iowa might only drive his popularity ratings lower.

There is another irony to this wild and wacky political campaign. It is that so many people are running so hard to be *second* in the polls—not just Jerry Brown, for whom being second would be an improvement, or for most of the many GOP candidates marching in lock step behind Ronald Reagan. But even Ted Kennedy: He got into the race because the polls showed he had so vast a lead over Jimmy Carter—2-to-1, sometimes 3-to-1. But once in, he began claiming he was an underdog. But why? Because the press gangs up on the front-runners: There is nothing so joyful to the press as bringing down a king. Or a president. Politicians know that the best way to keep the press from ravaging you—mercilessly, even irrationally—is to be in second place, not first, and thus to be the ultimate beneficiary of the bloodletting. The techniques of the press are to make a victory seem like a loss. They decide ahead of time what percentage of the votes a candidate needs to "win" an election or primary, and if he doesn't get that percentage, then he "lost" the election. LBJ beat Senator Gene McCarthy in the New Hampshire primary in 1968;

Ted Kennedy has visceral appeal to his supporters—they are for Kennedy, not for party, not for issues. He is playing down his record as the Senate's leading liberal, emphasizing how moderate he could be—particularly on spending. His defense of Chappaquiddick on network TV disappointed most of his media advocates.

Continued on page 124

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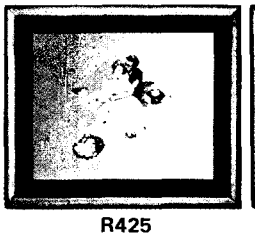

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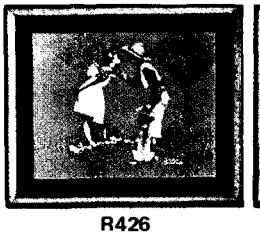

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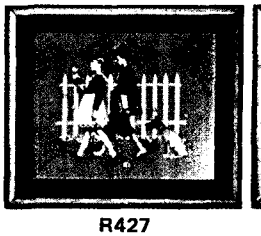

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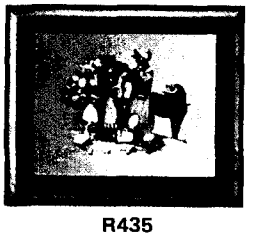

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COMPUTER CRIME

Brainy white-collar crooks are using electronic technology for their heists—and the public is getting ripped off in style.

by David Bumke

All right now, once and for all: Does crime pay, or doesn't it? Of course it *pays*, we know that. But there's always that problem of being caught, going to jail, of not being invited to the best parties anymore. A friend of ours was caught and they gave him 30 years—that sort of thing. Anyway, if you're smart and lucky you find other, safer roads to the American dream. Yet it appears that now, in larger and larger numbers, the young and the restless and some of the best and the brightest are resorting to crime. They're stealing a living. . .and a very good one at that.

A generation of bold, sophisticated computerizing pilferers is now at large in the world. They are out there somewhere, sipping champagne and lighting five-dollar cigars with hundred-dollar bills, but most of them are so sophisticated that it is impossible even to estimate how many there are, to say nothing of who they are, or where or why. To speak of the "brains" behind a big rip-off is less and less a joke, more and more a fact of life. These people are smarter than the average crook; in fact they are smarter than the average anything.

M.I.T. and Cal Tech are—inadvertently, one still assumes—training more than engineers and nuclear physicists these days. They are teaching skills, not ethics. Jerry Schneider—one of the principles in this instructive tale of how to steal from others and make yourself richer—admits that, in school, deontology wasn't required. "Nobody ever taught me that I could do good things and bad things with machines—just that I could do things."

Schneider listened well to what they taught. Years earlier he had walked to school past a Pacific Telephone supply warehouse. Sometimes he had poked around in their trash, occasionally taking a few things home with him: discarded equipment, technical manuals, all manner of junk which, despite his mother's objections, he stored in his bedroom. The junk stayed there until Schneider became an engineering student at U.C.L.A. Then he remembered his little library and, just for fun, decided to read the manuals. From them he learned a few things which intrigued him, not the least of which being that he now had at his disposal sufficient information to enable him, just for fun, to make a great deal of money.

Actually, the information was not quite sufficient; he had to wheedle certain identification and account code numbers out of unsuspecting Pacific Telephone employees. He called them, impersonating telephone-company technicians and posing as a free-lance writer interested in computerized warehouse systems. A little nerve and a little knowledge were all he needed. Once he had succeeded in these simple ruses, the rest was child's play (there are some pretty slick kids running around out there today).

He purchased an automatic dialer, so that his Touch-Tone telephone's signals would seem authentic to the company's IBM 360 computer (would *be* authentic, in fact—to the computer, an electronic bleep is an electronic bleep). He then used the information and expertise he had accumulated to arrange for the delivery of equipment to particular sites (one time he had a $25,000 switchboard delivered to a company manhole at 2:00 a.m.). The material dropped at these sites was picked up and transferred to his own warehouse. He had formed a corporation, the Los Angeles Telephone & Telegraph Company, which then sold the equipment to private suppliers and users.

Eventually he was caught; that is, he was turned in by an employee who had been refused a raise. But although he had diverted more than a million dollars

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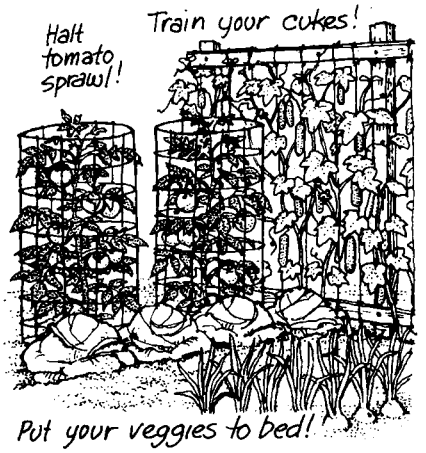

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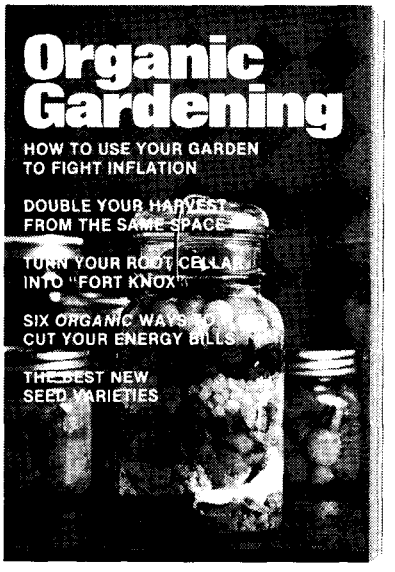
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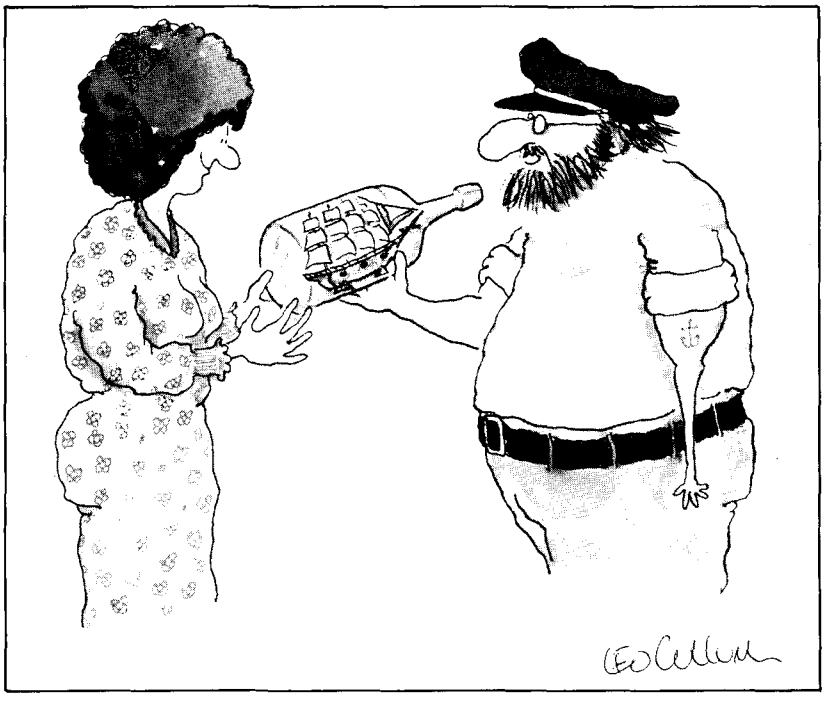
worth of equipment, he served only 40 days of a 60-day sentence at a prison farm. Pacific Telephone sued him, but he was able to settle with them for just $8,500. When he was released from the prison farm he set himself up as a computer-security consultant, helping other corporations avoid what Pacific Telephone did not avoid. And he has sold the story of his lucrative shenanigans to a movie company—thus rendering them considerably more lucrative. You don't need to ask *him* whether crime pays.

When people "do things" as well as Schneider did them, the odds are that the police won't catch them. According to one officer who was involved in the Pacific Telephone investigation, "the problem is that they're so damned bright. The people I work with, a lot of them are pretty smart cops. But these guys on the computers, and the phone freaks, and all those other people who sit down with their paper and pencil to figure out the perfect crime and then go out and commit it—what real chance do we have against that? People complain that we don't try very hard in these cases. And to be perfectly honest I'd have to say we probably don't. But it seems to me that in the cases where we can't even find out for sure whether anybody's done anything wrong, nobody's being hurt very much. We've got our hands full with rapes and muggings and murders."

His statement underscores one of the most distinctive features of the crimes perpetrated by those who reside in the heady upper ranges of the I.Q. scale: They tend not to be investigated or prosecuted with much energy. Donn B. Parker, who has been collecting and studying cases of computer abuse (500 so far) since 1969, complains that "law enforcement doesn't recognize the danger in computer abuse. Federal authorities tell me they're already swamped by white-collar crime. They have no time to worry about automation. But computer technology has grown so fast that security is lagging 10 years behind. The opportunity for really big rip-offs is here." When he says "really big," he means it. The average computer-assisted take is already $450,000, and anyone worth his salt has gotten away with a million or two.

A convicted felon, interviewed recently in prison, was asked to assess the profits and perils of his profession. "Well," he answered, "I wouldn't suggest that anyone should start out in crime nowadays—there's nothing in safes, nothing in banks—unless he was a real good con artist, and he'd probably be legit anyway—'cause that's what they are, aren't they?" "Yes," say Jerry Schneider and company, in effect. "That's exactly what we are—legit."



If, like Schneider, you get caught, you can serve a short sentence, pay a small fine, and go back to playing with your computer—this time, supposedly on the level. But if your subversive, greedy inclinations remain unsatisfied, you can just pretend to rehabilitate yourself. You can develop a security system for your employer which is absolutely foolproof—except to the one, by no means a fool, who has designed it. Or to anyone who happens to be just a wee bit craftier than that crafty designer. And this is apparently the one thing anyone can count on in the face of our mushrooming technology: There is, and will always be, someone who is a wee bit craftier.

The police feel "brain-cuffed." Given their present work load and capabilities, this may be understandable. But the courts? Why—when the police stumble inadvertently over some mammoth embezzlement—do the courts let the thief off so easily? Well, for one thing, they don't. Not always. Consider, for example, the case of the unfortunate bookkeeper who deftly siphoned off a cool million from his employers. He felt justified; his bosses were thieves themselves, and had each been stealing about $400,000 annually from the company. They depended upon their bookkeeper to keep them one jump ahead of the IRS. He did. But he didn't like it.

"I had a couple of choices," he says. "I could hit my boss in the mouth, or I could take his money. The latter gave me more pleasure because I was making a monkey out of the jerk and he didn't even realize it."

So he used the company's computer to slice away a fraction of a cent here and there while keeping the books in apparently perfect order for the periodic audits. In six years' time he had his million. But by then he wanted out, he was tired and was willing to be caught. This was not an easy thing to arrange, however. He had had everything running so smoothly for so long that it took some extremely large, intentional bloopers to convince the people in charge that something might be wrong.

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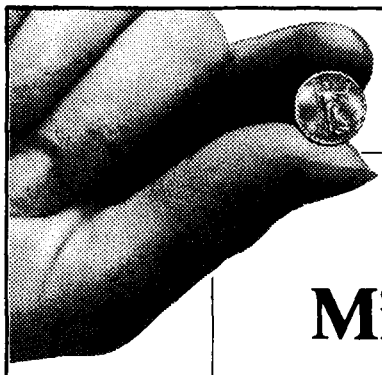

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Finally, after he had arranged to overdraw one account by $78,000, the bank called his boss. And his boss, after picking himself up off the floor, called the cops. Later, when his lawyer suggested he plead guilty to one of the 69 counts of grand theft and forgery with which he was charged, he did.

"You'll be out in 18 months," claimed the lawyer. Unfortunately, the judge sentenced him to 10 years, of which he had to serve five and a half. And this sentence, if you can believe the former bookkeeper, has deterred him from further electronic black magic.

"At age 46," he says, "the risks outweigh the gains." At the same time, however, he admits that he has managed to safely tucked away all the money he will ever need. It took eleven and a half years of work and prison, but he feels it was well worth the trouble. Today he is looking into the possibility of buying the same company he used to work for—and steal from. He explains: "That would be a neat cycle—to buy the business with its own money. I hope it works out. Just for the symmetry of the whole thing." This is what happens to the unlucky ones. And only when they want to be caught. Crime is work, he'd tell you, but yes, it does pay.

In general, however, the electronic whiz kid can expect a gentle slap on the hand (not hard enough to harm his valuable programming fingers) from the bench. The 10-year sentence for the bookkeeper is a conspicuous exception to the almost universal rule of lenience. After all, the judges seem to say, it doesn't seem fair to send such nice people off to such nasty prisons. And computer criminals are, usually, nice people.

Michael Kessler is a case in point. Between 1970 and 1973 he embezzled approximately $1.5 million from the Park Avenue, New York, branch of the Union Dime Savings Bank. He was the branch's chief teller, and although he had never had any formal computer training, he learned enough in his day-to-day work to be able to cover up his extensive, unauthorized cash "withdrawals."

Kessler had no sympathy for the bank. He felt it was paying him too little and working him too much. He would have been glad to fleece them out of all they were worth. But he was concerned that his embezzlement could bring hardship to the owners of particular accounts. Many of these were elderly people who had entrusted the bank with their lives' savings. There could be no problem as long as he was in control; he was always able to correct reported "mistakes" in particular accounts by borrowing from other, less active ones. In order, however, to protect the customers in the event that he was someday apprehended, he took care not to remove more than $20,000 from any one account—at that time the maximum amount covered by the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation. When the FDIC raised the ceiling to $40,000, Kessler was pleased to raise his own limits as well.

As usually happens in such cases, the detection of Kessler's evil deeds came about totally by accident. He was a compulsive gambler who had begun stealing from the bank in order to feed his habit. At the end he was losing $30,000 a day. It is likely that he would still be handing over such incredible sums today, if not for a chance police raid of his bookie's operation. When the cops found Kessler's name in those records listed beside such colossal daily bets, they decided to look a little further. They traced him to the bank, and the embezzlement was discovered.

Kessler was charged with stealing approximately a million and a half dollars. He pleaded guilty, saying that he was very sorry. The judge, motivated in part by Kessler's touching consideration for the bank's patrons, said he was very sorry,too, and then sentenced Kessler to only 20 months in jail. Kessler was out in 15. Because he never caught up with his losses (the closest he ever got was $28,000 in the hole),his spectacular accomplishment was more or less in vain; he now drives a cab 14 hours a day and attends meetings of Gamblers Anonymous. He has apparently been unable or unwilling to capitalize on his status as a criminal celebrity. Maybe he's just too nice a guy to do that!

"That's $1.98, 58¢ and 69¢. That comes to $3.25, multiplied by . . . That's a '76, isn't it? . . . Multiplied by 76 . . . "

In contrast, John Thomas Draper is not so nice—at least not to Ma Bell and certain government agencies. Draper, known to his fans and followers as Captain Crunch, is a legendary phone freak (or phreak, as in Phone Phreaks International, a worldwide fraternity of users and abusers). In October 1976, he became the first of his ilk to be sent to prison.

"The feds fear me," he says, "because of what they think I can do. Like use the little computer terminal in my living room to explore secrets of the AUTOVON military defense network and perhaps start

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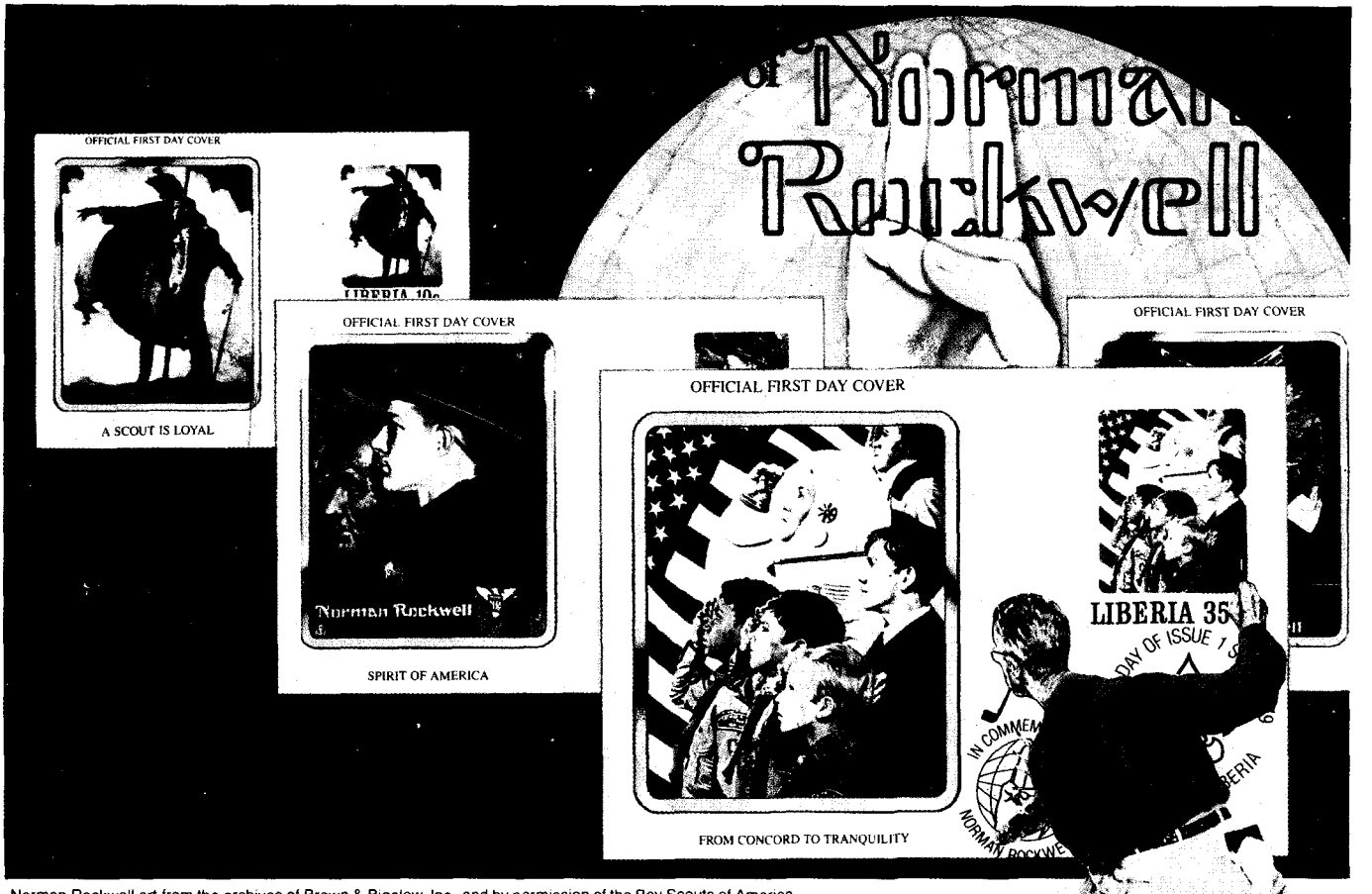

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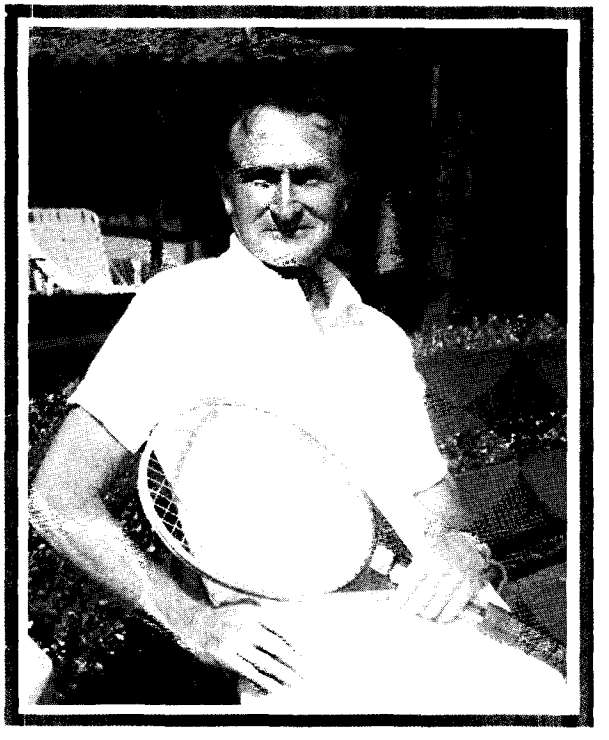
TO BYPASS OR NOT TO BYPASS YOUR CORONARY ARTERY

An athletic California surgeon, who was the picture of fitness, suffered a coronary and discovered his coronary vessels were hopelessly blocked. He faced a difficult decision and opted to bypass.

by Walter Merdinger, M.D.

Likely prospect for a heart attack? It couldn't happen to me. I am a non-smoker, thin, and sort of a physical fitness nut. I play strenuous tennis and never use the elevator in the hospitals in which I operate.

As a practicing surgeon in LaJolla, California, I worked hard but also realized that exercise was important to me. It relieved tension that built up in my demanding profession. I don't have diabetes, I drink sparingly (a little wine at night) and have no family history of heart disease, other than my mother, who suffered a mild heart attack in her middle 60s. I do not have hypertension, and my weight is the same as it was at age 19. However, with all these advantages, I still had the attack and I was faced with a decision: treatment with medication or coronary bypass surgery.



Dr. Merdinger was stunned to find himself a victim of "the disease." Evidence made coronary surgery a flip of the coin, but he took the gamble; as testimony to the operation's success, the 57-year-old surgeon recently won a singles tennis tournament in France.

I might emphasize here that with all the stair running and vigorous running on the tennis court, I never had an anginal-type pain.

My single episode was in the middle of the night. Awakening from a sound sleep, I felt a crushing pain beneath my breastbone, radiating to my left hand, which at that moment felt somewhat numb. Trying to discount it, I drew a couple of deep breaths and turned on my side. There was a feeling of impending doom, and I was sure this had to be almost typical angina. I knew that I must get to the hospital in the event of a massive infarction, or heart muscle death, which in turn leads to cardiac arrest. I knew that if this were to happen, I would have a good chance of survival with cardiopulmonary resuscitation done by anyone trained in the procedure.

I quietly awoke my wife and, as calmly as I could, told her I was having a heart attack. She began to hyperventilate, but she arose and began to dress hurriedly. Would you believe that I went to the bathroom and shaved and asked her where was our Blue Cross card! At this point she almost had a stroke and quickly led me to the car. During the drive to the hospital the pain eased slightly, and I kept taking deep breaths, hoping to oxygenate my heart muscle as best I could, and praying that I would not have a cardiac arrest before getting to the hospital. When we arrived at the emergency room entrance, I strode through the doors, flopped on a bed and told the startled nurse what I had. The young emergency room doctor was busily engaged with a dying two-year-old boy in the next bed. He managed to get over to start an IV on me, then returned to the child, since by now my pain had almost gone. I asked the nurse to give me intravenous Valium because I knew I would get violently ill with morphine. I had experienced that a few years before when my back was thrown out. I also asked her to get the lab to draw blood for a complete blood count and cardiac enzyme studies. If enzyme levels are significantly elevated, it indicates heart muscle

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...OR PERCHANCE A CORONARY

A diabetes specialist finds oats increases the "good" cholesterol (HDL) and decreases the "bad" cholesterol (LDL), the enemy which clogs vessels and causes coronaries.

by Frederic A. Birmingham

Oats have had a poor press up until now.

"Sowing wild oats" is a traditional phase for wasting time, or worse.

And, of course, there was Dr. Samuel Johnson's devastating put-down in his famous dictionary with the definition: *Oats—A grain which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people.*

But help is now on the way for this worthy cereal in the person of Dr. James Anderson, who brings us evidence that oats may now be emerging as a far more important item in our diet than had previously been supposed.

Scientists are loathe to use words like "breakthrough" and "discovery" with respect to research which promises to add to our knowledge concerning the drama of living, and Dr. Anderson is a man of notable restraint, especially when talking about his own research work.

"How much fiber should we eat?" the author asks. "More than we do now," retorts Dr. Anderson (right), whose latest "breakthrough"—an oat diet with a high fiber content—actually increases the "good cholesterol," which dramatically lessens the risk of a coronary.

But it still does seem that he is closing in on some exciting new facts relative to the health of us all. As professor of medicine and clinical nutrition at the University of Kentucky Medical College, he has recently discovered that a diet high in fiber can reduce the insulin requirement of some diabetics and in some cases eliminate it completely. Dr. Anderson has also discovered that oat fiber can lower the blood cholesterol levels. Because high cholesterol contributes to much illness, particularly in our own culture, his work takes on special meaning.

Dr. Anderson goes straight to the problem and pulls no punches:

"Over the last century there has been a gradual change in the diet of the average American. We are eating more fat and cholesterol as well as more sugar than our great-grandparents did. We eat less unrefined starch from potatoes, beans and whole grains. Most of the beneficial fiber is stripped from our foods before they reach our tables. Many experts feel that these changes in diet are largely responsible for the present epidemic of heart attacks, strokes, hardening of the arteries and diabetes. Many premature deaths could be prevented by proper attention to diet.

"A great deal of attention has been focused recently on plant fiber and roughage. Plant fiber is that portion of vegetables, fruits and grains which is not digested by the human small intestinal tract. Plant fibers serve two main purposes in nature. First, they form the structural framework of plants. Second, certain plants such as beans store their sugars in plant fibers. Why should we eat plant fibers? Several benefits result from raising the fiber intake above the low levels that most Americans eat. Plant fibers improve bowel function and relieve constipation. These fibers absorb water and increase the size of bowel movements. For this reason, fibers are now used to treat and prevent diverticulosis of the colon."

Dr. Anderson is a man in his early 40s who looks younger and

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damage. By this time, I was being hooked up to the EKG machine. I told the nurse to get me the cardiologist on call. I knew them all and trusted them, so it didn't matter which one came. All this went on with the young physician taking care of the child in the next bed. As it turned out, the cardiologist who appeared was also the specialist who does the angiograms. He took over. By then, my pain had disappeared.

After two days, my tests, including repeat EKG and enzyme studies, all showed normal. Then came what I thought would be the acid test: the stress EKG. An old cardiologist friend came back on duty the day after my attack and felt we should go ahead with the test. Dave is a premier cardiologist, in fact the first man west of the Mississippi to get his sub-specialty board certification in cardiology.

I felt fine those next two days in the hospital prior to my stress test, and I was eager to find out if I indeed had "the disease." They put me on the treadmill and brought my pulse up to 180 beats per minute, and it was all normal! That night Fred, who had admitted me, came in and we talked about the normal stress EKG. By this time, I had called my wife to bring my clothes in the morning. However, Fred said, "Walt, tell me again about the original pain you had."

"Fred, as far as I'm concerned, this was angina and not heartburn." I wonder if a nonmedical man, hearing his stress EKG was normal and never having had a previous attack, would have underplayed the pain and talked the cardiologist into letting him go home.

Fred said, "If what you say is true, I think we should get an angiogram." An angiogram is done by piercing a sterile catheter in an arm or leg artery and running it up to the origin of the coronary arteries, injecting them with dye. In about 35 minutes under local anesthesia and a little IV Valium, the study was done.

I know Fred so well, I didn't get the bedside approach. He came around in front of me while I was still on the table and said, "Well, Mert, you've got the disease. Three vessels are blocked. One is 95 percent shut off, the second is 80 percent closed and there is a 75 percent closure of the third." Just like that. He knew I wasn't a person to panic and he knew I'd hound him for answers. I got them.

After bypass surgery, Dr. Merdinger had to deal with psychological depression and a new occupation. But today he is jogging three miles a week and is playing singles tennis with his family (left to right): Beth, 19; Mary, 20; Gail, 21; Dr. Merdinger; wife, Ann; Patrick, 27).

"Fred, with my extensively blocked coronary arteries, how come I didn't have anginal attacks with physical stress?"

"Because you're in good shape, you have no infarcted heart muscle, and the muscle was strong enough to push the blood through the blockage. However, at night, with you asleep and with slowed blood flow and shallow breathing, the muscle wasn't adequately supplied with blood and oxygen, and the heart muscle went into spasm."

The angiogram is the most important tool we have in finding out the exact status of the coronary arteries. If any decision is to be made at all regarding surgery, nothing can be done until the angiogram has been performed. It will show how many vessels are blocked; if the arteries are blocked in their entire length, that patient is not a candidate for bypass surgery. With the entire coronary artery occluded, there is no good distal segment of artery to hook into with a graft.

With the information I had from my angiograms, I was faced with the decision of being treated medically or having bypass surgery. Unfortunately, there has been confusing publicity in the media regarding the management of coronary artery disease. The VA hospital report indicated that their 2½- to 3-year study showed that surgical bypasses had no better survival rate than the cases they treated with medication. Being a surgeon, I was curious of this study, and felt I must review the original paper written by the VA physicians. I also felt it necessary to review the authors' works and give both sides a fair appraisal. I was surprised to find that the surgical results of the VA study were markedly different from those of other large centers.

What the media failed to point out from the VA study was a 6 percent operative mortality, (patients who die within seven days after surgery), compared to a 2 percent operative mortality at all other centers. The VA cited a 31 percent clotting of their bypass grafts

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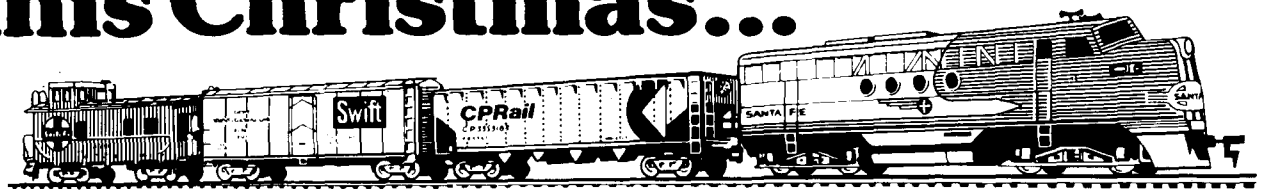
For those of you who didn't get a train set this Christmas...



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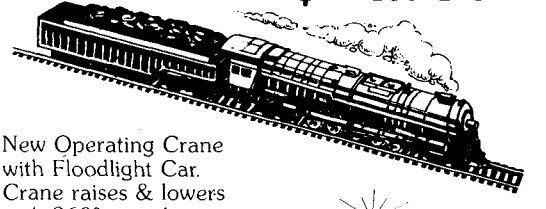

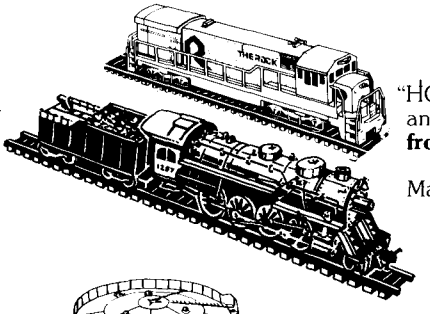

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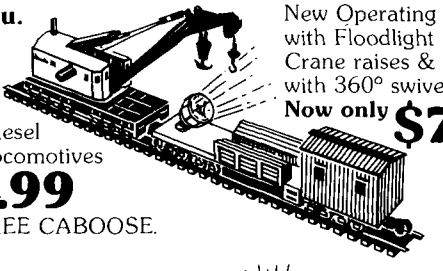

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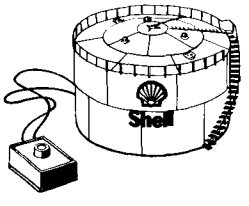

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within 16 to 30 months. Other authors came up with 12 percent clotting of their grafts over a five- to seven-year period. Small wonder, with the premature reporting and the less than ideal surgical results, that the VA study would conclude that in their hands, surgical bypasses had no better survival rate than those treated with medication. It was also pointed out by other authors that their operative cases included poor-risk patients, whereas the VA hospital group were highly selected good-risk cases. Still, the VA surgical group came in a poor second in survivor statistics. With a personal review of the literature and the angiogram evidence of marked obstruction of three of my coronary arteries, I chose surgery.

Things moved rapidly after my decision for surgery. Within 36 hours I had my triple bypass. The cardiac surgeon used my leg vein for two bypasses and the internal mammary artery from beneath my sternum for the third bypass. Studies have shown that in contrast to the VA study, there is an 88 percent patency (i.e., open and functioning) in vein grafts and a 98 percent patency in artery grafts over a five-year follow-up period.

It is curious to find now, after my surgery, the large number of people who have had bypass grafts as long as seven and eight years ago who are leading active normal lives. It has been 16 months since the operation and many changes have occurred in my life, both psychological and physiological. The first month after surgery I was almost in a state of euphoria, having survived the original attack and also the surgery. However, one week after my bypass, another man my age had the same operation at the same hospital done by the same skillful surgeon, and he developed an infection in the operative wound and died a month later.

Six weeks after my return home I had sudden chest pain and faintness and was rushed to the hospital, sure that my grafts had plugged off. The diagnosis was pericarditis, an inflammation of the sac surrounding the heart. I was discharged the next day on cortisone pills.

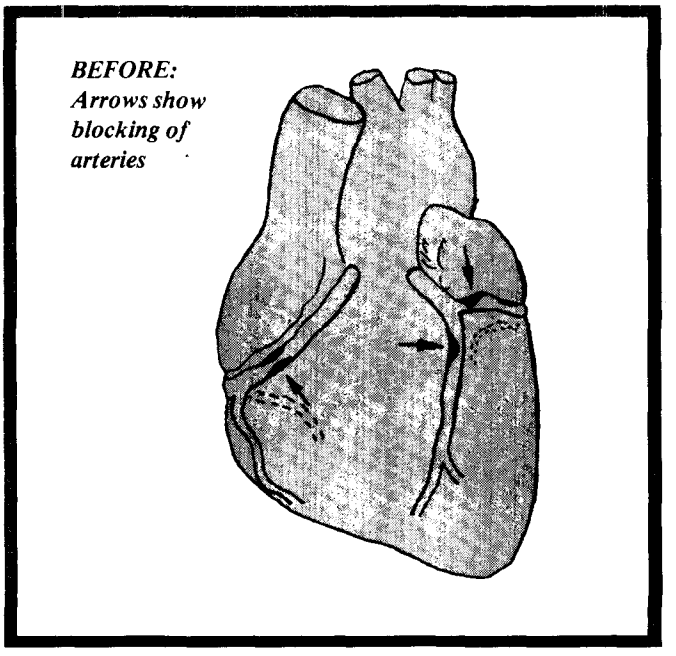
I had never really been conscious of my health before, but after two frightening episodes of chest pain I became a "heart crock." Nights I couldn't sleep were terrible. A pain in my chest or numbness in my hand (probably from lying on it) only added to my anxiety. Because of the inflamed heart sac, my pulse stayed at 120 beats per minute for more than two months. This hindered my brisk walking and getting back to tennis.

Earlier in my convalescence, my cardiologist insisted I go to a psychiatrist. What did he think I was, a nut? I didn't need a shrink; I needed to get stronger physically and return to sports and work! What I didn't realize was that studies of many bypass patients showed the alarming number of men who, after successful surgery, didn't want to go back to work. Many had lost that drive and incentive which most likely had given them their disease in the first place. Reluctantly, I went to the psychiatrist, who was kindly, a good listener and, to my surprise, a very normal guy. Unfortunately, I had known a few who were a bit strange and I assumed that most of them were sort of far out if they could listen every day to all those patients' varied neurotic complaints.

This very normal-acting physician talked with me about my plans for the future. Was I going to slow down, even change the type of practice I had been doing? Of course, I was gung ho, macho, about going back to surgery, but I would "control" it. I would not operate nights or weekends. I had it all planned. His eyes seemed to twinkle a bit, and he said that sounded fine and to see him again in a month or so.

The first two and one-half months following my surgery, it rained, and rained . . . and rained. The depression began as a creeping thing. I was sleeping less at night. I hated those sleepless nights because of the occasional pain under my breastbone or the numbness in my hand. It was dark and quiet, and I was frightened. *Come on, you dummy!* I said to myself. *What's there to be afraid of? You had a good operation!*

But how did I know it was successful? Remember, before the operation I had no pain during physical activity—only once in the



BEFORE: Arrows show blocking of arteries

"Well, Mert, you've got the disease," said his cardiologist friend. "Three vessels are blocked. One is 95 percent shut off, the second is 80, the third, 75." That night, shallow breathing and slowed blood flow didn't supply the heart muscle with enough oxygen and it went into spasm, causing a coronary.

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middle of the night. Twice I went back to the cardiologist and the cardiac surgeon. I suggested getting another angiogram to see if my grafts were still open. Instead, they gave me two separate treadmill tests, both of which were normal. But my stress test was normal before my surgery, too!

My doctors told me it wasn't necessary to have an angiogram at this time unless I could truthfully document what they would consider defined anginal attacks. They indicated the .1 percent mortality and 1 percent morbidity of angiograms. I decided I was overreacting and that I must get my mind and body geared to being well. I started hitting tennis balls with my son even though my pulse was still 110 to 120 beats per minute. Gradually over the next month (the fourth month after surgery), I began running and walking exercises and my pulse dropped to 100. After hitting tennis balls with my wife and son another week or so, I felt I was ready for a little easy competitive club doubles. It was pathetic. My reflexes were awful. The quick lateral moves were gone. I missed shots at the net which should have been easy put-aways. My son would whisper, "Dad, you're not moving!"

When six months passed, my cardiologist did another treadmill test and pronounced me a well man. Other than my still-rapid pulse of 90, I felt quite well physically. Why did I resent his telling me I was ready for work? As much as I had always loved my practice, I suddenly was angry with my doctor who told me *I was ready.*

That week, I voluntarily sought the psychiatrist's advice and counsel. During the discussion, I told him how I helped my depression by writing and by visiting three friends of mine who had various stages of cancer. Two have active recurrent disease and the other has a questionable cure. I'd take them for drives and we'd go out to lunch. I derived some strength from these great fellows who had such a poor prognosis but great courage. One of these fine men had his arm and entire shoulder removed because of his advancing disease and, as long as he can navigate, he runs a "Living with Cancer" group and speaks all over the country. I felt I did something for all of us by calling on them, showing interest in them. It's sad to see how quickly people forget a sick person; frequently these men were very much alone. My involvement with them got me out of my depression temporarily.

I went back to surgery just weekdays and no nights. This lasted about a month—then I was back to seven days a week and late evening rounds. I began to "jump" when the phone rang at home. I became irritable and slowly increased my wine intake at night. My wife finally asked if I realized how much I was drinking. "Why, I only have three or four glasses at night. What's wrong with that?" She told me to measure the amount in the glass I used. It turned out to be 250 cc. I was consuming over one quart of wine per night. No wonder I'd fall asleep over the evening paper by seven.

I became totally exhausted with the seven-day-a-week program. I began to canvass my two local hospitals as to the possibility of assisting in surgery and not having the responsibility of caring for patients myself. We had college tuitions and numerous other financial responsibilities to meet, but I figured I could do it. I would have less stress but still be in the operating room which I enjoyed so much. I sold the office and equipment and embarked on my new career . . . of being number two. I became a universal donor in the operating room, helping all the various surgical specialists in different fields ranging from orthopedics (which I hate) to neurosurgery (which I don't understand).

It became obvious after two months of this that two things were happening. I wasn't making enough money to handle all my financial responsibilities, and nobody was telling me how great I was. Oh, the nurses would occasionally report the surgeon's comments about what a good assistant I was, but to me that wasn't enough. I didn't want to do a lot of surgery, but enough to satisfy my ego and to really help people through the frightening periods of pre- and post-op care. I've always felt many surgeons' visits are too

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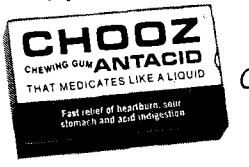

The Only Antacid In Chewing Gum Form

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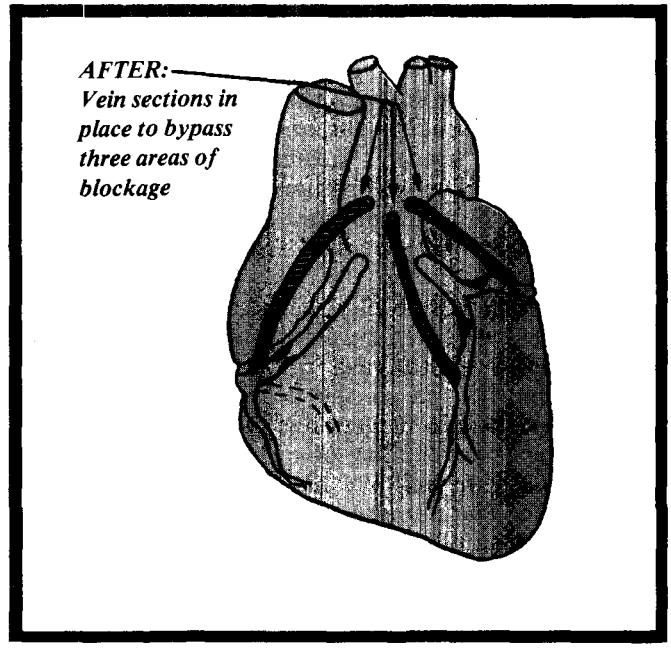
quick, too impersonal. Part of my exhaustion in a busy practice was that I spent considerable time with my patients and often suffered with them and with their families. The cancer patients always hit me the hardest, and 80 percent of my surgery was on cancer.

Surviving after heart surgery becomes a mental and physical tug of war, a war I am still waging. How much time do I have? What is the quality of my life? Have I become too concerned about myself? Do I "owe myself" some selfish pleasures, moving into a "pad" and taking a sabbatical from marriage? What will this do to a lovely, thoughtful wife who has put up with me all these years? Should I tell the children (all over 18) to start taking care of themselves for a change?

Survival, then, means developing a disciplined approach to reality. The mind needs constant readjusting and the patient must never cease to care. Getting wrapped up in himself can change a person's life style completely. It can be a very lonely existence. I have not solved this inner struggle, but I'm trying, reaching out and caring about others' needs and feelings. But I must temper it, because I become too involved with everyone's problems, trying too hard, not wanting to be disliked by anyone. I was trying too hard. The other part of survival is physical and medical. I have researched this rather extensively and I believe I have some fairly sound information I wish to pass on.

Everyone is aware of the jogging craze which has swept the country. I say craze, because there are many individuals who are overdoing it. We are all not really created equal, at least not physically, and what is good for one can actually be harmful for another. Valid studies show that jogging has helped decrease depression, increase stamina for work and play and, very importantly, change the lipid (fat) levels in the blood. Unfortunately, there has arisen a strange type of addiction to running. Runners begin to feel almost guilty if they don't run every day. Then they increase their mileage. People have told me when they miss a day they get depressed. Others have had various knee, muscle and foot injuries. One jogger developed a terrible foot infection. She had been told earlier to stay off her feet and take the antibiotics prescribed. When she returned, the foot was worse. Had she been staying off her feet? Well, no, she had reduced her jogging to six miles a day! When told she had to get off her feet completely or be admitted to the hospital, she shook her head and almost whispered, "I don't think I can do it." I'm sure you have noted long-distance joggers who have aged ten years because of abnormal loss of body fat.



The cardiac surgeon used Dr. Merdinger's leg vein for two bypasses and the mammary artery for the third bypass. Red shaded areas illustrate how the grafts bring circulation to the heart muscle beyond the cholesterol-clogged vessels. Clogged vessels in the brain cause strokes.

Of course, in the middle-aged and older group, the face is the first to suffer.

I'm not decrying jogging. When properly performed it has to be the most efficient and cheapest way to stay totally fit. It turns out that jogging has definitely improved the fat levels in the blood. Studies by Dr. G. Harting, assistant professor of physical medicine at Baylor University, found that low-mileage joggers had as good a level of certain fats in the blood as the high-mileage jogger. His findings proved that running three miles three times a week raised the HDL (high-density lipoprotein) and lowered the cholesterol and triglyceride level as efficiently as the 50-mile-a-week runner.

Let us go briefly into the explanation of HDL and LDL. Cholesterol is a fatty substance which does not mix with water, thus the blood can't carry it. Therefore, to carry cholesterol and other fats from the liver to other organs, the body attaches them to proteins that can dissolve in the blood serum. Fats are known chemically as lipids, and the fat/protein combinations are called lipoproteins.

Researchers have discovered in the past few years there are two types of lipoproteins in our blood. They are high-density lipoprotein and low-density lipoprotein. Surprisingly, it was found that persons with a high HDL—people who were vegetarians, those whose families were known for longevity, and joggers—had very low incidence of coronary artery disease. It seems that LDL deposits cholesterol in the arteries, whereas HDL removes cholesterol from the sites where it is in excess and carries it back to the liver for disposal. To

Continued on page 122

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out of many, one

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ADVENTURES OF THE MIND

The Ground of Hope

BY DR. HOWARD THURMAN

When our oldest daughter, Olive, was three years old, I took her to see the Atlantic Ocean for the first time. My friend stopped his car so that we could walk to the shoreline, where at close range we could see and experience the rhythmic ebb and flow of the waves. At one point, she was overtaken by the advancing tide which spilled over her feet, whereupon she cried, "Go back, ocean, leave the baby alone." The waves took no notice of her.

One of the most critical grounds of despair in modern man's experience with the world external to him, as well as with the impersonal social order which provides a living context for his sense of self, is the acute sense of isolation. Deep within the racial memory there is a sense of recollection of a time when without acute self-consciousness, man and his environment were a part of the same zone of belonging, of the same rhythmic pulse. The wind, the sky, the trees, the animals—all of nature, including man, belonged to each other. Of such is the poetic insight of all creation accounts, of which the Book of Genesis is but one.

The harmony was broken. Man became isolated. A new kind of wisdom emerged: the loneliness of separation, of being on one's own and of being placed under the necessity to re-establish a sense of self, with all the responsibilities for one's actions or deeds. The phrase from our tradition is that man became "naked," feeling himself cut off from all the companionship in the "garden." Fear closed in upon him like a garment. The harmony was broken.

When I was a boy in my native state of Florida, my closest friend lived across the meadow from our house. One day when I came over for a visit, I ran around the side of the house to the backyard where we always played. Suddenly his father rapped on the window frame and beckoned me to go back and enter the house through the front door. I entered the room where he was and he directed my attention to the

Continued on following page

About the Author

Born in Daytona Beach, Florida, in 1900, Dr. Thurman was Phi Beta Kappa, Morehouse College, and achieved his B.D. at Colgate Rochester Theological Seminary. He has honorary degrees from more than a dozen colleges and universities, is a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and is a member of the Boston University board of trustees. He has addressed faculties and students in some 500 institutions around the globe. He was several times narrator with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra in oratorial renditions under Dimitri Mitropoulous and Artur Rodzinski. His sermons and meditations have been recorded on long-playing records. *Life* magazine selected Dr. Thurman in 1953 as one of twelve "Great Preachers" of this century.

Photograph by Dorothy Eaton

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backyard, where Jack's baby sister was sitting in the sand playing with a rattlesnake about one and a half feet in length. She would pull him by the tail as he crawled away; she would turn him over on his back. It was a game being played in a sensitive climate of gentle harmony. The father instructed me to stand guard on the opposite side of the house from where his son was standing to keep anyone from coming into the backyard and rupturing the harmony. For if the harmony were broken by fear or self-consciousness, there would be danger, violence or death. If the harmony were broken, each would be seen as a threat to the other. Of such is the idiom of all the myths having to do with the "fall of man." The emergence of a sense of self is the birth of all responsibility for one's actions. There is a collective sense of a time "before" which is the dynamic urge for community and the urgency for a sense of belonging.

It is this sense of belonging, this sense of wholeness that is the ground of hope which keeps alive the urge to reject all alienations which would cause modern man to deny his sense of self.

But we are surrounded by the widest possible range of contexts which in and of themselves deny the reality of our very presence. At least in the world of nature the context is so vast, so interrelated that the psyche does not demand personal recognition of our presence. We are *aware* that we are not aliens or intruders. Our bodies are nourished by materials of nature, our kinship is established in the ground of our very existence. There is registered in our bodies our oneness with all creatures. We are affected by the ebb and flow of the tides and the waxing and waning of the moon in its phases. We are children of nature with a kinship prior to self-consciousness as persons. Because we are children of nature, when we are faced with the impersonal aspects of its behavior, something deep within us knows that we are not alone on the planet. Long ago I was puzzled by the difference in my reaction to death at the "hands" of nature, as we are wont to say, from natural causes, in contrast with the way I felt in the presence of one who had been murdered. The former seemed somehow to be chaste, clean—though terrible—while the other seemed sordid, dirty, unclean.

The reaction to the impersonal operation of the social order is of another kind. There is something indefensible and deadly in being ignored by the social order. One seems to be manipulated and laid waste. It is a strange freedom to be adrift in the world of men, without a sense of anchor anywhere. Always there is the need of mooring, the need for the firm grip on something that is rooted and will not give. The urge to be accountable to someone, to know that beyond the individual himself there is an answer that must be given, cannot be denied. The deed a man performs must be weighed in a balance held by another's hand. The very spirit of a man tends to panic from the desolation of going nameless up and down the streets of other minds where no salutation greets and no friendly recognition makes secure.

Love has no awareness of merit or demerit. It does not seek to balance giving and receiving. Love loves.

Always a way must be found for bringing into one's solitary place the settled look from another's face, for getting the quiet sanction of another's grace to undergird the meaning of the self. To be ignored, to be passed over as of no account and of no meaning, is to be made into a faceless thing, not a man. It is better to be the complete victim of an anger unrestrained and a wrath which knows no bounds, to be torn asunder without mercy or battered to a pulp by angry violence, than to be passed over as if one were not. Here at least one is dealt with, encountered, vanquished or overwhelmed—but not ignored.

The name marks the claim a man stakes against the world; it is the private banner under which he moves; it is his right whatever else betides. The name is a man's watermark above which the tides can never rise. It is the thing he holds that keeps him in the way when every light has failed and every marker has been destroyed. It is the rallying point around which a man gathers all that he means by himself. It is his announcement to life that he is present and accounted for in all his parts. To be made anonymous and to give to it the acquiescence of the heart is to live without life, and for such a one, even death is no dying.

The antidote to the desperation created by being cancelled out by the social order or even by the world of nature in its most frightening aspects is the timeless quality of hope which assures the individual that he is not alone, not isolated, but a vital part of life itself and cannot be separated from it, perhaps not even in death. It is not an accident that one of the ancient definitions of the meaning of hope is that of an inlet. It is the narrow strip of water connecting the lagoon with the sea. In my childhood the favorite picnic ground was down at the inlet which connected the Halifax River with the Atlantic Ocean. It was this narrow stretch of water that gave the river free and easy access to the ocean and the ocean free and easy access to the river. In a wider context of meaning, faith or hope in human life serves the same purpose. Of such is the basis for affirming the integrity of the self in the presence of all the shattering dualism of experience.

One of the simplest forms that dualism takes is in the interpretation of the meaning of life. There is a sense in which we think of life as contrasted with death, of life as against death. Here we are in the presence of a quality of experience from which all meaning is derived. And yet there is another view of life always present: It is that life contains both life and death. To state it categorically—life as contrasted with death and life that contains both life and death. Of such is a very crucial aspect of personality. The notion will not be downed that some vital part of me, some dimension or overtone of my unique reality is not touched by the

Continued on page 47

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I found that I didn't have to develop a single idea myself. Every step had been prepared for me and pre-tested. Hundreds of other men had already proven my methods successful.

It didn't take long to see that I was making three to four times (yes, 3 to 4 times) as much per hour in my own business as in my printing job. So, after only seven months with a good following of customers, I quit my job to go full time on my own. In the meantime, I had enjoyed all this extra income on top of my salary.

Each day, we realized what a **serious** mistake not mailing that coupon would have been . . . and how that little act that seemed so trivial at the time actually changed our lives.

The steadily growing income brought us many things we could not afford before. My efforts were so much more productive. I scheduled my time to my own liking. When we wanted a day or two off, we took it. I worked hard but, if I wanted to be home early or quit at noon, I did.

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I became so enthusiastic about this business and so appreciative of what it had brought my family that, whenever a man opened a dealership near me, I helped him get a quick start.

The company learned about this and had each new dealer in my section of Michigan spend a day with me. One day the president of Duraclean Company asked me how I would like to move to Headquarters and spend my entire time helping dealers to increase their sales and profits.

That was good news to my ears. Since then I have worked with hundreds of our dealers in their own towns and at regional meetings, conventions and dealer group meetings. But much of the time I am right here at my desk in touch with our dealers by letter and telephone.

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Stores, upholsterers, insurance adjustors, and decorators refer jobs to our dealers. These year 'round services are in constant demand.

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Many men have said to us, "I can't afford to give up my job till I know I have a sure thing . . . a sound business that will provide both security and a better living for my family."

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You can start small and grow big. A third century ago Duraclean was an idea . . . but it caught fire and spread to a world wide service. Why did it spread? (1) **superior processes.** (2) **proven customer-getting methods** (3) **Day to day guidance from Headquarters.**

Our first service, the care of upholstery and carpets not only cleans, it enlivens the fibers . . . revives dull colors. Pile rises with **new life.** There's no harsh machine scrubbing. No soaking. Mild aerated foam lightly applied lifts out dirt, grease, many unsightly spots like magic. Furnishings are used again in a few hours.

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It's been said, "Opportunity knocks but once at every man's door." This could be that one rare opportunity in **your life.**

It is surprisingly easy to learn this business. You can decide from the information we will send you whether to apply for a dealership. So, with **no obligation whatever,** mail the coupon TODAY. Cut it out NOW so you won't forget to mail it.

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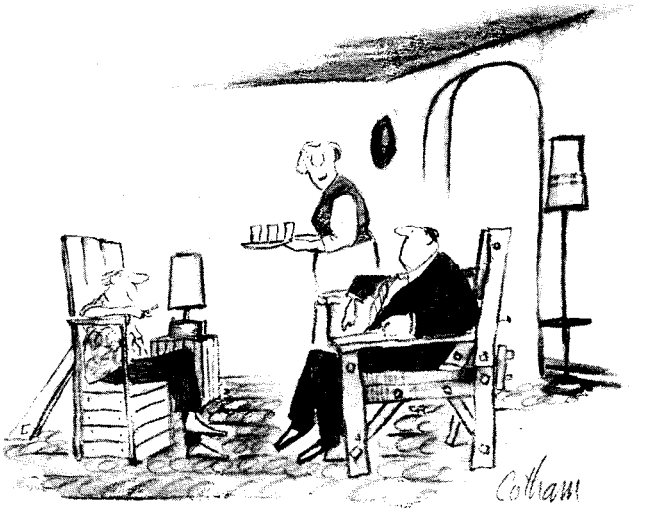

"I'm so proud of Hubert since he's gotten into furniture making."

"They're naming the new sewage disposal plant after me!*"*

"Madam, I don't for a moment doubt either its age or its authenticity. But, I repeat, your collection of pancakes has no commercial value."

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Ground of Hope

continued from page 44

experience of even the apparently exhausting demand of death. Some place in all binding religions of mankind remains for a recognition of what is variously recognized as immortality, life after death, eternal life. The core of such insistences is this elemental experience of personality. This may be a carry-over of the perennial insight, notion, feeling or idea that *life itself is alive*. Life cannot die—life feeds on itself. Thus the Book says, "Death, where is thy sting—Grave, where is thy victory." For the things that are true in any religion or in any faith are found in that religion because they are true; they are not true because they are found in the particular religion, creed, doctrine or dogma. It matters not what I may be experiencing at any given time, there is always some aspect, some part of me that is ever on the outside observing me as I am doing whatever it is that I am doing. A part of me is the observer of me writing these words—watching, always watching. There is no adequate name for this aspect of my personality. This is the ground of hope and it is inherent in the givenness of life itself.

This insight has far-reaching significance in keeping clear the autonomy of the self in a quiet manner transcending all the vicissitudes of experience. Here we are faced with one of life's most intriguing paradoxes. There is a sense in which I am cancelled out by the sharp experiences of the dualisms that surround all meanings. Always surrounded am I by the dualisms of experience. Meaning seems ever to be defined by contrasts, by contradictions—light versus darkness, life contrasted with death, right against wrong—on and on it flows in unending aspects of human experience. And yet there is ever a lingering overtone in the mind or spirit of man which declares that the contradictions of life are never final nor ultimate. Just as something of me always remains intact when life has exhausted itself in seeming to cancel me out, *I* know that it is happening to me. I may be vanquished, but something of me remains.

Hence the insight that life is against all dualisms. It is here that the ground of hope blossoms into the experience of faith. This gives a strange and wonderful courage to the human spirit even at such times as ours. The obvious and ancient landmarks for establishing identity seem to be eclipsed or hidden by various aspects of modern life. Many of the long-established points of referral on the horizon of the common life are dimmed or obscured by forces of the times. The list is tempting to explore; to name some of them must suffice for our context. (1) The exploration of the secrets of atomic energy, which seems to place within the conscious power of man the ability to threaten effectively the biological continuity of the human race and even life itself as we know it on our planet. (2) The disintegration of the family as a communal unit. (3) The power of the formal religious institutions has ceased to be a valid point of referral for guidance to the meaning and the ends of life. (4) The state as a political continuum in which order and collective structure may give power, security and meaning to modern life. (5) The educational institutions as the training ground and the disciplining of the mind in order that relationships may be defined . . . to state several of the major guides upon which the generations of mankind have depended both for structure and meaning. Man's place in nature and in the midst of his fellows may give security and guidance to new generations and stability to the social contract.

"It's been years!"

All of this is to say that a person must feel that he counts; there has to be available to him something in the immediacy of his world upon which he can put the full force of his weight and not be thrown back upon himself. At long last there can be no life unless a person has a sense of what he amounts to ultimately. This is the meaning of love.

There is a steady anxiety that surrounds man's experience of love. Sometimes the radiance of love is so soft and gentle that the individual sees himself with all harsh lines wiped away and all limitations blended with his strengths in so happy a combination that strength seems to be everywhere and weakness is nowhere to be found. This is a part of the magic, the spell of love. Sometimes the radiance of love kindles old fires that have long since grown cold from the neglect of despair, or new fires are kindled by a hope born full-blown without beginning and without ending. Sometimes the radiance of love blesses a life with a vision of its possibilities never before dreamed of or sought, stimulating new endeavor and summoning all latent powers to energize the life at its in-

Continued on page 114

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Subscribe now to the Post and get

this inspiring issue FREE!

Your subscription will begin after you receive this historic March issue.

You can just bet this is an issue you will not want to miss, because its major theme will be the celebration of people who have captured that priceless prize—the art of living a long, happy and useful life. Read about the new career of Gene Kelly, who danced in the rain and into screen immortality, the buoyant and bubbling gob who was in the Navy for real as well as in his unforgettable pictures. Now the incredible and eternally youthful Gene is moving into the larger roles he has always studied and planned, as producer and director, beyond his gifts as actor. That story will buoy your spirits in the March issue, with others like Bob Hope, Fred Astaire, Perry Como, and Bette Davis side by side with Gene, the tales of men and women who climb higher and higher in their zest for achievement and self-expression as they come into later years. Treasure also the paintings of John Clymer, America's leading artist of the West, as his works bring their beauty and grandeur into this issue, in color reproductions suitable for framing. And, of course, there will be—as there is in every issue of the boundlessly satisfying *Post*—fiction by masters of the craft, humor, cartoons, commentary on politics, science, food, medicine, travel, sports, education, and on the sheer joys of living. Enough to make you glad to be alive, month after month, and ready to keep you up there with the Kellys and the Hopes, dancin' in the rain and smilin' in the sun. Do it now, sign up for the best.

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They're entertainment. They're Hollywood's dancing duo, Fred Astaire and Gene Kelly, who brought us the best in American entertainment, the musical comedy.

Perry Como learned a few tricks from Debby on lighting up the lives of fans, who never seem to give up on their courtly crooner.

Ol' Ski Nose and Ol' Blue Eyes—both ageless personalities. But while Ski Nose waits Hopefully for his Oscar, Sinatra earned one in From Here to Eternity.

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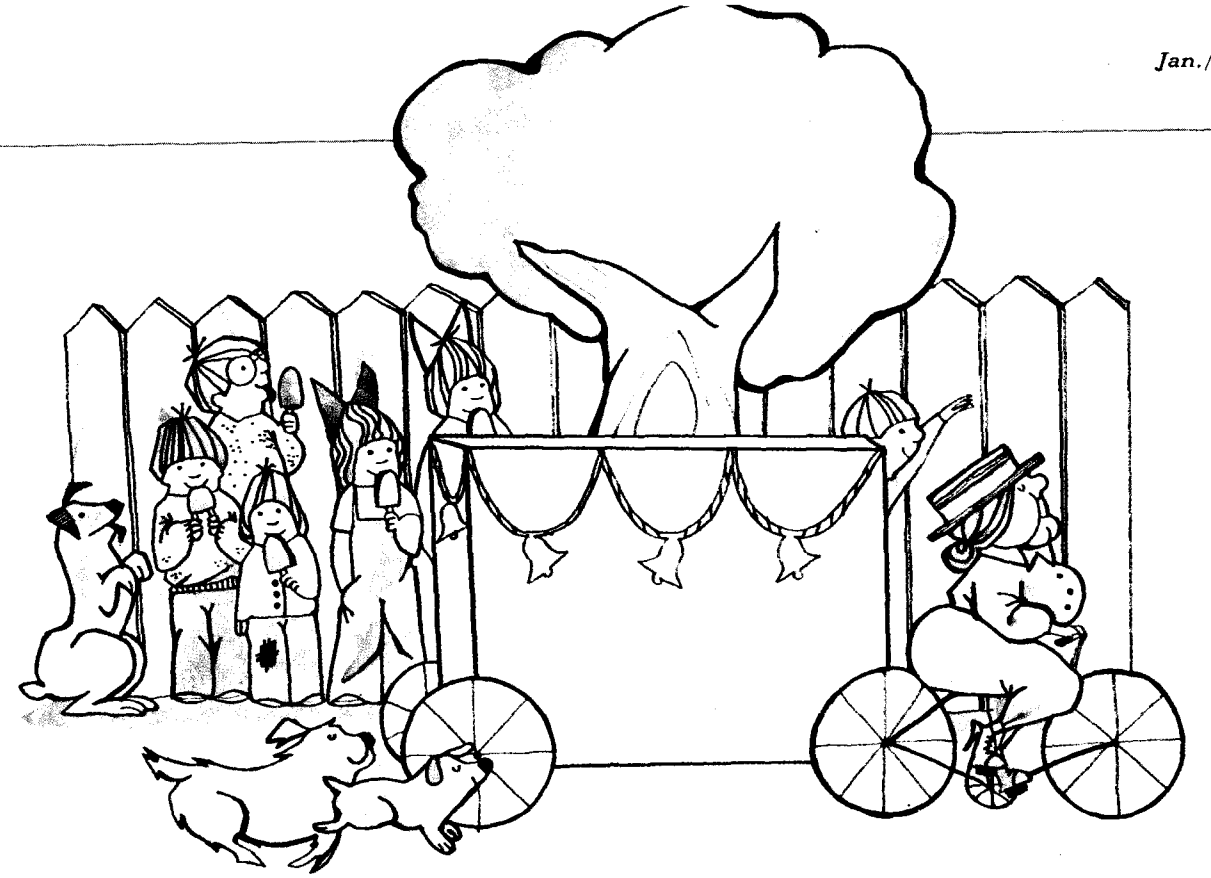


GRENADINE GRADY (the pit-spitting lady)

by Nancy L. Wilson

Illustrated by Nancy M. Olds

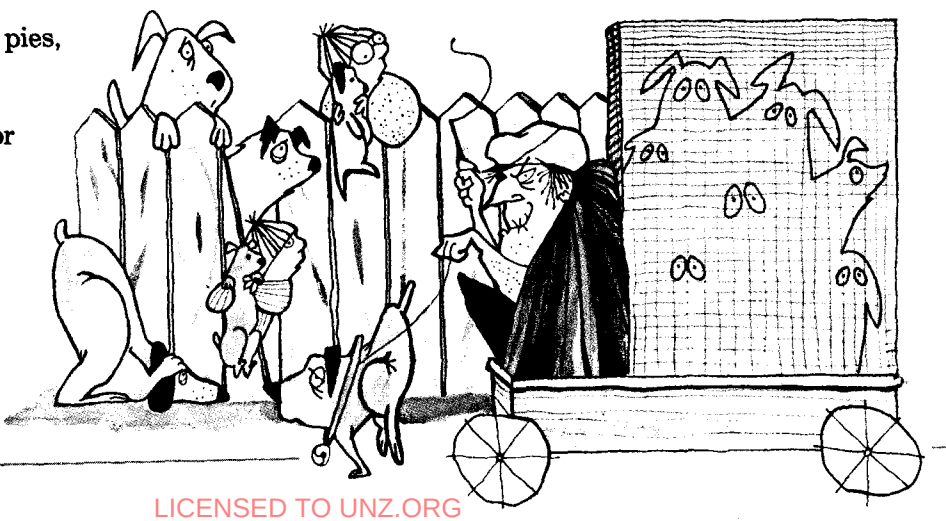
At the sound of her bell in the street,
The kids all dashed out for a treat.
It was Grenadine Grady,
The Good Humor lady,
With ice cream and good things to eat.

Grenadine, ample of size
From too many fresh cherry pies,
Had saved every pit
For the annual spit—
She was going to compete for the prize.

The children had urged her to try
To defend Radishburg from a guy
Named Thadeus Thatcher,
The Finkston dog-catcher,
Who was creepy and sneaky and sly.

He was pit-spitting champ of the state,
And he thought he was greater than great.
He traveled around
Spitting pits in each town,
And he'd out-spit all others to date.

Grenadine, pride of the town,
Was known as the Radishburg clown.
She lit up the place
With her comical face.
Her laugh could be heard all around.



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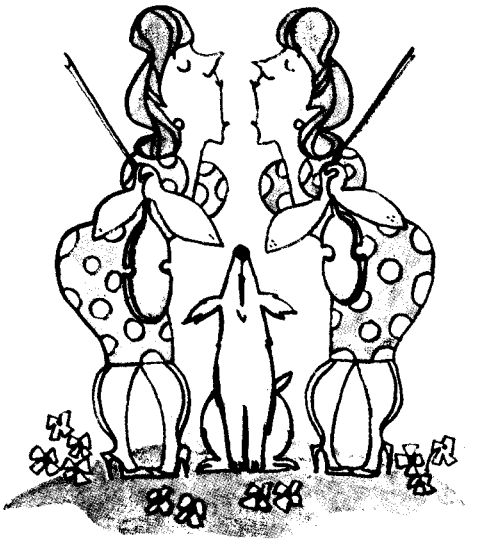
She was nervous, she had to admit,
When just two days remained 'til the spit.
Another day passed. . .
It was fair time at last. . .
She awoke feeling fearless and fit.

She fluffed up her curly red hair
And chose a pink sweatshirt to wear.
Then Grenadine Grady,
The pit-spitting lady,
Was ready to leave for the fair.

She loaded 12 kids in her truck,
And Bernard brought his goat and his duck.
The banner they'd made her
Said "The Radishburg Raider."
They draped it around her, for luck.

A flag fluttered over the square,
And the Livermore sisters were there
To sing and to play
On the opening day
As they did every year at the fair.



Mayor Mott had a few words to say.
Then Troop 85 cleared the way
For the Brass Bugle Corps
From P.S. 44
Who had three new numbers to play.

The Livermore sisters arose
And sang all their favorites for those
Who gathered to hear
The same songs every year
And applaud the selections they chose.

Grenadine sat by the mayor
And did all she could not to stare.
In the crowd, toward the back
Stood a giant in black—
Yes, Thadeus Thatcher was there.

He grinned at our girl, Grenadine.
When his mouth curled down, he looked mean.
He pushed through the crowd,
Looking pompous and proud,
To the front, to be easily seen.

The mayor walked forward to greet him,
And Grenadine stepped down to meet him.
But Thatcher just mumbled,
He fussed and he grumbled.
He said that nobody could beat him.

When the calves had been judged in the tent,
And the money we'd saved had been spent,
And the sack race was done
And ten cakes had been won,
It was time for the final event.

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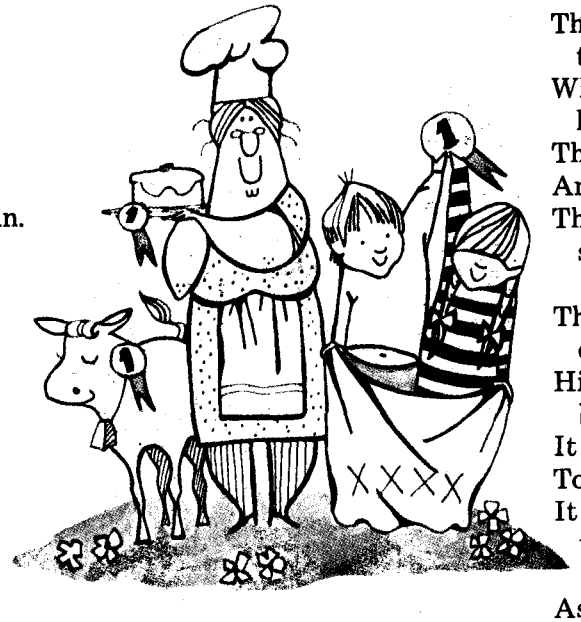
The scoutmaster struck up the band,
And the crowd gave the spitters a hand.
When the mayor gave the sign,
They stepped to the line,
And the cherry-pit spitting began.

Thatcher's shot hit the 20-yard line,
And Grenadine's, inches behind.
The winner would be
The best two out of three.
She would have to spit farther next time.

Thatcher grinned as he reached for a pit
And stepped forward for his second spit.
The crowd was a-twitter—
Would Thatcher out-spit her?
"Come *on*, Grenadine. This is *it*!"

The crowd hushed as Thatcher inhaled.
They gasped as his pit arched and sailed.
When the pit touched the ground,
All the fans gathered 'round.
All Radishburg watched, tense and pale.



Thatcher's pit had hit one inch behind
His measurement from the first time.
Grenadine chose a pit,
Gave her all to the spit,
And it shot past the 20-yard line.

The pit-spitting contest was tied.
When the cheering and clapping had died
Thatcher spit his last pit
And smirked as it hit,
Then returned to his seat at the side.

The Radishburg folks looked depressed.
His last spit had been Thatcher's best.
It was going to be hard
To beat 22 yards.
It was Grenadine's ultimate test!

As Grenadine stepped to the line,
Two children appeared from behind.
They held out a flower
"For pit-spitting power,"
They said, and she answered, "How kind."

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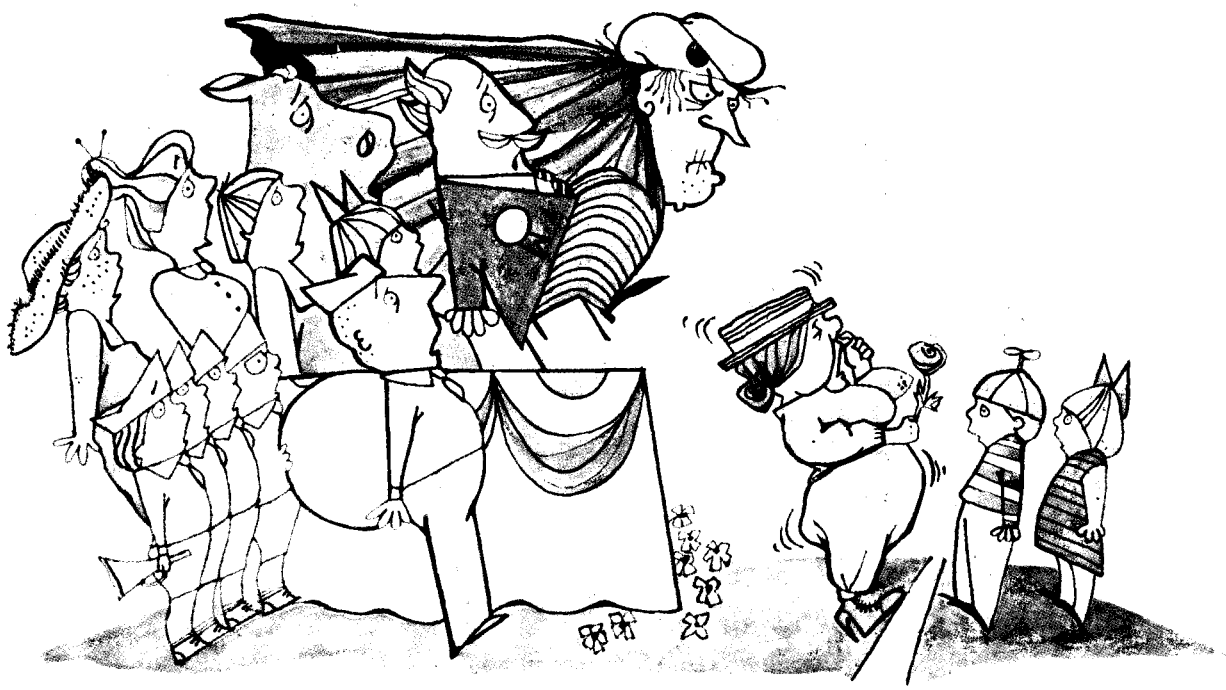

She looked at the flower, so pleased,
As its fragrance swept by on the breeze.
She sniffed a small sniff,
Then a much longer whiff
And let go with a thunderous sneeze.

Like a bullet the cherry pit shot
Overhead to a big vacant lot.
A well-peppered rose
Sniffed up Grenadine's nose
Helped her do what old Thatcher could not.

As Thatcher looked on in despair,
The roar of the crowd filled the air.
And Grenadine Grady,
The pit-spitting lady,
Was the toast of the Radishburg fair.

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THE PROPHECY

What better present could an old woman give her grandson on the birthday the Gypsy warned would be his last?

by Robert Winston

Illustrated by Lucian Lupinski

I guess there's a house or two like that in every town. You know the ones I mean—three stories; chalky paint peeling slowly with the years; a round tower framed by little vertical shingles serving no understandable purpose; an L-shaped porch across the front and one side, with a scattering of ancient chairs that are never used. In the windows, old-fashioned shades are drawn to assorted levels which never change. Somebody must live there, though, because the lawn is mowed and at night you can see dim lights in three or four of the downstairs windows.

In our Oklahoma town there were two of them, the Phillips house and the McCarters house. I never did know who actually lived in either one of those places.

When I rode along in the back seat of our old Ford on the infrequent trips we made to visit relatives, I used to gaze wonderingly at such houses in the towns along the way, always hoping for some clue about their inhabitants. It's a funny thing: Fascinated as I was by mystery houses, I never realized—until my first visit back from Philadelphia alone, after my parents died in the plane crash—that my grandmother's house in Denton was one of them.

But approaching from the highway at dusk as I did that time, I thought for an instant the ineffective yellow light from the uneven shades on what I knew were her kitchen windows were the glowing eyes of a nightmarish monster; the jagged roofline, dark against the graying sky, was suddenly mysterious and threatening.

The house was never the same for me after that; only Grandmother had not changed, and I always came to be with her at Christmas. The big, dark rooms smelled deliciously of old wood and vanilla.

But now, without Grandmother, the house had a dull, musty odor that swept over me even before I could set my suitcase down. The telegram had come from the rector of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church: *Mrs. Fairfax passed away this afternoon. Believe you are the only relative. Please advise me on arrangements.* They told me later she had been taking her wash off the line when she collapsed.

It must have taken them some time to find my address. When the telegram was finally delivered early in the morning, the only person I could get hold of at the office before I left was Peter Shipman, and I wasn't sure whether my message would reach Mr. Taylor or not. Peter had hated me for years and after I got the promotion he had been expecting, his behavior had become completely bizarre. But I barely had time to catch the early plane, and he was the only one not in transit at that hour.

"Say that again, Carbarow . . . your grandmother? And where is it you're going?"

"Denton. It's in Texas. Tell Mr. Taylor I'll be staying a few days after the funeral to take care of things."

"All right, Carbarow. I'll tell him. Certainly I will tell him."

I wondered where Peter aimed his pale blue unblinking eyes when he talked to you by telephone. In person, he always gazed at a point ten inches out from your right shoulder, tilting his pudgy face just far enough to hide an ugly scar that marks the left side.

"Thanks, Peter . . . gotta run."

I threw the little suitcase in the car and raced for the airport. It still hadn't sunk in that Grand-

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mother was gone. Only yesterday the birthday card which lay still unopened on my desk had come—a few days early, as usual. I knew there would be exactly 36 dollars in it. Grandmother had always set great importance on birthdays.

Just a few weeks ago I had been there for Christmas. "Jason," she had said upon my arrival, "I've got the pole."

"What pole, Grandmother?"

"Why, for the purple martin house."

"Oh yes . . . that we were putting up last Christmas."

"Two years ago. Last year you went to Bermuda."

"Yes."

"Are you going to marry her, Jason?"

"Who?"

"The girl you took to Bermuda."

"The gir—— How did you——? No, she's not a girl to marry, Grandmother."

"I wish you would find someone, Jason. Don't you think it's time now?"

"There was Ann, Grandmother. There's been no one since."

"That was a long time ago, boy. Are you going to keep the past in your pocket forever? Mind what I say, Jason. Maybe there're things you don't know. . . . "

"What things?"

"Ohh . . . maybe old women's tales. Come along now. I want my purple martin house put up while I'm still around to enjoy it."

Grandmother Fairfax had filled the whole house with her nimble spirit, though she only used the kitchen and a sitting room next to it, and a bedroom down the hall. Without her verve, there was a heaviness to the place. Even in the short time I had been there, it had begun to weigh on me. I wished I had gotten around to asking her about the house—Who built it? Lived in it? What had happened here?—because now it felt of evil.

I sat at the ancient roll-top desk and began the work that had to be done. After a couple of hours, I stood up and stretched my arms toward the high ceiling, already exhausted from poring over her papers. Rocking my shoulders slowly from left to right to loosen the back muscles, I walked into the

Continued on page 86

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DON'T JUST SIT THERE...

Are you sitting yourself to death? A Swedish physical fitness expert has developed a series of simple, effective exercises to keep our bodies fit while we sit.

by Dr. Folke Mossfeldt and Mary Susan Miller

The city dweller spends about 10 hours a week commuting to work on subways and buses and in automobiles.

The country dweller, depending solely on a car for transportation, sits almost 15 hours a week behind the wheel.

The suburbanite spends up to 20 hours a week getting from a bedroom community to the office.

Business executives sit at the desk or conference table eight hours a day.

The secretary's sitting hours are the same—at steno pad, phone and typewriter.

Students sit in class and at homework six hours a day.

Teachers sit the same six hours while preparing lessons and correcting papers.

Moviegoers average four hours in plush seats every week.

Women sit about an hour and a half a week in beauty parlors; men, somewhat less—despite unisex.

Husbands sit and read the paper; wives sit and read, knit and write letters; together they sit and play records, go to church and visit friends—a minimum of 40 hours a week.

Everybody sits and eats—a particularly lethal combination of activities—20 hours a week, not counting snacking time.

When five o'clock rolls around, America becomes a virtual game of musical chairs. People rush from their professional sitting spots to other seats—at bars, at kitchen tables and on assorted means of transportation.

This long list of sedentary hours does not even include the greatest put-down of all: television. Americans sit in front of their TV sets an average of 40 hours a week—more on weekends watching football, baseball, basketball and hockey. On Thanksgiving and New Year's Day it is possible, because of the country's time zone differences, to sit for 12 hours atrophied before the dim blue light and the cheers of fans in the stadium.

SAS Exercises in the Chair speaks, you might say, to America's bottom line.

It was this bottom line that Dr. Mossfeldt tallied on the plane when he realized that people were sitting themselves to death.

Let us, while this body is in the garage with the hood up, take a look and decide for ourselves.

What happens to the body when it sits?

1. The heart slows down on the job—less work is demanded, less work is done. Thus:

•The heart muscle becomes weaker, less able to pump strongly when the body reactivates itself.

•Blood circulates more slowly through the vessels, enabling deposits to form in arteries.

•High blood pressure may ensue.

•The groundwork is laid for coronary thrombosis.

2. Muscle pumps throughout the body, whose job it is to force blood back up to the heart, relax and weaken. Thus:

•Gravity takes over, and legs, hands and feet swell with collected blood.

•Varicose veins may form from pools of blood that settle instead of flow.

3. The supply of oxygen required to feed the body's muscle cells is curtailed by the inadequate flow of blood, the oxygen-carrier. Thus:

•Muscles stiffen and ache.

•Muscles atrophy, eventually becoming unusable.

4. With the full body's weight resting on the base of the spine, pressure is exerted incorrectly. (Man is a standing animal.) Thus:

•Back and stomach muscles sag, causing all-too-common lower back pains and poor digestion.

•With too little blood circulating to the spinal muscles, they tend to spasm.

5. During a long sitting period, shoulders and neck remain inactive. Thus:

•The top four vertebrae grow stiff from inactivity. A typical "dowager's hump" may form.

•Muscles tense, causing stiff neck and headache (most noticeable when you drive a car for a long period of time).

•The liquid that lubricates the body's joints is produced only through movement. This liquid prevents the discs of the vertebrae from rubbing against each other. Motionless sitting causes the vertebrae to dry and spinal problems to follow.

•Both the dryness and the tenseness may trigger arthritis.

6. The brain, fed by blood as the rest of the body is, receives an insufficient supply during inactivity. Thus:

•It becomes logy.

•When you suddenly stand after long sitting, you become dizzy as gravity pulls blood away from the brain and your circulation is too inactive to resist the pull.

7. Since the condition of body reflects that of mind, and the condition of mind reflects that of body, long sitting shrouds both in low-key depression. Emotional and physical vigor dissipate.

So, don't just sit there—*exercise!*

Reprinted with permission from *SAS in-the-Chair Exercise Book* by Dr. Folke Mossfeldt and Mary Susan Miller, Bantam Books, Inc., 1979.

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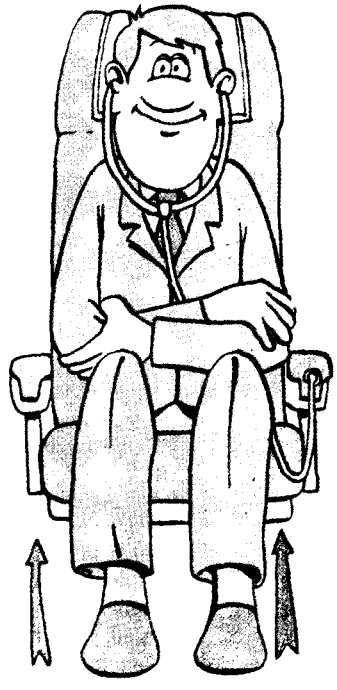
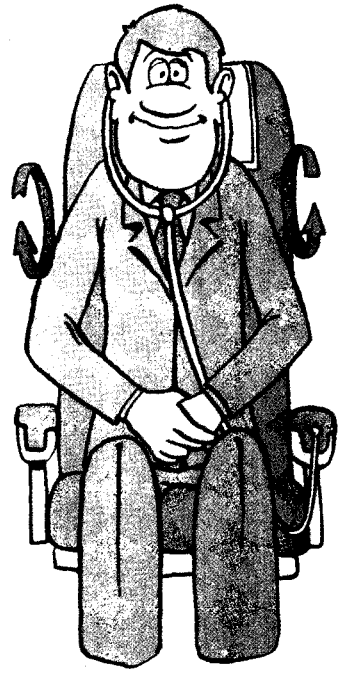
1 It makes sense to warm up properly before strenuous exercise. Use simple, rhythmic movements, engaging as many muscle groups as possible. "Jog on the spot" by raising your heels alternately as high as possible. At the same time raise your arms in a bent position, and rock rhythmically forward and back as when walking.

2 To improve blood circulation to the legs, sit with elbows on knees, bending forward with your whole weight pressed down on the knees. Lift up on toes with the heels as high as possible. Drop heels and lift toes.



3 Smooth, rhythmic movements "lubricate" the inner joints and relax shoulder muscles. Move the shoulders gently and rhythmically, at intervals, describing large circles in both forward and backward directions.



4 To stimulate joint capsules and cartilage in upper spinal column, occasionally do the following: Turn the head the fullest extent to the right. Nod a few times. Do the same toward the left. Repeat the entire exercise six times.

5 Stimulate blood circulation and improve the digestion with this exercise: Draw the stomach fully in. Drop the trunk forward while lifting the front of the feet high up. Place the toes back on the floor, relax the stomach muscles, and raise the body upright again. Repeat about 30 times.

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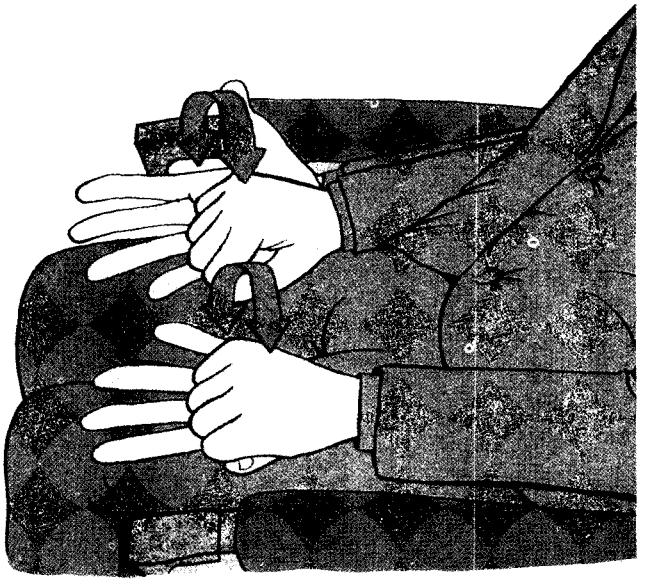
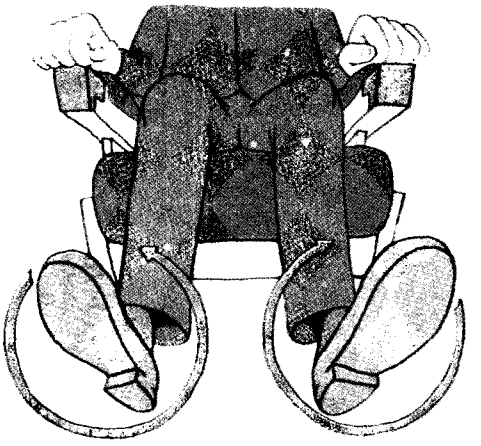
6 The cartilages and joint capsules in the wrists also need stimulation. A good way to achieve this is to turn the hands all the way over and spread the fingers. Return hands to original position and relax them. Repeat 15 times.



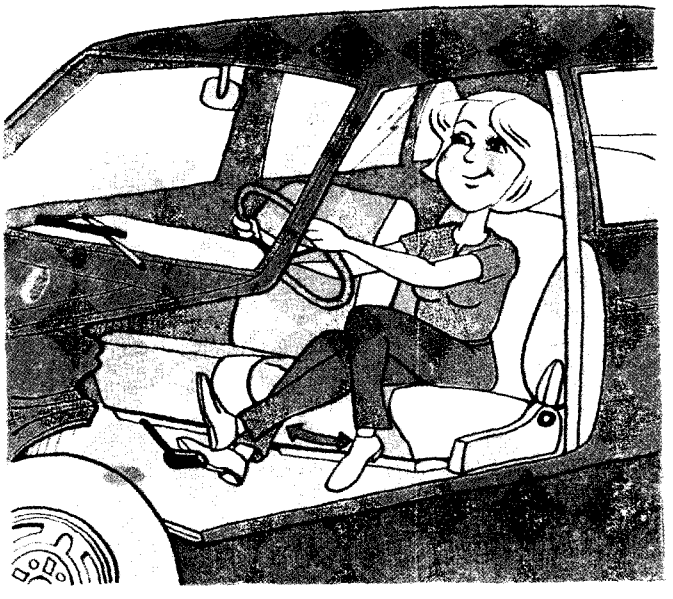
7 Exercising the ankle joints now and again by rolling the feet in large circles to the full extent of their movement is a valuable form of stimulation. Repeat 15 times in each direction.

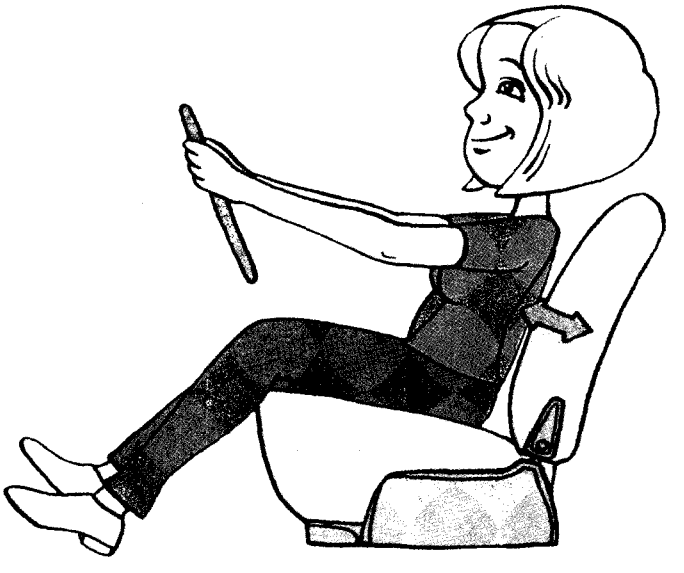


We often tense various muscles unnecessarily for short or long periods, sometimes without realizing it. Try this exercise: Sit fully relaxed. Breathe evenly and gently using so-called diaphragm breathing. This involves filling the stomach when breathing in, which is an active motion. On breathing out, which is a passive motion, the air is slowly released and the body sinks into complete relaxation. In order to become aware of the difference between tensed and relaxed muscles, and to avoid unnecessary tensing, as mentioned above, practice alternately tensing and relaxing various muscle groups. Repeat the exercise until you feel heavy and pleasantly relaxed.

9 With your right foot on the gas pedal, press your left heel against the floor as hard as possible. Pull the toes toward you, tensing the ankle. Now move your foot toward the seat, putting weight on the toes and pushing the ankle forward. Repeat 30 times. (If not driving, do the exercise with both feet—although doing it with only one foot helps circulation in the other.)

10 Sit relaxed. Raise the back through a concentrated pulling together and tensing of the lower back muscles. Shoulders should remain dropped. Keep the muscles tensed for seven seconds. Relax for seven seconds. Repeat the exercise eight times.





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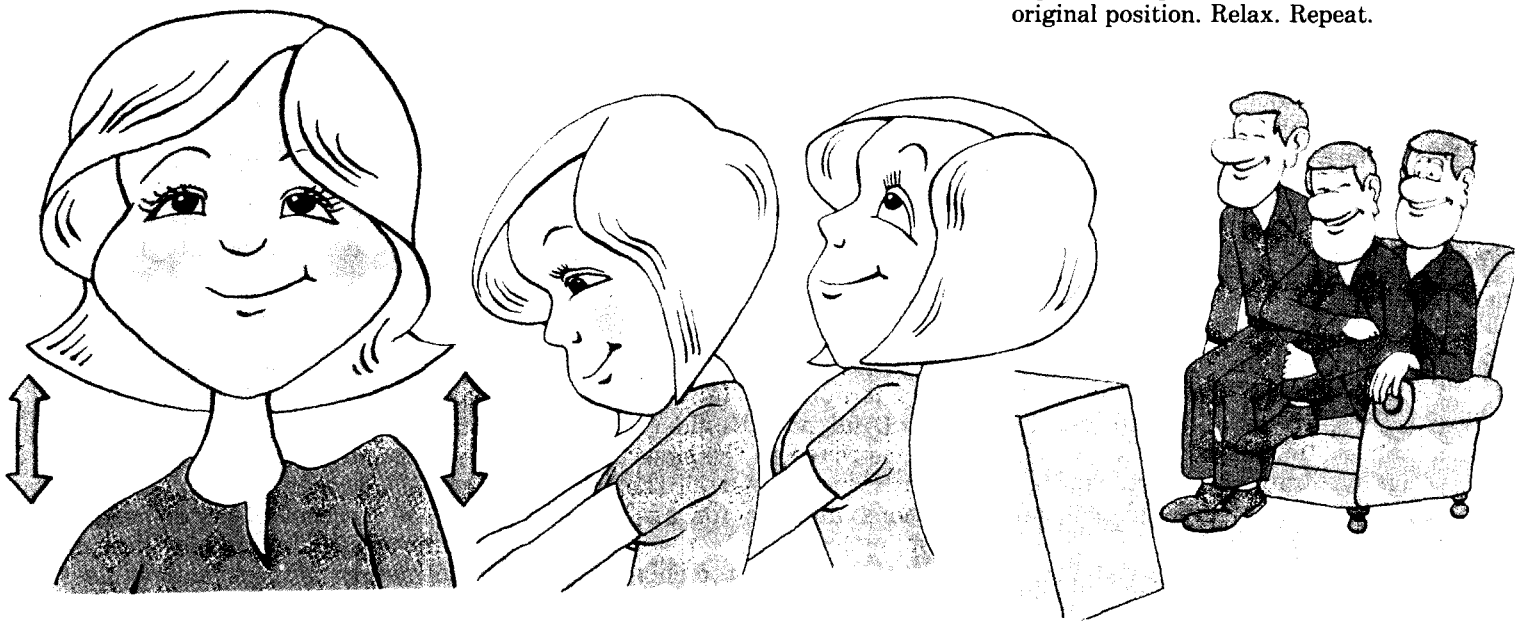
11 Sit with shoulders dropped. Pull the left shoulder as far up as you can. Tense. Drop. Relax. Do the same with the right shoulder. Repeat the whole exercise twice with both shoulders together. Repeat exercises for left, right and both shoulders eight times.

12 Sit with head hanging forward, chin pressed against the chest. Keep the chin in position and as if bending the head backward as far as it will go, look toward the ceiling. Return. Repeat the exercise 15 times.

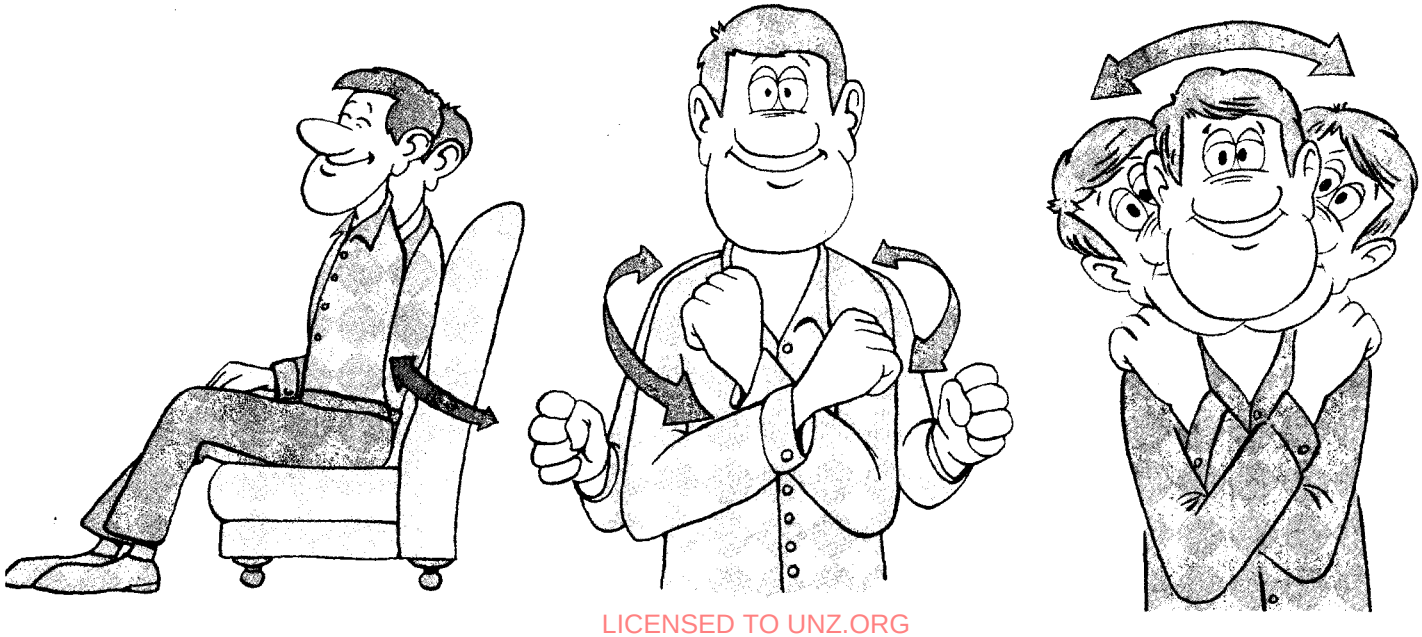
13 Sit with feet parallel, pointing straight ahead. Lift the left leg up against the chest and clasp the lower leg with both hands. Pull! Return to original position. Repeat the same movement with the right leg. Lift up both knees and clasp both hands around the lower legs. Pull! Return to original position. Raise your body from the seat until the buttocks just clear the seat cushion, at the same time rolling the feet up onto the toes. Return to original position. Relax. Repeat.



14 Sit relaxed. Alternate tensing and relaxing of lower back muscles. Concentrate on tensing only the lower back muscles and keeping all other muscles relaxed. Repeat the exercise 15 times.

15 Sit with shoulders dropped. Pull the shoulder blades firmly together behind the back with shoulders still dropped. Draw the elbows backward. Move the shoulders forward, folding arms over each other. Relax. Repeat the exercise eight times.

16 Sit with arms crossed—the right hand on the left shoulder, the left hand on the right shoulder. Bend the head to the left until the left ear touches the right hand. Return to original position. Now bend the head to the right so that the right ear touches the left hand. Return.



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PLANE CRAZY

After 750,000 miles of flying, the shortest distance between two points doesn't compare with the pleasures of jumping from here to there.

by Julie Raskin and Carolyn Males

Illustrated by Lucian Lupinski

It took three planes and three flight crews to finally get Chris English out of Boston's Logan Airport on Monday, May 8,1978. For most of us one plane is sufficient, but when it comes to flying, English never does things the easy way.

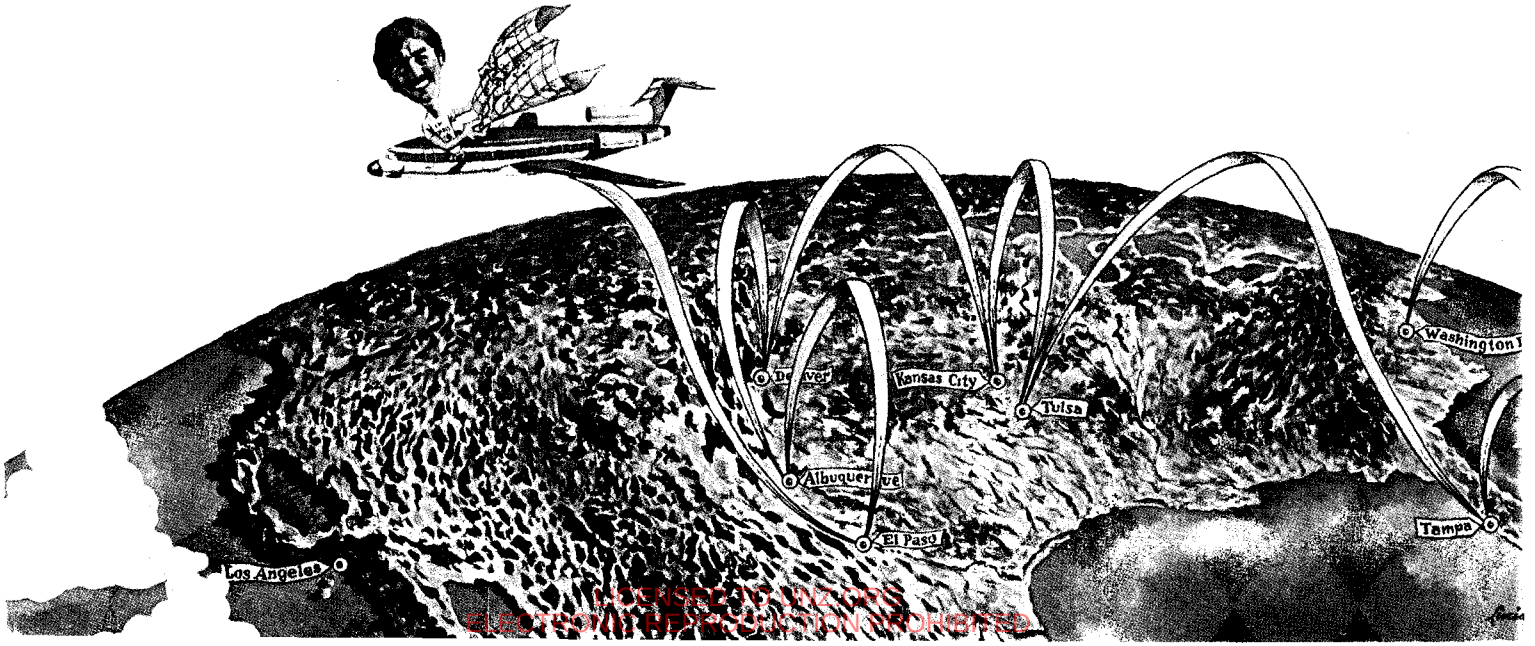
On that spring day he had a 3:00 p.m. reservation on a flight to Washington, D.C.'s National Airport. He arrived at Logan around 9:30 a.m. Instead of sitting down to enjoy a cup of coffee, English hopped a plane to New York and another back to Boston.

When the wheels touched down at Logan, he looked at his watch. "I've still got time," he thought, and ran to the ticket counter of a different airline. He got a seat on another plane to New York where he wasted no time in catching a return flight to Boston. He arrived at Logan just in time to claim his seat on the flight home to Washington's National Airport and finish his flying for the day.

Strange as this itinerary may seem to most people, the trip was not unusual for English. The 28-year-old former copy clerk at *Time* magazine's Washington, D.C., bureau is, as he describes himself, a professional passenger. Although he flew occasionally for his job at the magazine, most of his flying is done for fun on his own time. (And now English's career, too, has taken to the skies; he has recently been hired as the public relations director for an aircraft company.)

No plane trip is too short or too insignificant for English to ignore. While most of us try to take the shortest flight to get where we are going, English always picks the longest. For instance, when he flies from Washington, D.C., to visit his parents in Lake Charles, Louisiana, he chooses a route that takes him to Atlanta, Miami, back to Atlanta, and finally to his destination—at no extra cost. On a trip to the West Coast this summer he went from Washington, D.C., to Miami, where he changed planes for a direct flight to Los Angeles that touched down at Tampa, Tulsa, Wichita, Denver, Albuquerque, El Paso and, finally, Los Angeles.

What possesses English, who has flown over 750,000 miles in the last seven years, to spend much of his time and most of his money (the $14,000-a-year copy clerk spent at least 60 percent of his disposable income on airplane travel) riding on a seemingly aimless and endless marathon of plane flights—a marathon that in the first five months of 1978 took him to New York (28 times); Boston (8 times); six cities in Florida on three different trips; Norfolk, Virginia (3 times); three cities in Spain on one trip and five in Panama on another; St. Louis (twice); Hartford, Connecticut (twice); and once each to



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Memphis; Chicago; Providence, Rhode Island; Atlanta; and Charleston, West Virginia?

"I love it," English says matter-of-factly, surprised that anyone would question his high-flying habit. Flying fascinates English "because I like the overview it gives you of the world. I find it easier to conceptualize things after I've seen them from above. A metropolitan area, a state, or a geographical area means a lot more when I see it from the air," explains the enthusiastic young man whose bookshelves bulge with geography, geology, travel books, and atlases, as well as numerous volumes on airplanes.

When English boards a flight, he's sure to be carrying two necessities—his ticket and his map. Fellow passengers have varying reactions to the trim, dark-haired, mustachioed man with maps spread across his lap, peering intently at the world below him with an occasional glance back at his map. "Some people get nervous," English explains. "They think I'm checking up on the pilot or that I'm going to pull a hijacking when we fly over a certain point or something." But others, he points out, are fascinated. "I've often had crowds around me and I've pointed out where we are and what we can see. I've often had people coming from opposite ends of the plane just to walk by and see the maps."

Even when other passengers talk to English, he keeps his eyes glued to the window. "I am so fixated looking out the window at what we're going by—even if we're not going by anything—I don't have much interaction with other passengers and crew members. I once flew across the Atlantic without talking to anyone," he confesses. English admits he doesn't like to fly with friends because they distract him from his viewing and prevent him from "absorbing all the minutiae of the flight." He would rather have friends take separate planes and meet him at their destination.

Nineteen seventy-two was a very good year for the zany nomad. He flew 180,000 miles, an average of more than 500 a day. Early that summer he learned about a package available to foreign visitors for $150 that offered 21 days of unlimited air travel in the United States, excluding Hawaii. An opportunity like that was too good for English to pass up, so he applied for Swiss residency. He got it and immediately rushed out to buy his ticket. In the 21 days he flew to 101 different cities (including eight in Alaska), logging 52,000 miles on 184 flights—at a cost of just over 81 cents a flight. He went to Alaska three times, three days in a row. He would take a 5:00 p.m. dinner flight up from Seattle and an overnight flight back down, arriving there at 7:00 a.m. His next reservation was for the evening dinner flight back so he spent his days sightseeing in the usual Chris English manner: One day he jetted to San Diego and another day to Houston—in a window seat, of course.

On one day of his 21-day marathon, English found himself in Denver's Stapleton International Airport. He walked up to a ticket window and asked for the next flight to Seattle.

"I'm sorry," said the ticket agent. "That flight is sold out."

English thought for a minute and then asked, "How about the next flight to Miami?"

Surprised, the agent checked and reported that flight also was filled.

Undaunted, English suggested Houston. The agent looked up, her eyes open in astonishment. Puzzled, she asked him, "But where do you really want to go?"

"Oh, I don't care," English replied with a grin. "Anywhere."

Anywhere turned out to be Houston. English departed on the dinner flight, leaving behind one astonished ticket agent.

After his 52,000 miles in the American skies, English found another bargain for foreign visitors, this time in Finland. For $90 he was entitled to 15 days of unlimited flight within that country. In typical English fashion he managed to cram in 133 flights, hitting each of Finland's 16 airports over and over again. That summer, between his flying in Finland and that in Alaska, he crossed the Arctic Circle 22 times.

When it comes to his flying, English is sure of his facts. He records each flight, airplane number, destination, mileage, type of plane, his seat number, the actual departure and arrival times, the runways used for takeoff and landing and weather conditions, along with comments on striking views, passing planes, or other important information about the flights. In 1966, after his fifth airplane flight, the then 15-year-old high school student bought his first aviation log book to record his flights. In May 1978 he made his 2,000th entry in the fifth log book of his collection, with more to come.

The airplane enthusiast keeps his logbooks for his own personal satisfaction and information. "I don't try to set records," he says. "I just try to keep going. If records occur, they occur just by accident."

English's career as an airplane passenger began innocently when he was nine years old. He accompanied his father on a business trip from New York to Charleston, West Virginia. "I loved it," he remembers excitedly. "It was a propeller plane. Flying was for me!"

"But I didn't fly again for about four years," he recalls. "My interest was dormant." He did, however, discover airplane models and began buying and making them with a passion. In August 1965 he convinced his father to take him on another business trip, this time by jet. On this trip, a flying fanatic was born.

The jet English and his father flew was a Convair 880, and to this day it, along with the Convair 990, remains his favorite plane. These planes are not fuel-efficient and relatively few of them were produced

Continued on page 88

Getting there is all *the fun for passenger Chris English, who thinks heaven is flying* through *Cloud Nine.*

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THE MYSTERY OF ROMMEL'S MISSING TREASURE

Did the desert finally outfox Rommel, recapturing the spoils of war and burying them beneath its shifting, uncharted dunes?

by Ken Krippene

Buried somewhere among the windswept sand dunes of Southern Tunisia are 90 small metal trunks, filled to the brim with gold coins. In addition, there is one steel box about two feet in diameter in which can be found a veritable fortune in priceless jewels —sparkling diamonds, blood-red rubies, scintillating emeralds and star sapphires, as well as dozens of other precious stones. All together, the cache is valued at approximately $100 million.

Why should such a valuable treasure as this lie buried in the burning sands of the Sahara? For one thing, not many people know about the buried loot, and, if they do, they think it's at the bottom of the Mediterranean Sea. And those who know about it have so far conceded victory to the unyielding desert and searched for other treasures elsewhere.

But where did this bounty come from? To whom does it belong, and why was it buried in such a forbidding place? To find the answer to this enigma it is necessary to turn back the pages of history to the early morning hours of March 8, 1943. Just as the dreaded ides of March had once come for the indomitable Julius Caesar, so, too, were they about to descend upon the illustrious Field Marshal Erwin Rommel, unquestionably one of the most astute generals ever to come out of Hitler's Third Reich.

On that morning, Rommel and a small but trusted group of officers and one young enlisted soldier were gathered in the spacious living room of a beautiful villa overlooking the blue waters of the Mediterranean in Hammamet, just a short distance south of Tunis. The ornate villa with its high white walls covered with purple bougain-

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villea had been used by Rommel for the previous month as his base of operations. It was and is one of the showplaces of the Tunisian countryside. Rommel, always meticulously dressed, sat dejectedly in a large leather chair, his throat heavily bandaged, his face and body spotted with ugly sores from his strenuous campaign in the unfriendly desert. The end had come. He knew it and so did the others surrounding him. Only three days before he had fought and lost his last battle near Medenine, a small desert outpost on the rim of the Sahara. Desperate, and with only 140 tanks remaining in his arsenal of field weapons, he had attacked British General Montgomery's desert forces in a final effort to turn the tide of battle which had been running against him. But it was to no avail. As night approached, 52 of his tanks had been destroyed and the panzer units had retreated in the direction of Tunis.

Sadly, Rommel contemplated the past. Just a few short months before, his *Afrika Korps* had brilliantly won battle after battle. An open road to Egypt, Palestine and the Middle East lay before him. Even as the allied forces were pouring in troops, tanks and cannon, Rommel had begged Hitler for replacements. But none were available, so he was left to fight alone with what remained of his once invincible *Afrika Korps* against almost insurmountable odds.

In the beginning, of course, everything had gone well. U-boats based in southern Italy had carried to Tunis a fortune in gold coins which Rommel was to use to pave the way to his glorious victory on his march to the Nile. Important Arab sheikhs and pashas were to be bribed in order to win them over to the Nazi cause, and Arab mercenaries were to be given weapons and trained to join in the fight against the ever-expanding allied forces. But even this proved difficult, as some of the powerful Arab rulers preferred to remain politically neutral. In many instances when they refused to fight under the banner of the Third Reich, they were summarily executed or imprisoned, their palaces burned and looted. It was in this manner that over the years Field Marshal Rommel was able to gather his collection of some of the world's most precious jewels, adding them to his ever-growing hoard of gold.

Now, with defeat imminent, Rommel was determined not to let his treasures fall into the hands of his adversaries. Many times he had thought of shipping them by sea from Tunis to southern Italy, but as the war in North Africa was drawing to a rapid conclusion, he found that this was now impossible. With complete control of the air and sea, the British were creating havoc among all shipping in the Mediterranean, and one out of every two U-boats attempting to make the short run across the sea was being destroyed. Little wonder, then, why Rommel sought some other means of saving the bulk of his treasure.

Of the seven men who were gathered in the living room of that seaside villa

The burning sands of the Sahara, constantly shifting with the desert winds, have so far been the perfect safety vault, their mutable pattern creating a seal no one has broken.

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in Hammamet, Heinrich Suter, a photographer, is still alive, and was able to give an eye-witness account of what transpired. Let it be said immediately that "Heinrich Suter" is a pseudonym. At the age of 18, he became a member of the notorious SS and, because he was an expert movie cameraman as well as still photographer, was sent to North Africa to document Rommel's glorious victory and, it was hoped, his conquest of the Middle East.

"You know, Ken," he said, "many people believe that this story about Rommel's treasure is a lot of bunk, but I know it's true. I was present at the villa in Hammamet on the night when a convoy of army trucks—maybe 15 or 20 of them, carrying Rommel's fortune in gold coins and jewels, as well as many other priceless treasures—pulled away into the night and disappeared in the darkness bound for a secret destination in the desert. One of Rommel's most trusted field officers, Colonel Hans Neidermann, was in charge of the convoy under orders to bury the treasure as quickly as possible in some safe spot on the Sahara to keep it from falling into the hands of the British and New Zealand forces who, at that time, had nearly surrounded us and were on the verge of final victory."

"But, Heinrich," I interjected, "from the stories I've read I was always under the impression that Rommel's treasure was put aboard some speed boats and under cover of darkness made the run across the Mediterranean to Italy. Then as dawn broke, the small fleet was discovered by British bombers and the crews were ordered to dump the treasure into the sea in the shallow waters just off Corsica. I have heard many times that's where skin divers have been searching for it ever since."

The call to prayer rings musically over roofs and through alleyways of Kairouan, the principal religious center of Tunisia. Its elegant mosques, destinations for Moslem pilgrims unable to go to Mecca, are open to visitors of all faiths.

"That's partially true," Heinrich admitted, "but you know they didn't call Rommel the 'desert fox' for nothing. He was well aware of the fact that British Intelligence knew all about his gold supply and that they were making every effort to capture it."

Heinrich explained that in order to confuse the enemy, Rommel put into effect a diversionary tactic: sending a fleet of fast power boats bearing several crates of *objets d'art* which his troops had purloined from museums and palaces to a secret destination on the coast of Italy. The allies had been waiting for just such a move and were ready to intercept, if possible, or sink, if necessary, these small boats once their observation planes had spotted them.

Rommel's diversionary tactic worked perfectly, and while the British bombers and naval units were making a desperate attempt to capture the swift treasure-laden ships, the convoy of trucks bearing the bulk of Rommel's fortune was speeding along secondary dirt roads in a southwesterly direction toward Douz, a small desert outpost where, according to plan, the gold was to be transported by camel caravan to a safe location and buried under one of the hundreds of large sand dunes dotting the area. At least, that was the plan.

"That's all I know about it," Suter said, "except that a few weeks later, we picked up a radio news broadcast from England stating that British forces had intercepted and killed, during a daylong battle on the rim of the desert near Douz, a well-equipped contingent of German soldiers who evidently had been assigned to some remote outpost and were attempting to rejoin their units. According to the broadcast, there were no survivors, the German soldiers having fought to the death."

Oblivious to treasure hunters, North African tribes practice customs handed down since before the days of ancient Carthage. Adorned with her priceless handwrought silver, a young Berber girl prepares to take her marriage vows.

What actually happened, according to Suter, was quite clear. They had succeeded in safely burying the treasure on the Tunisian Sahara and on their return to Douz were ambushed by a contingent of British troops. In the ensuing battle they died to the last man. So, ironically enough, no one—not even General Rommel—knew where his gold and

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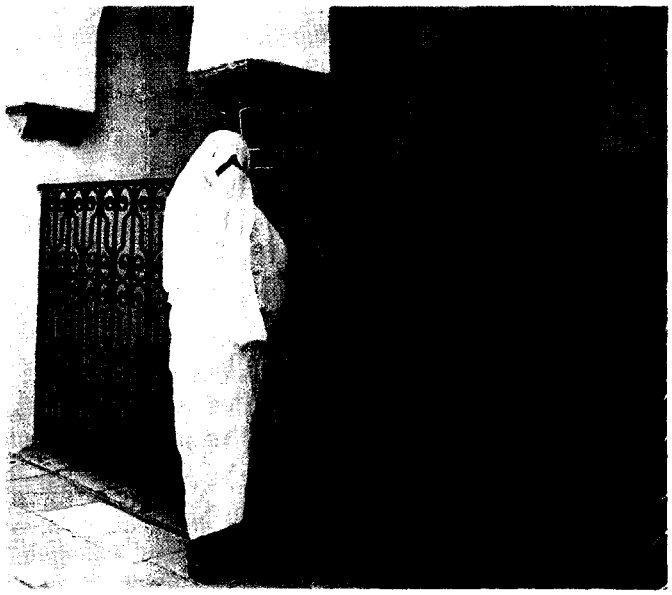
jewels had been buried.

To check out Heinrich's fantastic story, and to pick up further information, if possible, on this unusual camel caravan that had left the oasis of Douz on or about the 10th of March, 1943, for a rendezvous with death in the desert, I took a month's holiday in Tunisia. More than anything else, I wanted to separate fact from fiction in an effort to establish the validity of this fabulous saga.

South of Tunis is the beautiful white city of Hammamet and the magnificent seaside villa which, at different times, had been the headquarters of both Generals Rommel and Montgomery. The low, rambling, white stucco house, now owned by the Tunisian government, has been transformed into an International Culture Center and has changed little since it was constructed in 1930 by Georges Sebastian, a Rumanian refugee who later fled to America during Rommel's invasion of Tunisia.

To the southwest and not far from Hammamet is the small oasis of Douz, a sun-baked village located on the fringe of the scorching Sahara Desert. A handful of Arabs have lived at this palm-studded oasis for many years. While most of them remembered very little about the incident of the truck convoy, one old man of about 70 by the name of Youssef said that back in those days he had been working at the camel market and personally sold five of his camels to a group of foreigners. Although they had purchased several animals—perhaps 60 or 70, he thought—he did not know where they had gone after leaving the market. He remembers the incident because the strangers were dressed in military uniforms and wore short light-brown pants that barely covered their knees, and it was the first time he had ever seen men with straw-colored hair, although their bodies were bronze from exposure to the desert sun. But they were very kind and courteous, he remembers, and paid well for the animals.



A Tunisian woman, shy but graceful, pauses near the villa in Hammamet where Rommel made his headquarters. Here he hoarded his gold and jewels, hoping they would help pave the way to the oil-rich fields of the Middle East.

Aging Mohammed Saidi remembers that several large trucks had entered their village at about that same time and were parked on the outskirts of the oasis where they remained for several weeks before they were taken away by some British soldiers who had arrived unexpectedly at Douz.

Douz is not as desolate and foreboding as it may sound. Once the sun sinks, a cooling breeze whips across the barren stretches of land, and as night falls Berber girls perform their sensual dances on the edge of the oasis in the hope of receiving a few coins from those who come to watch them. Some of these tawny young women are strikingly beautiful, with their long, coal-black hair cascading around their shoulders, while their trim figures are almost completely enveloped in long red tribal dresses adorned with myriad hand-fashioned silver jewelry.

The gigantic sand dunes surrounding Douz stretch out in every direction as far as the eye can see. The Sahara is a pitiless inferno—a land where only desert nomads can survive, and yet, it is not without an intrinsic though solitary and lonely beauty. Nomads call it the "Garden of Allah," and rightfully so. During the daylight hours, temperatures often rise to well over 100 degrees F., and now and then we were forced to seek the sanctuary of small oases—clumps of palm trees and muddy waterholes—that offered a shady respite from the searing rays of the sun. And yet, at this very moment, thousands of nomads—Taurogs, Berbers and Bedouins—roam these sandy wastes forever on the move, traveling from one oasis to another where their flocks of sheep and goats can graze on the coarse grass.

Rommel's camel caravan probably left Douz on or about the 10th day of March, 1943, and traveled no more than two days into the desert. There was no need to go further in order to safely hide the treasure. But where is it? That remains the unanswered question.

Despite millions buried nearby in the desert, it's business as usual in Tunis. Just a short run across the Mediterranean from Europe, the city has a history of invasion: The Turks, Spaniards and French were all there before the Germans.

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"LOVE, HONOR AND REPAIR"

There are moments when it seems as though that famous line in the marriage ceremony should be changed to: "With this monkey wrench, I thee wed."

by Maynard Good Stoddard

Illustrated by Andrea Eberbach

Why is it that the married woman will replace her utility knife carefully in its protective wooden wall rack, return her pinking shears dutifully to their form-fitting box, insert her knitting needles patiently into their velvet-lined sheath, and then can go out and bank the power mower off the doghouse without batting an eye? Or leave the refrigerator door open until the motor begins to smoke? And then think nothing of firing up the furnace to defrost her eyebrows?

I can tell you why in one word: Husband.

You'll never find the single woman melting the wires on her toaster drying out a paper towel. Not unless there's a pushover handyman neighbor next door. When her movable parts stop moving or her burnoutable parts are burned out, it's up to her, of course, to do the repairing or else risk bankruptcy calling in a specialist or going in debt for new equipment. The married woman, on the other hand, has only to dump the problem into the lap of this jackass of all trades, whom she took for better or worse or lousy (in my particular case, when it comes to repair work, it's lousy), and blithely walk away. Her responsibility ends when the wires burn off or when the movable parts fail to move.

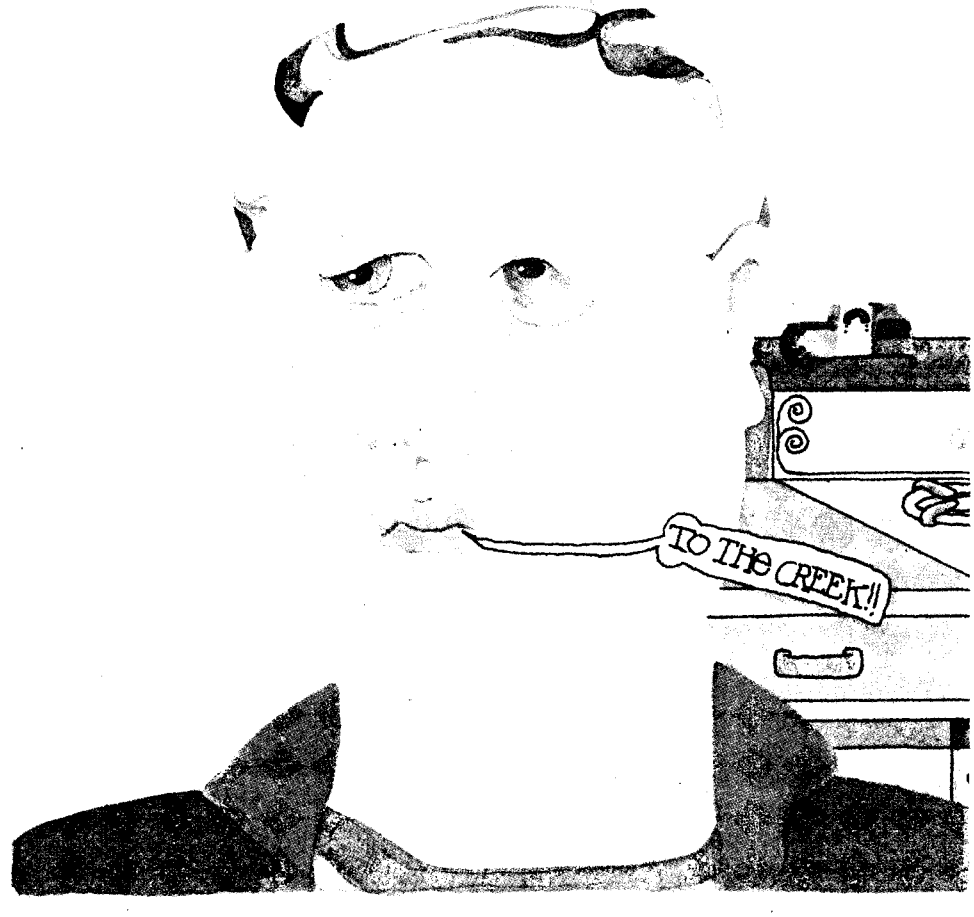
To borrow a favorite phrase from Henny Youngman: Take my wife.

Water for our country kitchen is brought from the cistern and forced through the taps by a pump located beneath the sink. To save the motor the struggle of starting up, I will shave in the water Lois has used for boiling eggs. Weather permitting, I take my Saturday night bath down at the creek, beating myself against a rock. She, on the other hand, will set the pump in labor for the sole purpose of wetting her bangs. Her reasoning is: Why run around with dry bangs when you've got a husband to keep the pump in repair?

It doesn't seem to matter what she's shortening the life of, as long as it's something that will have me scratching my head with greasy fingers when it expires.

I mean, she will get out the sweeper to suck a wisp of navel lint from the bedroom floor. I will spend the week after Christmas picking up artificial snow from the carpet by hand. She air-conditions the car or turns on the heater to drive to the mailbox. I *walk* to the mailbox—the entire length of the driveway. She turns up the thermostat to dry the panty hose she'll

A well-run husband takes a Saturday bath by beating himself against a rock down at the creek. Sometimes—forget the bath—just the rock beat is the right tempo.



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be wearing three days later. I dry my socks on my feet. When she hasn't been active enough to keep her self-winding watch wound, she sticks it in the blender. I can keep my watch wound just from wringing my hands in despair.

When it comes to shooting down the old man's weekend or getting him off the sofa in the evening, however, nothing can beat keeping the refrigerator motor running until it belches its last belch.

If I am opening the refrigerator door, I at least have a faint idea of what it is I am after. And often of where it is located. When I'm putting in instead of taking out, I jerk the door open, shove the stuff in, slam the door shut. So maybe I did get a little cole slaw in the Jell-O that time—it's not a bad combination. And those eggs had to be cracked some time anyway, as I pointed out during the subsequent inquisition.

Lois, true to her female heritage, is a browser. She opens the door and just stands there, sometimes humming in contentment. Not until she hears the old motor come to life does she get around to lifting the lid of a dish and maybe remarking, "That looks like cole slaw in the Jell-O!" Or she will begin to move things from one shelf to another. At other times she is satisfied just rearranging things on the same shelf. And then there are times when she will jump one dish over another, putting the jumped dish into the vegetable drawer, as if in a game of Refrigerator Checkers.

Now that she's sure the motor is smoking real good, she begins her space-saving routine by emptying each dish into a smaller dish. By the time she is finished the furnace has come on and she's back to just standing there, trying to remember what it was she was after in the first place.

As a general rule, the bigger the disaster the more dramatic can be the breaking of the news to hubby. But Lois, I'll give her credit (How can I deny her credit when not a single repair service in town has turned her down?), appears equally thrilled to be shortening the life of items down in the $10 to $30 range.

And another thing. When these movable or burnoutable parts are moving or still give juice, the item is *ours*. The minute the parts cease to produce, they become *yours*. And there is no joy like that of a woman calling the office: "*Your* furnace just blew up!" "*Your* electric carving knife quit halfway through the curtain rod I was trying to shorten!" "I got only three walnuts cracked and now *your* ice crusher just sits there and whines!"

Only last week it was that *our* car became my personal property.

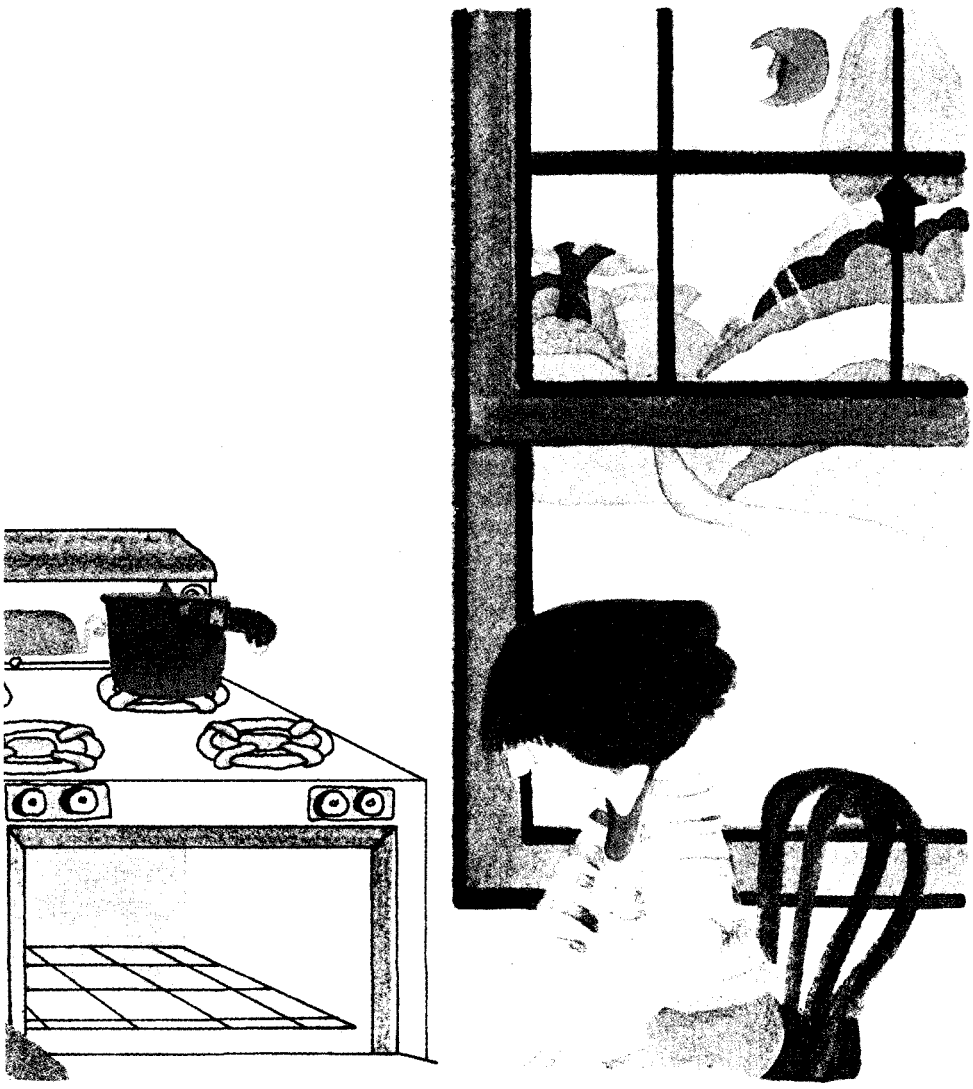
She had driven into town to buy a new belt for her sewing machine, the old belt having caught fire while she was sewing up a stuffed turkey. And I had no more than settled myself nicely on the sofa than she was on the phone with the exhilarating news that "*my* car wouldn't run." It had suffered a coughing spell and expired while she was trying to parallel park in front of the Singer shop. And what was I going to do about it?

Eight miles away, and with my automotive skills limited to the checking of the oil, I suggested that she, just this once, turn the problem over to the nearest service station mechanic.

As it turned out, *my* car had been out of gas.

Lois herself was in such a state of disrepair upon returning home that she immediately had to wet her bangs. This started the pump again. And to ward off pneumonia from those wet bangs, up went the thermostat, which started the furnace. Not taking any chances, after browsing through the refrigerator for a Mello Yellow she turned the oven on Bake and sat down in front of the open door. Which started me for the creek.

Not that it was warm enough for a bath—I just felt like beating myself against a rock.



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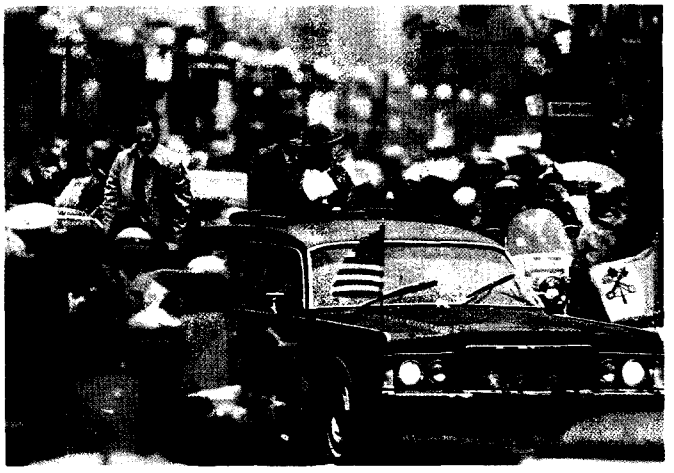
THE PILGRIM POPE: A BUILDER OF BRIDGES

"In a world dangerously poised on the brink of nuclear disaster, the exhortations of Pope John Paul II must be heeded if our children and grandchildren are to have a future."

by Rev. Billy Graham

On Thursday evening, October 12, 1978, it was my privilege to preach in historic St. Anne's Roman Catholic Church in Krakow, Poland. The beautiful old baroque church was packed with thousands of people, with hundreds more standing outside. Most were students, for Krakow is Poland's educational center. It was an unforgettable evening, with hundreds responding at the end of my message to the invitation to follow Jesus Christ as their personal Lord and Savior.



"I would like to take God's message everywhere," John Paul II said early in his papacy. His visit to the United States was the first papal pilgrimage to a country in which Catholics are not the majority, but the religious fervor he generated was welcomed by all faiths.

During that brief visit to Krakow my hosts had planned for me to have tea with the Archbishop of Krakow, Karol Cardinal Wojtyla. I had even spent considerable time learning to pronounce his name properly—no small task, since to an American it sounds much different from the way it is spelled! However, only a few days before I arrived in Krakow Cardinal Wojtyla had had to leave for Rome. Pope John Paul I had died unexpectedly—after only 33 days as Pope—and cardinals from around the world were meeting in conclave to elect his successor. Little did I dream that four days after my visit to Krakow, Cardinal Wojtyla would become Pope John Paul II. Although we had not been able to meet, I had heard much about him during my visit in Poland. He was a dynamic and popular leader in Poland—traits which would serve him well as leader of the world's Roman Catholics. He was noted for his pastoral concern, his keen intelligence, and his diplomatic skills. I was also told he had given encouragement to the spiritual awakening which was going on in southern Poland.

Since his election, Pope John Paul II has emerged as the greatest religious leader of the modern world, and one of the greatest moral and spiritual leaders of this century. His impact has already been enormous, especially in the countries he has visited. Furthermore, there is every reason to believe his influence will continue to grow. He has shown clearly that he will not confine himself to the Vatican; in the first year of his pontificate he has made three major journeys and has announced plans for further travels.

Through these visits the Pope has proved to be an able and articulate leader who has captured the imagination of millions, including those who do not share his religious convictions. I was in Mexico during his trip to that country; it is difficult to describe the excitement his visit caused. President Portillo met him at the airport in a tradition-shattering gesture; since the 1910 revolution in Mexico church and state have been strictly separated, with little official encouragement of religion. Later I watched on television the Pope's triumphal return to his homeland of Poland. The response to his Polish visit demonstrated the vitality and influence of the Christian faith in that Eastern European nation, which has seen so much suffering throughout its long history.

But it was Pope John Paul II's journey to Ireland and America that will remain indelibly etched in the memories of most of us. For over a week reports of the papal visit filled our newspapers and television screens, almost completely crowding out the usual news of political and economic happenings. America fell in love with the Pope—and the Pope with America, according to all acounts. His exuberance, his warmth, his vigor, his un-Pope-like kissing of babies—all captured the imagination of millions. Vast crowds came to see him in person, while virtually the entire nation caught at least a glimpse of him on television. From some of the poorest areas of our cities to the White House he moved with confidence, compassion and humility, showing his concern for all people regardless of their backgrounds.

It has now been several months since the visit of the Pope. The media have turned to other topics, and

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The Holy Father is proving himself an articulate and charismatic leader despite his dogmatic stand on such controversial issues as priestly celibacy, the ordination of women and artificial contraception.

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the crowds are only a memory. Inevitably we must ask: What is the lasting significance of the Pope's visit to the United States? What accounts for the amazing reception he got here, and does America's response to the Pope indicate anything about our nation? In short, what lessons can be learned from the Pope's visit?

One way of analyzing his visit is to observe that Pope John Paul II sought to fulfill three different (although complementary) roles during his visit to Ireland and America. He came first of all as a *statesman*, openly speaking on the great political and moral issues of our time. He came also as a *pastor*, sharing his pastoral concern and wisdom with those who are Roman Catholics—although much of what he said struck a responsive chord in the hearts of all who are sincerely committed to the Christian way of life, regardless of their church background. Finally, he came as an *evangelist*, forthrightly urging those who have perhaps given little thought to spiritual matters to realize the truth of the Christian message and commit their lives to Christ. In each of these roles—statesman, pastor, evangelist—Pope John Paul II made an impact. In each of these roles he had lessons to teach us.

Never before had a Pope come to the White House, but his personable presence lent a new spirit to world leadership. He lauded American efforts at disarmament and cradled Amy Carter's head in his arms—and the crowd cheered.

As a statesman, the Pope reminded us of several vital truths we are in grave danger of forgetting. Foremost was this: *Any nation which loses sight of moral and spiritual values runs the risk of eventual disintegration.* In recent decades the moral and spiritual drift of Western civilization has been moving downward at an alarming rate. There has been a widespread rejection of absolute moral standards. Today, in the name of individual freedom, our society tolerates patterns of behavior which distort and even destroy human personality. The widespread abuse of moral and spiritual standards has led also to a host of other problems, from widespread cynicism about our institutions—government, labor, business—to the breakdown of the family.

I share the Pope's conviction that there is a direct cause-and-effect relationship between declining moral standards and the general decline of society. I also share his deep concern over the breakdown of morals today, and his alarm that this trend, if not reversed, will eventually result in social chaos. In Dublin he declared, "When the moral fiber of a nation is weakened, when the sense of personal responsibility is diminished, then the door is open for the justification of injustices, for violence in all its forms, and for the manipulation of the many by the few. The challenge that is already with us is the temptation to accept as true freedom what in reality is only a new form of slavery."

This statement applies to America as much—or more—as it does to Ireland.

As a statesman Pope John Paul II also reminded us of another truth: *We must learn to work together to solve some of the problems which face us as a world.*

No matter what our backgrounds may be, we are bound together on this planet. What affects one nation or people eventually affects us all. In an era of instant communication and almost-instant travel we have truly become a world community. Never in history have the words of John Donne been truer: "No man is an island, entire of itself. . . . I am involved in mankind."

The Pope reminded us of this, and spoke directly to issues which affect us all. For example, he addressed clearly the critical issues of peace and disarmament, calling upon the leaders and nations of the world to work together to eliminate the ominous threat of nuclear destruction. In his thoughtful address to the United Nations he declared, "It is necessary to make a continuing and even more energetic effort to do away with the very possibility of provoking war." At the White House, referring to the disarmament efforts of the United States, he stated, "With all my heart I hope that there will be no relaxing of its efforts both to reduce the risk of a fatal and disastrous worldwide conflagration and to secure a prudent and progressive reduction of the destructive capacity of military arsenals." The issues we face are not easy, but the deployment of massive numbers of nuclear weapons can only be viewed with alarm by any intelligent person. In a world dangerously poised on the brink of nuclear disaster, the exhortations

Although he speaks competent, if accented, English, the Pontiff boned up on his pronunciation with a private tutor over the summer in order to clearly address the throngs of Americans who would hear him on his U.S. tour.

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of Pope John Paul II must be heeded if our children and grandchildren are to have a future. Unilateral disarmament would be disastrous, and yet the present arms race could lead to destruction so great as to make life on this planet impossible.

Or again, the Pope spoke pointedly to affluent Americans about the special responsibility we bear in the midst of a world of widespread poverty and hunger. At the White House he affirmed, "The more powerful a nation is, the greater becomes its international responsibility . . . to those whose very humanity is constantly being threatened by want and need." At the United Nations he spoke of the "frightful disparities" between the rich and poor peoples and challenged the rich nations to think carefully about the responsibilities they have toward other, poorer nations. We Americans have been blessed with abundance, but our abundance must be seen as a responsibility and not a privilege to be wasted on selfish indulgence. But the Pope was speaking not only to America. A number of countries (including some of the major oil producers) also have high standards of living—in some instances higher than ours.

Translating our responsibilities—whether for peace or economic justice or whatever—into concrete actions is not easy. However, I disagree with those who found fault with the Pope because he did not present specific detailed programs of how this might be done. The Pope is a statesman, but a statesman of a unique type. He is a spiritual leader, not a political ruler. As such, it is not his task to set forth comprehensive political programs; that is the responsibility of those who have been entrusted with political leadership. But one of the obligations of any spiritual leader is to remind those with political authority that they have a solemn, God-given moral responsibility to work for the common good. The words of the Pope in Ireland apply with equal weight to all political situations: "I urge you who are called to the great calling of politics to have the courage to face up to your responsibility, to be leaders in the cause of peace, reconciliation and justice."

Sincere people may disagree about the best ways of solving the difficult problems we face in the world, but no sincere person can deny his obligation to be his brother's keeper. The words of the Pope in his role as statesman must continue to challenge us and lead us to action.

The Pope also came to America as a pastor, and as such he did not hesitate to speak directly about convictions which he holds deeply. Of course, there were some things he said which Christians who are non-Catholic would not fully accept. There were, in fact, some things with which not all Roman Catholics agreed! In fact, many strongly disagreed with many of his conservative stands. Nevertheless, many of his remarks inspired and challenged professing Christians of all backgrounds.

One particular emphasis of the Pope, I believe, was especially important: *Those who are Christian believers have a special obligation to put their faith into action.*

In an age in which many are cynical about religion, the Pope's exhortation for Christians to live up to the demands of their faith—by both word and deed—is refreshing. He stressed that regardless of the pressures of a secular society, Christians are called to be unique and to be witnesses for their faith in every area of life—their family, their business, their recreation, their service to others. To young people he said, "By a real Christian life, by the practice of your religion, you are called to give witness to your faith. And because actions speak louder than words, you are called to proclaim by the conduct of your daily lives that you really do believe that Jesus Christ is Lord." The Christian, he taught, is to resist the temptations of modern secular life and learn instead what it means to live for God.

The Pope came as a statesman and a pastor, but I believe he also saw himself coming as an evangelist.

I was interested to read the various analyses of the Pope's visit by news reporters and commentators. It was clear that many of them had been caught off guard by the outpouring of public enthusiasm for the Pope, and they cast about for an explanation of his appeal. Some pointed to his personality; others suggested the secret was to be found in his skillful use of the media. Still others attributed his popularity to the American hunger for heroes. Each of these admittedly may have played a part in his reception, but I believe they miss the main point.

I frankly was not surprised by the tumultuous welcome he received. I believe a major reason for it is because the American people are yearning for answers to the deeper issues of life—answers which can only be found in God. There is a spiritual hunger in this nation, a hunger which the visit of the Pope clearly revealed. During the last few years I have sensed that same spiritual hunger on the part of many people, and I believe it is one of the most important realities of our time. Almost everywhere I go—an airplane, a hotel lobby, a restaurant, a television studio—I have people of all kinds come up to me and unburden their hearts. Their stories, of course, are different, and yet there is often a common theme: "I have a fine home, a good job, and economic security. But down inside I am empty. I need God. How can I find Him and fill the hunger in my heart?"

The Pope sought to speak to the spiritual hunger of our age in the same way Christians throughout the centuries have spoken to the spiritual yearnings of every age—by pointing people to Christ. In

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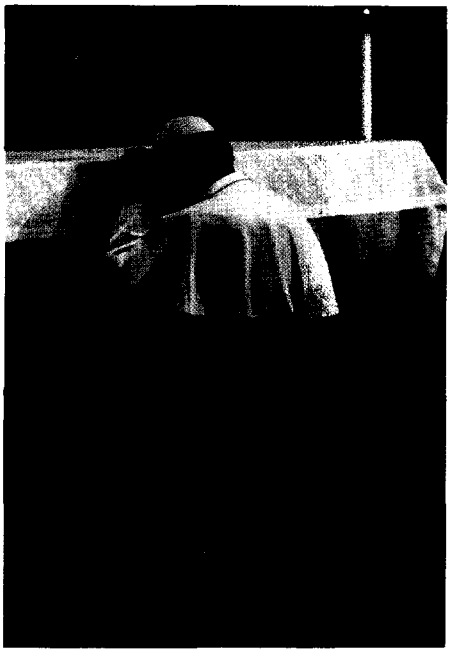

As a priest in Communist Krakow, the Pope wrote poems and essays near the safety of the altar, the chapel door locked so he would not be disturbed.

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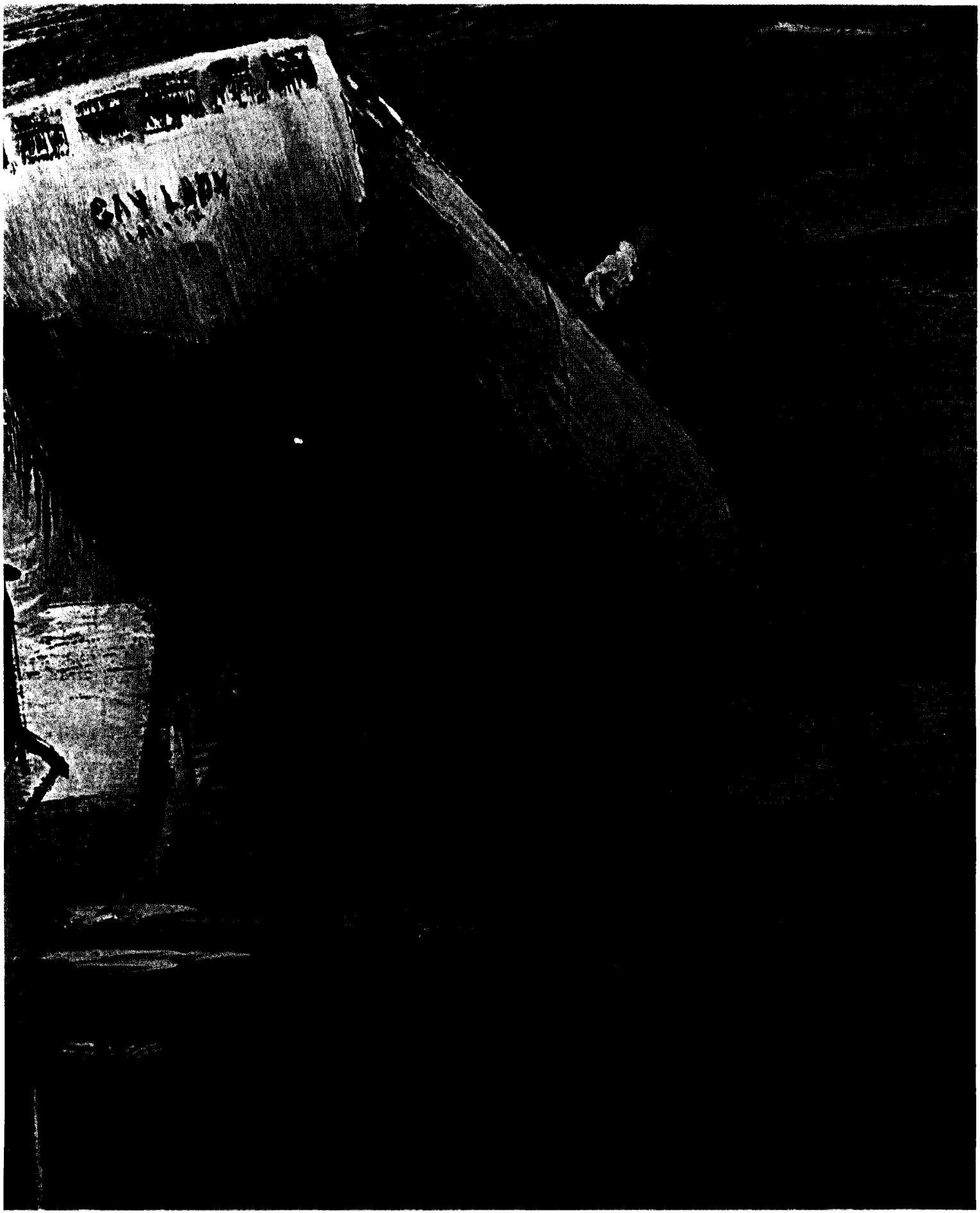

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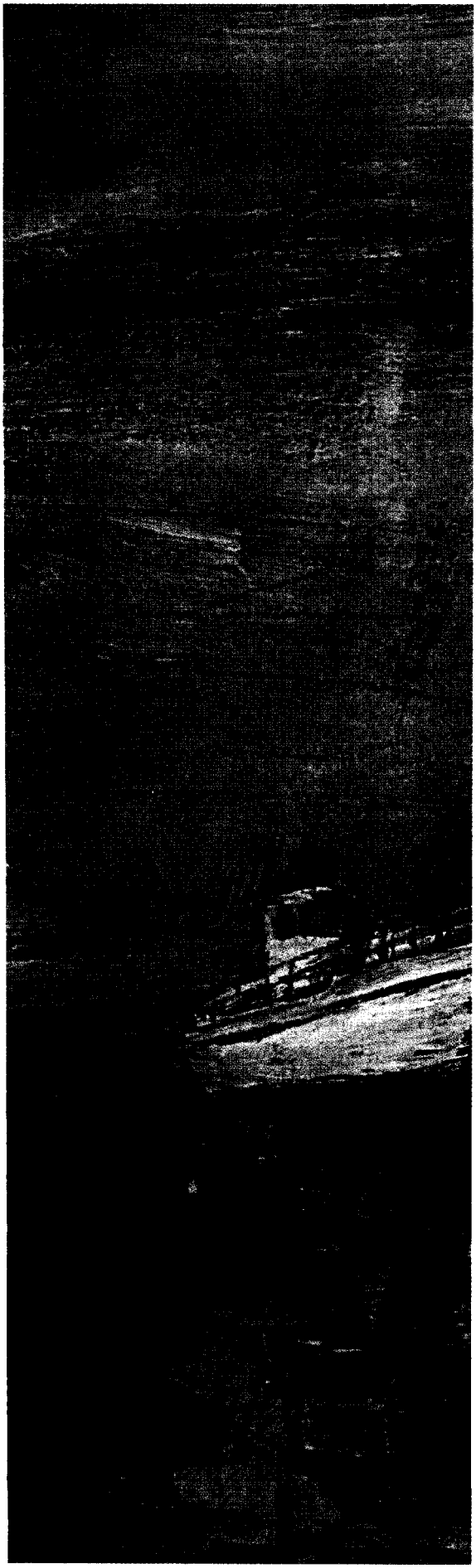

THE OBVIOUS WOMAN

A decision can change a lifetime. Was she his only hope? He had to know and time was running out.

by John D. MacDonald

Illustrated by Ray Prohaska

He walked all the way down the beach as far as the inlet, wearing his old tweed jacket, wondering how long it would be before the three of them—his wife, Mary Agnes, and his son, Jimmy, and the girl Jimmy was going to marry—would notice that he was gone.

The sea wind was cold and carried gray scud low over the coast. The three-day blow had scrubbed the stones and the brown sand clean, and he saw one Sunday surf caster, hardy and remote, in the distance. Terns huddled inshore against the wind, and the sea came smashing in.

At the inlet he wandered back toward Rickevy's Boat Yard and stood out of the wind in the shelter of a shed and looked at the *Gay Lady*. She was winter-stored on the old timber cradle, the sticks out of her—40 years old and more, broad and heavy in the beam, mahogany and teak and white oak, with enough auxiliary power and fuel capacity to be almost a motor sailer.

Then he saw the ladder against her and the power cable running aboard. He frowned and looked toward the parking area. Gretchen Barker's little green car was there. His impulse was to go right back to the empty beach. But he had to face Gretchen sooner or later, and this might be the best time and the best place.

He walked through the yard to the *Gay Lady* and rapped on the hull. Gretchen came out of the cabin and looked down at him and said, with no expression on her face, "As I live and breathe."

"How you, Gretch?"

"Come aboard."

He climbed the ladder and stepped over the rail and followed her below. She wore a gray sweater. Her jeans were bleached by sea and sun, shaped to the roundness of her young figure. Her hair was smooth and tan, an odd shade not quite like sand, not quite like coffee with cream. Her face was slightly weathered, as befits a blue-water girl.

She had a small heater rigged in the cabin. Drawers and cupboards were open, cardboard cartons strewn around. He sat on a bunk. She sat on her heels beside the litter and pushed her hair back and looked at him with a kind of mocking defiance. "This old crock," she said. "It's like an attic. It's like emptying out an attic."

"A sudden urge to be neat?"

"I'm selling her."

"Gretch!" he said, dismayed.

She stared at him. "What concern is it of yours, Mr. Robbins? I'm selling her because I don't need her." She turned back to her cartons for a moment and then gave him a tired smile and said, "I'm sorry. Why should I take it out on you?"

"I wish you would. I wish you could, Gretchen. I swear we

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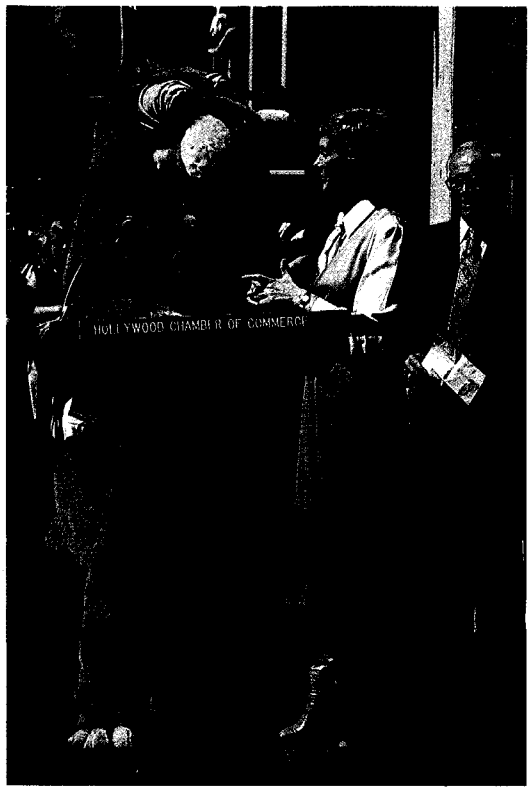
THOROUGHLY MODERN JULIE

The "G-rated" Julie Andrews may be a myth. After a long successful run as wife, mother, actress and author, this trouper is ready for an image change.

by George Haddad-Garcia

"I'm not Mary Poppins anymore—not that I ever was," says Julie Andrews, whose name is back on the marquees in a movie with the mysterious title of *10*. The producer is her husband Blake Edwards, best known for his *Pink Panther* series. Edwards also happens to be director and screenplay writer, and Julie naturally seems very much at home. "My last three films were for Blake," she says with that famous, concisely cheerful accent. "It's more like playing a game together than doing a picture—almost."

Miss Andrews seems eager to avoid talking about her comeback and the fact that this is her first movie in years. (Her last, *Tamarind Seed* with Omar Sharif, cleaned up overseas but did poorly in the States.) Following on *10*'s heels will be another film, *Little Miss Marker*, a Damon Runyon tale about a race-horse bookie (played by Walter Matthau) who is saddled with a six-year-old girl he accepts as a "marker," gambling slang for an IOU.



Ambivalence about decision-making and a fear of scenes, large crowds and goodbyes sent Julie into analysis, from which she emerged a "coper," an optimist, a woman comfortable in crowds.

Filming two movies back-to-back after a nine-year dry spell marks a significant change in Julie Andrews' career. Not so long ago, she was the biggest star in the world. Then her fairy-tale world caved in on her—she was labeled box office poison after doing the disastrous *Star!* and *Darling Lili*, and her 10-year marriage to English designer Tony Walton ended unsympathetically. Her career went nowhere but down, and she tried again in television after her one-season series for Lord Lew Grade was cancelled by ABC.

"That hurt for a long time," she explains. "I found out we'd been cancelled at the same time the general public did. There was no personal message, no politeness about it." The superstar fled Hollywood for Switzerland, but continued to do TV specials out of London. She also wrote two highly successful children's books under the name of Julie Edwards. Plus she completed more than five years of psychoanalysis. Never a staunch supporter of women's lib, she finds herself happiest at home, surrounded by her husband and children.

She says without artificial sweetness, "I'm more contented and at peace with myself now than I was as a box-office queen. I'm less uptight. I've even reached a stage where it doesn't shatter me if somebody prints something bad about me." Miss Andrews, who maintains the reserve typical of the British, has been known to greet interviewers by telling them she didn't care what they said about her.

The more one gets to know her, the more one realizes the acting talents that transformed Julie into Eliza Doolittle on the stage (Audrey Hepburn, of course, got the screen role, despite loud protest from Andrews fans) and into Mary Poppins, Maria von Trapp and others on celluloid. For she is not, just as she insists, anything like the prim, saccharine Miss Poppins. The former child prodigy has made her share of enemies—usually unintentionally—and, contrary to her public image, does have a temper.

"Women are typically reared with the admonishment that displaying any temper, ego or other so-called manly qualities is wrong. Girls are made to feel guilty if they raise their voices or frown. I've gotten over that hurdle, thank God, and now I'm free to be myself. In Hollywood, even though I was a hot property, as they called it, I was often treated like a little girl, and I often didn't dare to protest. . . . Anyway, it all seems like worlds ago, so far away."

Julie's life has been considerably enhanced by the addition of two little Vietnamese girls to the Edwards household: Amy Leigh and Joanna Lynn. "I've always loved children and I wanted another, but by adoption. I've spent most of my time in the past few years being with the children, caring for and looking after them, being the best mother I know how."

By Tony Walton, whose latest assignment was designing the fan-

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Child star Julie was raised "strictly but fairly," not knowing how much she earned and not opening her own mail until age 15 or 16. Daughter Emma hasn't shown an interest in a show business career—yet.

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tastic costumes and sketches for *The Wiz*, she also has a teenage daughter, Emma Kate. The star admits, "Emma had something less than the easiest time of it. Like any child, she'd want her mother to have a very regular schedule, to be there whenever she needed or wanted her. Believe me, I wanted to be there. But fame can be such a trap, and it seems like the more successful you become—professionally—the more you have to work to maintain your success. It's a vicious circle. And Emma had to contend with that huge figure up on the silver screen, as did I."

Miss Andrews is now closer to her eldest daughter than before, and she has made professional sacrifices to be with all her children. Yet she states clearly, "I don't consider it a sacrifice or a particularly noble act, because I'd rather be with my family than in a cold studio." From time to time, she still does a Christmas or Easter TV special for her and Blake Edwards' Jewel Production Company. But otherwise, until recently, her career was in limbo.

"I still do a lot of traveling, but it's not on my own, it's as Mrs. Blake Edwards. As a top producer and businessman, Blake is involved in several projects, and there's never a dearth of interesting conversation, things to learn or activities to keep one vitally interested in life and entertainment." At press conferences from Hawaii to Paris, promoting films like *Revenge of the Pink Panther*, Julie has been in the thick of things but deliberately stayed on the sidelines. Reporters at such affairs still tend to ask her the lion's share of the questions, but she quietly demurs to her husband or to Peter Sellers or someone else.

"I was glad to make *10*," she explains matter-of-factly, "but it was not a comeback, because I never retired. I don't plan my future far in advance, like, say, a producer would have to. I take life one day at a time and try to enjoy it to the fullest." Her co-star in the romantic comedy is English comic actor Dudley Moore, who scored heavily in *Foul Play*. The leading man was to have been George Segal, who bowed out almost the day before shooting began in Hollywood and

Shedding her straight-laced image, Julie settled down for some pillow talk with Dudley Moore in 10. *Her previous movies grossed $275 million—not bad for a woman whose husband claims she's "never happier than when pouring tea."*

Mexico—an episode Miss Andrews declines to talk about, for the benefit of all concerned.

Like everybody else on the set, Moore had nothing but praise and affection for the star. "She's a lady," he intones, "and she's very down-to-earth, honest and a regular person. I don't believe she's ever thought of herself as a huge celebrity, although God knows she is one. She has a huge following, even now, but I think she has a need to be liked. We all do, but she's honest about it."

For his part, hubby Edwards states, "Julie's never happier than when she's pouring tea at a hen party. She's a typical, middle-class Englishwoman. And a damned good wife, too!"

Both Edwardses prefer to work together or at least camp out together on location, and because Julie takes the responsibility of rearing children very seriously, she rules out going from one film to the next. "After *Little Miss Marker*, I don't know when my next one will be," she says, weary from the workouts, action and dialogue required of her. "It all depends on whether Blake is involved in the project or approves it, and whether it suits my schedule with the children."

Which job gives her more satisfaction?

She grimaces as though the answer were obvious. With motherlike patience, she notes, "I certainly wouldn't compare the rewards of watching one's children grow and mature with that of money piling up at the box office. Both are pleasant, but to varying degrees. As the old saying goes, you can't take an audience home with you. You can't depend on the loyalty of fans, who, after all is said and done, are just faceless people one seldom sees. And few stars have their fans forever. But a child is forever. That bond and relationship is timeless and doesn't depend on your looks, age or popularity at the moment."

Looking back, Miss Andrews is satisfied with her career, as well she should be. Although she has made only 10 motion pictures (including *10*), such films as *Mary Poppins*, *The Sound of Music*, *Hawaii* and *Thoroughly Modern Millie* were among the most popular movies ever made. Julie was one of the first stars to receive a minimum of $1 million for every project, plus percentage points. Does she miss in any way the days of being No. 1 at the box office and everybody's darling?

"No, not in any significant way," she answers. "In a position like that, you have to realize that half your friends are your friends only because of who you are. When

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that year or two fades away, you discover who really loves you as a person, and then you can settle down to being good, true friends. That is really more peaceful for the soul. . . ."

It should be made clear that Edwards wasn't the one who made the decision for Miss Andrews to curtail her cinematic and television activities, she points out. "I'm all for women's rights, but nowadays it seems that if you aren't vocal or radical about it, you get put down or criticized for your private lifestyle." Friends say one reason the former box-office champ is now so enmeshed with her home routine is that she had no normal childhood. Since a tender age, she was performing in English music halls, billed as a child prodigy. Her mother had remarried, and having two fathers didn't make things less confusing.

Looking back, she reports, "It was good training for me and I suppose it paved the way for what was to come. I wouldn't change much if I could go back and do it all over. But I wouldn't raise my own children that way. Being in show business is unnatural for a child, and I'm not sure being an actor or actress, even as an adult, is the best thing in the world. For one thing, why are there so many performers going to psychiatrists? That should tell you something of the pressures and problems."

With Edwards at her side most of the time (he often monitors her interviews, and is obviously protective, in a kind way), Julie Andrews is very happy and secure doing an occasional film. Despite her occasional aloofness and her preference for a small, close circle of friends, Julie makes friends easily, and is warm and encouraging to most individuals she meets. Having scaled the heights, she is wary of those who seek to be friends of a Personality or who would like to exploit her or Blake, but she is unusually free of suspicion and bitterness.

"I'm not bitter about a thing," she smiles, hands outstretched. "Why should I be? And if I were, what would it gain me?"

When fans come up and request an autograph, she indulges them enthusiastically, then chats a bit. Mention of her old movies gratifies her, and compliments about her splendid figure and ever-youthful looks genuinely please. "I wasn't given much credit for being a sensual person," she notes suddenly. "I've always had a body—a rather nice one, too—but people who had only seen my movies assumed I was either sexless or puritanical. Perhaps it's easier for people to assume an actress is exactly what she plays.

"That's one thing that got to me: that I repeated characters fairly often. I didn't get the Liz Taylor-type roles; whether I would have accepted certain sexy or dramatic roles isn't the question—it's just that one likes to be thought of as a well-rounded person." Upon being offered the chance to play Mary Poppins (originally a 50ish spinster of unattractive proportions) in the Disney film, Julie reportedly said, "What? Me work for that cartoon-person?" After meeting with Disney and viewing the story board and proposed layouts for the musical fantasy, she was convinced. But most of the public tend to forget that before *Poppins* she appeared as a bitchy type in *The Americanization of Emily*, doing a semi-nude scene opposite James Garner—with some four-letter words thrown in.

She also did the sexy, suspenseful *Torn Curtain* with Paul Newman for Alfred Hitchcock, as well as a partial striptease for Rock Hudson's benefit in *Darling Lili*, which was condemned by the P.T.A.'s movie guide. Although she won't discuss how far she goes in changing her image in *10*, she offers, "I'm no innocent, and I look forward to more gutsy, challenging roles. I feel the public is mature enough to accept a change." She points to Ingrid Bergman's moving from Joan of Arc-type roles to more worldly parts and to John Travolta's switch from G-rated TV to R-rated films.

But unlike Bergman, who was involved in an international scandal, Andrews' life is completely uneventful, blissfully ordinary. And unlike John Travolta, who was sexually deified in *Saturday Night Fever* and *Moment by Moment*, the Englishwoman would not allow herself to spend half a film's running time in swimwear. "I suppose the grass is always greener," she sighs, probably considering the anguish of those who deem themselves hapless enough to have nothing more than looks and a body.

"It's so hard to fight an image, though," she reflects. It will be

Continued on page 100

Though never consciously competing for press attention, America's best-loved nanny and her movie-magnate husband have rediscovered an old prescription for career compatability: A spoonful of communication helps the dissension go down.

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POST SCRIPTS

Called to Account

The accountant of a notoriously miserly millionaire was asked how much money his late client left. "He didn't leave any money," was his reply. "He was taken from it."

—Rose Sands

On the Other Hand

Many girls, who will settle only for Mr. Right, get left.

—Lakenan Barnes

A Fitting Remark

A man of quick decision, my father had short patience with mother's shopping habit of buying something and exchanging it later. One day while shopping they stopped to look at shoes piled high on a table. After much deliberation she finally chose a pair she liked.

"Do you know what size you take?" the clerk asked my mother.

"Any size will do," replied father promptly. "She is going to bring them back anyway."

—Elsie Morris

Bugged!

In a continuing effort to avoid artificial colors, flavors and preservatives in the food she buys, my neighbor, a health food enthusiast, reads the label on every can, box and bottle before she purchases it.

Recently, after learning from an article in our local newspaper that the fiber in the new low-calorie, high-fiber breads is cellulose derived from wood pulp, she commented, "You know, I've spent the better part of my life worrying about foods giving me all kinds of incurable diseases. Now, they've come up with one that may give me *termites*."

—Betty Christiansen

Falls Advertising

A pair of newlyweds went to Niagara Falls on their honeymoon. "There," said the husband, pointing to the magnificent falls, "I told you that if you married me, I'd show you the world's biggest cataract."

"Cataract?" shrieked the former chorus girl. "I thought you said Cadillac!"

—Herm Albright

"It didn't fall over—it's a snow-wino."

Neanderthal Knockout

He never phoned her for a date:
Never drove up and honked her.
Instead, to win his worthy mate,
He came, he saw, he conked her.

—G. Sterling Leiby

A Considerable Return

The shipwrecked sailor had spent nearly five years on a desert island. One morning he was overjoyed to see a ship in the bay and a boat putting off for shore. As the boat grounded on the beach, an officer tossed the marooned one a bundle of newspapers.

"With the captain's compliments," said the officer. "He requests that you read through these and then let him know if you still wish to be rescued."

—T.J. McInerney

Overdrawn & Quartered

A man met with his creditors to tell them he had filed for bankruptcy. "I owe you gentlemen over $500,000," he said, "but you won't get a thing unless you cut me up and divide me among you."

After a moment, one of the creditors said, "I move we take his suggestion. I'd like to have his gall."

—Lane Olinghouse

Curse-ory Exchange

The little boy had lost a tooth and had put it under his pillow. His mother asked, "Did you see the good fairy when it took your tooth?"

The little boy said, "No, but I heard what he said when he stubbed his toe on the bed."

—Al Batt

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Counter Attack

A truck driver was sitting alone at the counter of an all-night truck stop restaurant, which was nearly empty of customers. The waitress had just served him his hamburger, french fries and coffee when three swaggering black-leather-jacketed motorcyclists came in as though they were looking for a fight. One snatched the hamburger off the truck driver's plate, another grabbed his french fries and the third took his cup of coffee.

The truck driver shrugged his shoulders, got up and paid the waitress his bill and walked out to his truck and drove off. The meanest-looking motorcyclist sneered: "He's not much of a man. Ain't nothing to him."

The waitress, who watched out the window as the trucker drove off, said: "Nope. He's not much of a truck driver either—he just ran over three motorcycles."

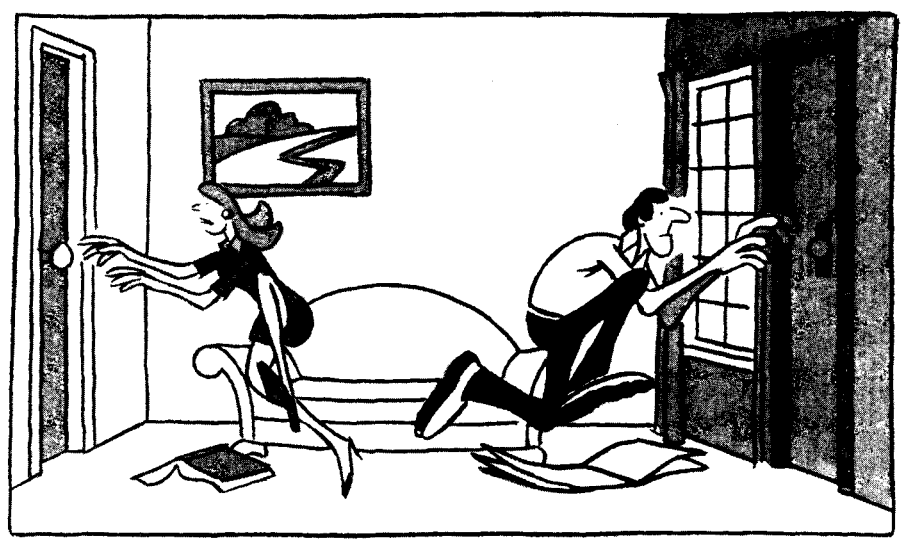
—L. Koss

Unsuitable Request

A week before Easter Sunday, a minister mailed out a newsletter to his congregation in which he urged all to attend the Easter Services —whether they had the traditional new Easter outfit or not.

The next day his phone rang steadily as parishioners gleefully pointed out that he had written: "Forget your clothes and come to church on Easter Sunday."

—Henry E. Leabo



Losing Resolution

Though resolutions "2" and "3"
Perhaps, are subjects for debate,
Number "1" throughout the land
Is: I resolve to lose some weight.

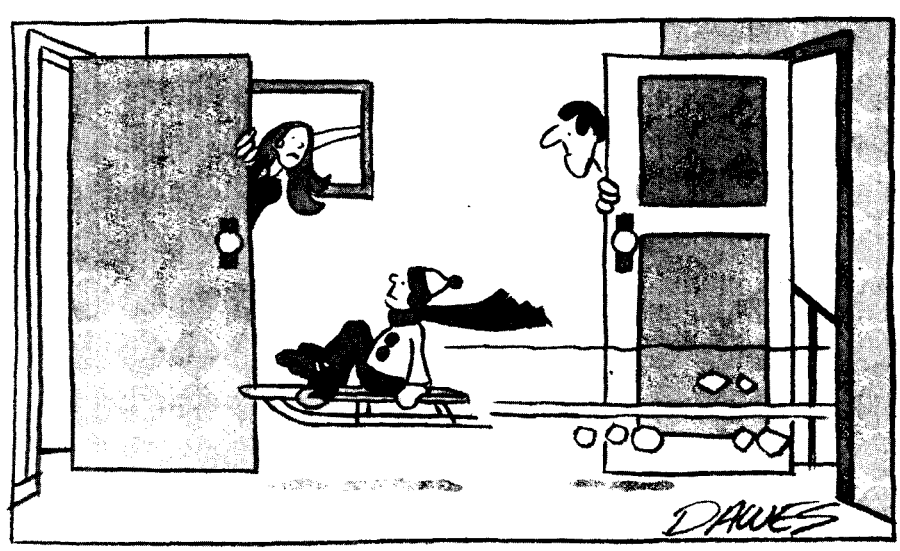
—Mrs. Rosemarie Williamson

Stock Retort

A suburban wife was visiting a neighbor, an old resident. With pride, she mentioned that her daughter had won first prize in a piano recital.

"I know just how you must feel," replied her hostess. "I remember how pleased we were when our pig got the blue ribbon at the fair."

—Helene Levin



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BEURT SERVAAS, CHAIRMAN
CORY SERVAAS, EDITOR
FREDERIC A. BIRMINGHAM, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

No Milk Film on Connally

Now and then the press lists the term "milk fund" on the negative side of John Connally's ledger, referring to Connally's alleged acceptance of a bribe. There's not a particle of evidence to support this. Connally was accused by a man, Jake Jacobsen by name, who was in deep, deep trouble in the state of Texas. After Connally's trial, Jacobsen was convicted for misappropriating $825,000. His accusation of Connally was a "one-against-one" thing. Only he and Connally could know the truth. Jacobsen had a lot to gain by telling a Watergate prosecutor that he had successfully bribed Connally for $10,000. In exchange, the Watergate prosecutors tried to get a major felony charge against Jacobsen dropped in Texas. In the end Jacobsen was sentenced to only seven years probation. Except for his cooperation with the Watergate prosecutors, he might have gone to jail for 40 years.

From Texas, Democrats and Republicans alike rose to Connally's defense. Among them was Congresswoman Barbara Jordan, a leading critic of the Nixon White House.

Here is some background in the case. The Associated Milk Products Incorporated (AMPI) is the nation's largest organization of dairy farmers. AMPI has normally contributed heavily in election campaigns—primarily to Democrats. In 1972 AMPI contributed to many campaigns, among them those of Senators Edmund Muskie, Hubert Humphrey, Dick Clark, James Abourezk and Congressman Wilbur Mills. Probably unknown to these candidates themselves was the fact that nearly all these contributions were illegal; they were usually covered by such devices as fictitious fees for attorneys and advertising agencies. In those days things frequently happened that way. Connally was not a candidate for office in 1972. He was not a recipient of any of this largesse.

On March 23, 1971, there occurred a minor political happening very typical of Washington. Well known to leaders of Congress and the White House, Congress was about to raise milk price supports unilaterally. AMPI had lobbied hard for the move. President Nixon, in a bit of one-up-manship, raised the milk price supports himself. The secretary of the treasury, John Connally, concurred with this presidential action.

There was never any impropriety involved here, nor is there any evidence that the increase in price support was ill-advised. In American industry, when it comes to muscling Congress, the dairymen have cleaner hands than most. Bear in mind, though, AMPI, the milk lobby, had won its case in Congress; they, Congress, and the White House all knew it.

It was this incident which prompted Jacobsen to finger Connally in 1974 during the Watergate witchhunts. He claimed he paid Connally $10,000 of AMPI's money to urge Nixon to raise the milk price supports.

Now, illegal campaign contributions and accepting bribes are a world apart. Campaign fund chairmen frequently collect funds willy-nilly. Laws regulating campaign contributions are continually changing. The candidate cannot

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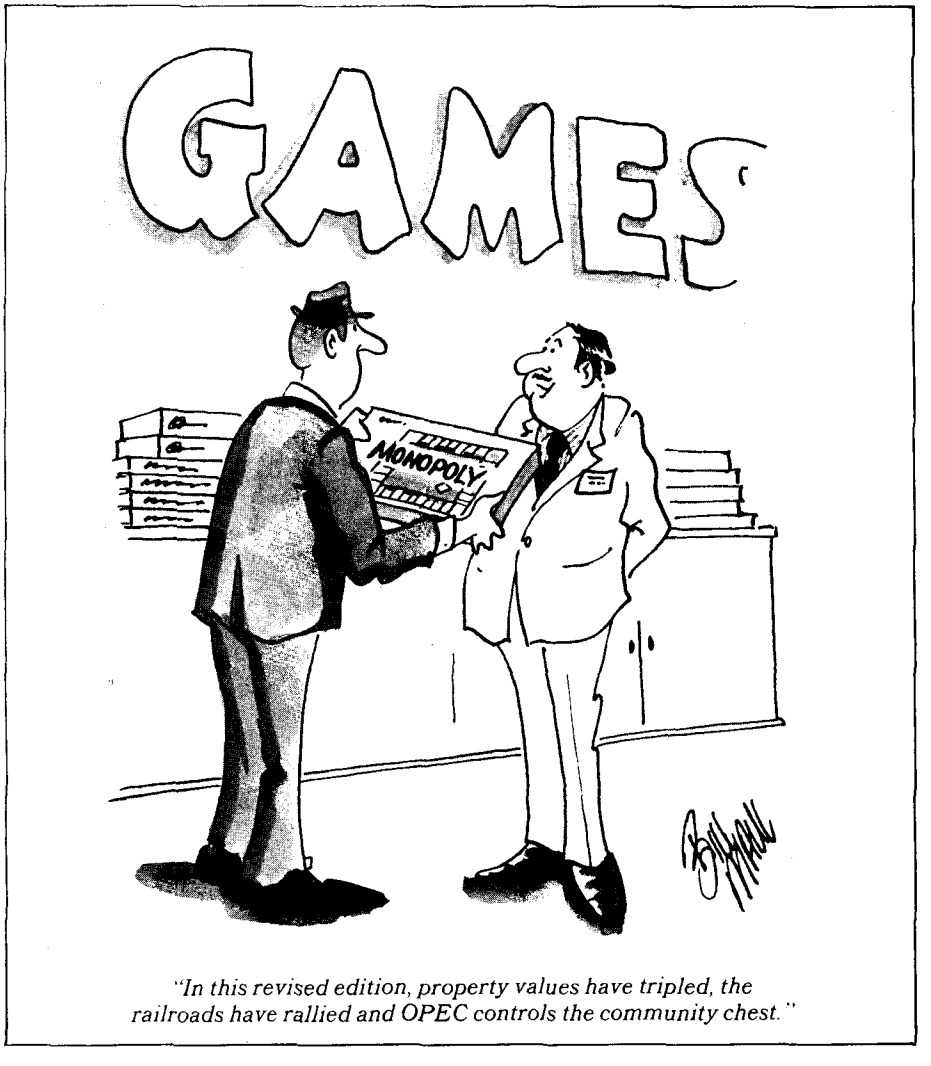

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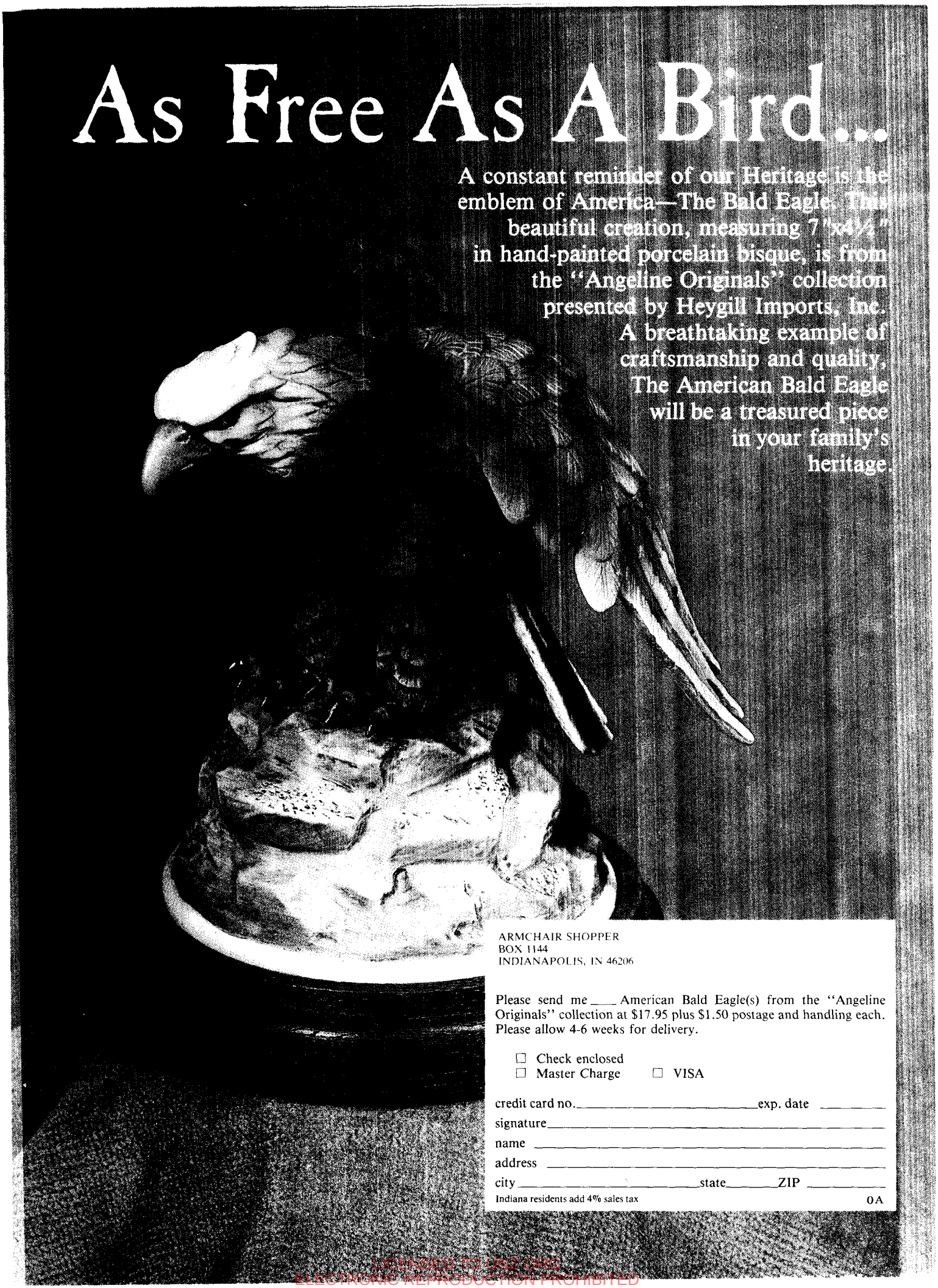

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possibly know about all the contributors; probably he shouldn't. A five-or ten-thousand-dollar campaign contribution is considerable. Campaigns need a lot of contributions like that.

On the other hand, a personal bribe of $10,000 is an horrendous crime for a petty amount of money, especially to a millionaire like John Connally. It is just not believable that a man of Connally's long and honorable service as secretary of the treasury, governor of Texas, and secretary of the Navy would sell it all for $10,000. Connally's law firm has been known to make more money than that in half an hour.

In the end, a Washington, D.C., jury didn't believe Jacobsen. Connally was found not guilty. It was an expensive experience for Governor Connally.

He had come to Washington, D.C., because the President had needed him. There was little that he would gain. He did a superb job as secretary of the treasury during difficult years. Foreign financial experts still speak of him with awe and respect.

But ambitious Watergate prosecutors decided to destroy him—his sin was that he had helped a president named Nixon on economic matters. Any friend of Nixon's was game to be hunted down in those days. The time between indictment and acquittal was seven long months. The cost and trauma of such an ordeal is staggering. Nevertheless, John Connally bore it with dignity and little apparent bitterness.

There's a lesson in this. If we persist in having special prosecutors investigate and indict the president's staff and cabinet we had best select very mature, even-handed lawyers for the job. The way it is, any unknown felon about to be convicted can get leniency by drumming up charges against someone with White House connections.

There is not the slightest evidence or likelihood of any milk fund scandal connected with Governor Connally. In normal times the trial would never have taken place. Although a careful eye can discern a few minor milk stains on a few senators and congressmen, there are none on Connally. John Connally is clean as a whistle. ♜

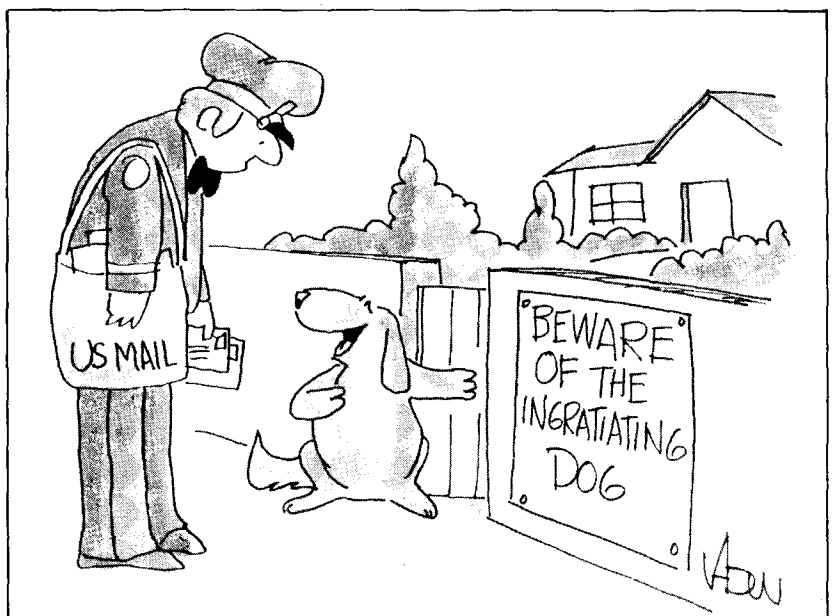
The Prophecy

continued from page 55

kitchen. She left properties I had never known about: a long list of instructions for me; documents to be recovered from safety-deposit boxes; lists of stock certificates; the name of a lawyer; stacks of old letters; newspaper clippings; charities she had favored; bills; rental receipts . . . it would take time.

The outside world was a typical late-February gray. I turned on the dim light in the kitchen to find the coffee pot. The gloom of the place settled deeper on my soul.

I spent another hour at the papers before driving the rented car over to Jackson's Café for supper. Afterward, I went by the funeral home to see Mr. Maxwell for a minute, making sure all the arrangements were in order for the funeral in the morning.



"Why yes . . . do come in . . . I've heard so much *about you."*

"Yes, certainly, Mr. Carbarow. I'm sure we have taken care of everything. You *are* staying at your grandmother's house, aren't you? We'll pick you up there about 9:30."

"Yes, that's right."

"By the way, did the stranger find you?"

"Stranger?"

"The man in the gray overcoat. He was here earlier this afternoon asking about the funeral and where to find the house. I supposed he had gone over to see you."

"No . . . that's funny. No one came. What did he look like?"

"Can't say, really. He kept one arm up across his face. Said he had a terrible cold—didn't want to give it to me."

I was puzzled at the moment, but my mind was so occupied with other things I didn't give it much thought. I thought he was probably interested in buying the house. Mr. Maxwell followed me out to the car, eyeing the heavens with some misgiving. The wind was sharp and cold; to the northwest there was lightning.

"Afraid we're in for some rain, Mr. Carbarow. I hope it will clear by morning."

"Yes, let's hope so. Good night, Mr. Maxwell."

Entering the old house a few minutes later, I again experienced a malevolent foreboding. It was like something I could smell and taste; and I shivered under my jacket in spite of myself. I turned the open gas stove in the sitting room higher and warmed my back for a few minutes before moving over the papers heaped on the desk.

Soon absorbed in the old documents, I worked on for hours, oblivious to the howling wind except when a thunderclap would occasionally cause me to look up for a moment. With the stove full on, the room was warm and, in a way, cozy. I picked up the bundle of yellowed letters I had found at the back of one of the drawers, hoping to find out something about the totally unfamiliar land holdings. Of them, unfortunately, there was nothing, but I did learn some interesting things about our family—really unbelievable things.

There was a very strange letter to Grandmother from someone named "Rieba" . . . or "Ruby" (that didn't look right, either). The letter itself was fluent and easy enough to read, though it was a curious mixture of block printing and script . . . as if a child had recopied it:

July 14, 1928

My Dear Catherine,

It is with such concern I write these lines. I feel I must come directly to the matter, which I consider to be of utmost urgency.

As you value the happiness of your beautiful daughter, I implore you to dissuade her from the proposed union with Zoltan Carbarow, of which I have just learned.

Had I known earlier of the liaison between Millicent and Zoltan, I would

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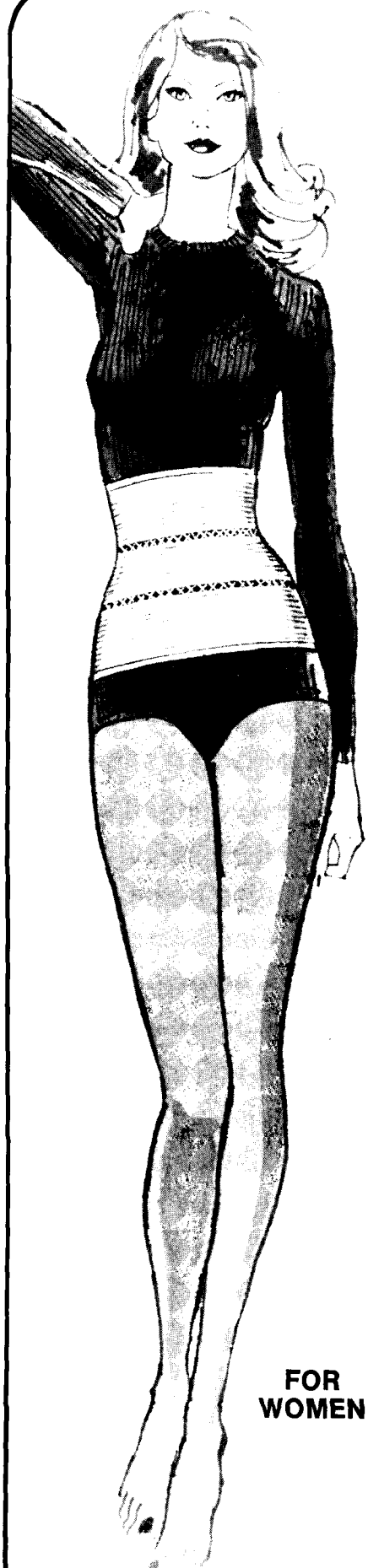

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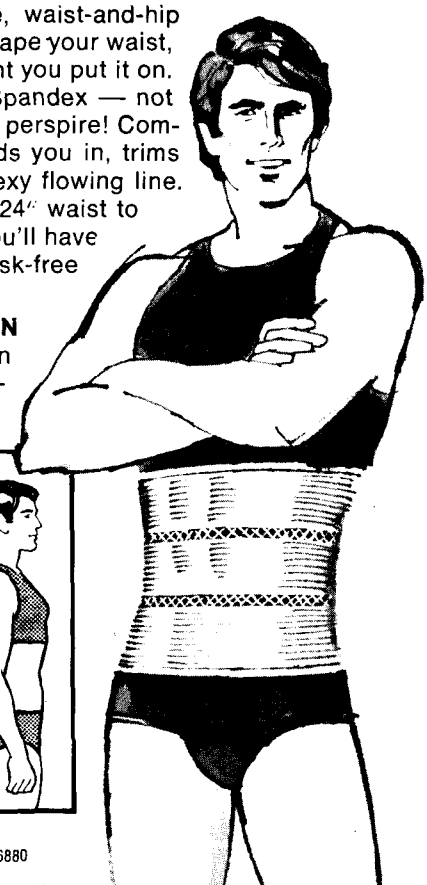

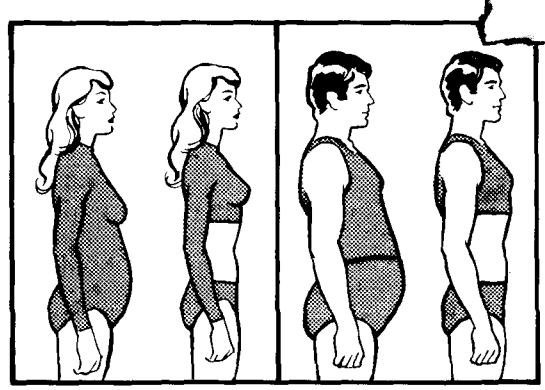

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Plane Crazy

continued from page 61

(English lovingly calls them "limited editions"). Today passenger airlines are selling them to freight companies as cargo planes. This saddens English, who has to perform scheduling contortions to enjoy rides on the few remaining Convair 880s and 990s in passenger service.

Even though the Convairs are his favorite planes, his most exciting experience came when he finally flew on the inaugural run of Air France's supersonic Concorde. English first wrote to Air France in 1967 when he was a high school sophomore in Hannibal, Ohio. "I knew the French would be in the air first [with a supersonic flight]. The French wrote back and took me very seriously." English was put on the waiting list, the 92nd name. "I wasn't too worried about that because I knew the plane seated 100."

English's flight on January 21, 1976, from Paris to Rio de Janeiro cost $1,400. He had been saving for the trip but still had to borrow some of the money. Before the flight he worried that one of Air France's regular jets would break down and they would substitute a Concorde for it—and 100 other people, not English who had waited nine years, would be the first to fly supersonic.

Then came the day he was to depart. He left Washington, D.C., for Paris in his usual manner—via Atlanta, Ft. Lauderdale, Atlanta again and Houston. After arriving in Paris, he took off immediately for London, where he spent the weekend before returning to France.

All went as he planned and English boarded the Concorde at the appointed time. A British Airways Concorde took off from London for Bahrain at the same time Air France's left the ground, "but the French flight went supersonic first," beams English.

"The flight was a non-stop party," he remembers. "It was a blast. It was sensational, well worth everything." And yet—"It was almost anti-climatic. After you've waited for something for a decade and it all unravels in seven hours . . . "

With all English's many hours in the air, he has not been involved in any serious mishaps. "Oh, there was the time in New Orleans. I was flying aimlessly that night. As we landed the plane made a funny noise like it was going over a washboard. A wheel had fallen off. But it was nothing. I took off an hour later to Atlanta on the same plane in full confidence."

Another time: "I was in a 747 when an engine quit and we had to go back to London. The other people didn't like it but I did. I was thrilled. I was getting hundreds of miles free."

Or the only time English remembers being uncomfortable: In early 1978 he was flying through tropical rains in a 12-seater over rugged jungle terrain in Panama. "It was incredible rain, opaque. The rain started coming in through the transport doors. Then I got a little uneasy."

His closest call, however, came on the morning of March 3, 1974. He was in Paris' Orly Airport and wanted to get to London in time to visit the Tate Gallery before it closed at 2 p.m. that day. The ticket agent suggested a Turkish Airlines DC-10 jumbo jet leaving at noon. English asked if there was anything earlier and ended up on an Iran Air 707 leaving half an hour sooner. As he boarded his flight, he noted the Turkish plane at the gate, the plane the agent had first suggested to him. English arrived in London on schedule. The Turkish plane, however, never made it. It crashed on takeoff, killing all the passengers and the entire crew—346 people.

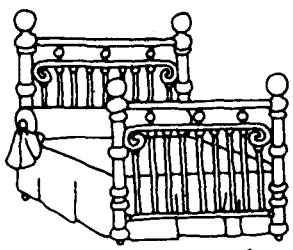
The news of the crash upset English, but he remains one of flying's strongest advocates. He has spoken to classes of men and women learning to overcome their fear of flying, telling these people who are afraid to go up in planes, " 'You think you have a problem. I have the opposite one. I can't stop flying.'

"I don't understand why these people are afraid to fly, but I think it's terrific that they're trying to overcome their fear," he says. "I feel good talking to them."

Despite all his flying, English does not get into debt. (The money he borrowed for the first Concorde flight was paid back quickly.) "I don't enjoy a trip knowing that I haven't paid for it," says the bachelor who does not own a car and looks at a $6,000 automobile as "three trips around the world." He lives frugally, with all his belongings crammed into one small room—boxes of unfinished airplane models packed tightly on the closet shelf and hidden under the bed, stacks of magazines piled in front of jammed bookshelves and maps on the wall. One charts all the air routes he has traveled. Next to it is a black-and-white photo of English and Gerald Ford sitting on an airplane and inscribed: *To Chris English. Glad you liked the ride on Air Force 1. Best wishes, Jerry Ford.*

Also in his room he keeps copies of the domestic and international official airline guides, books that list all possible air routes and other information. English is as familiar with these large volumes as most of us are with the telephone directory. These books are necessary to the English system of air travel, squeezing maximum air mileage from each dollar. For years this bargain hunter of the skies haunted ticket agents, bombarding them with questions on fares, mileage and tariffs, until he became more knowledgeable than many of them.

Much of English's enjoyment of flying comes from the planning and plotting of a trip—studying maps, reading



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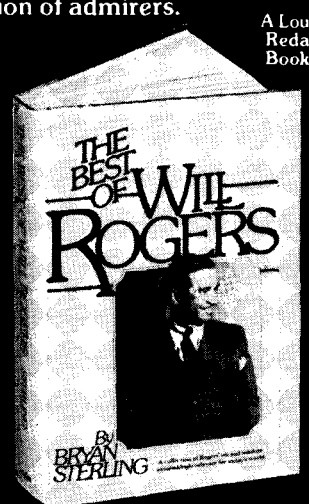

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up on places, and, of course, computing the mileage. On each English trip abroad he designs his route to include as many domestic stops for the same or little extra money as possible. For example, he explains: "A non-stop flight between Tehran, Iran, and New York City covers 6,121 miles. Passengers, however, are permitted to use 7,681 miles between those two points. According to English, if he flies direct, he's throwing away 1,560 miles of potential travel.

"A tragedy!" he exclaims.

Now, if he were to leave from Philadelphia at a cost of $6 more than the New York-to-Tehran fare, he would be entitled to a total of 7,788 miles. Since the distance from New York to Iran is 6,121 miles, "I have 1,667 miles left to use between Philadelphia and New York [cities that are 91 miles apart]." His eyes light up. He talks faster. "That means I can fly from Philadelphia to Toronto to Montreal to Boston and New York and then over to Tehran for only $6 extra. I couldn't go to Atlanta, though, because the Atlanta-to-Tehran fare is higher than the Philadelphia fare." But as long as he stays within the mileage he can stop at cities whose fare doesn't exceed the Philadelphia fare.

Most people want to get to their destination quickly, so the English system is not for them. English, however, sees no point in flying direct "when you can go to any number of bizarre places" en route.

Domestic flight is different, but again, English knows his way around. For example, on trips to visit his parents, he knows that once he is in Atlanta, he is entitled to fly to Florida for several hours and then back to Atlanta before going on to Louisiana.

This past spring, English, who has flown over 100,000 miles in each of the last five years, noticed something was wrong with his life. He didn't feel right and things were not going as they should. Something was missing. All of a sudden he realized—he hadn't been flying for two weeks. The drought lasted 22 days. By the end of the third week, "I found myself regarding it with disbelief," he noted. "That was my longest time between flights in five years. I was embarrassed. People in the office would ask after each weekend, 'Well, big shot, where did you go this weekend?' I'd say, 'Nowhere,' and they'd ask, 'Well, what's wrong? Were you sick?' " When he finally boarded a plane for New York on May 30, the world was once again right for Chris English.

The English mania for travel seems to be catching on. As more airlines offer bargain packages, people are accepting it as a challenge and rushing to set distance records. But newcomers to this game will have a hard time catching up with Chris English.

The Pope

continued from page 75

Boston he delivered a ringing challenge to his hearers: "The reason for my mission . . . is to tell you, to tell everyone—young and old alike—to say to everyone in the name of Christ: 'Come and follow me.' This is why I have come to America, and why I have come to Boston tonight: to call you to Christ."

What of the future?

Long after the emotions and enthusiasms have cooled, the impact of the Pope on America will continue—his impact as statesman, pastor and evangelist. The issues of which he spoke are too pressing, too urgent to be forgotten. No one can say what the long-term significance of his visit will be, but it would be a tragedy if we forgot the central concerns of which he spoke.

There may be another long-term effect from his visit. For many Protestants the visit of the Pope gave them an opportunity to sense—often for the first time—some of the changes that are taking place in the Roman Catholic church. There are still points at which those of us who are evangelical Protestants may disagree with some of the traditions of the Roman Catholic church; it would be dishonest to say otherwise. Nor do I believe the differences which divide Roman Catholics and evangelical Protestants will be completely erased in the foreseeable future. However, there is a new openness on both sides to each other. Many Protestants are discovering they hold many beliefs in common with Roman Catholics, such as the virgin birth and the deity of Jesus Christ and the historical reality of His resurrection. Many Protestants also identify with such issues raised by the Pope—issues such as peace, abortion, and family life. Also, in countless ways many evangelical Protestants and Roman Catholics are discovering they share a common bond through their mutual commitment to the Christian faith.

Recently I learned that the word "pontiff," (a title by which the Pope is often known) comes from the Latin word which originally meant "bridge builder." During his visit to America Pope John Paul II was indeed a bridge builder, and that is something our divided world desperately needs. In a world which often seems to have lost its way, his voice will continue to remind us of our responsibilities to each other—and to God.

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Our congratulations and a check for $100 go to Eileen Land of Port Neches, Texas, for the winning entry in our November photo contest.

A tyke named Timothy Brown
Shoots skyward with horrified frown.
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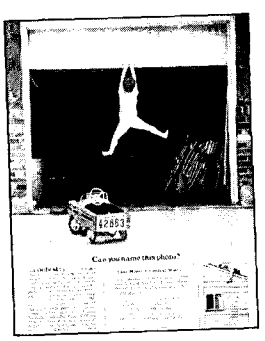
"Whatever goes up must come down."



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Obvious Woman

continued from page 77

didn't know it had happened. I saw you on the street a few times. I thought you acted odd, but I didn't know anything about it, and neither did Mary Agnes until Jimmy brought this girl home to meet us."

She pulled an old shoe out of a drawer and looked at it. "One Top-Sider, faded and raggedy. Would fit a 12-year-old girl. Not much utility here, friend. Out you go. Boyd, I grew up on this old crock. According to legend I was nearly born aboard her, but Daddy brought her in through a heavy fog."

"That's the way it was."

She pushed her hair back again. "She was my inheritance, in lieu of money. I guess my family had a lot of things in lieu of money." She stared at him thoughtfully. "I'm glad you didn't know. I couldn't have stood the idea of Mary Agnes going around saying her precious son had finally broken off with that obvious and unsuitable Barker female. He did it four months ago. In November. With two terribly reasonable letters and a very calm and reasonable phone call. From me he got hysterical letters and frantic phone calls. I didn't handle it very well, Boyd."

"I wish I'd known you were having such a lousy winter, Gretch."

"What could you do? I got very Camille for a while. It works better than a diet. Then I got indignant at myself. And energetic. Aunt Tildy must have thought I'd lost my mind. Likewise Doctor Traub. I reorganized his whole filing-and-billing system. I cleaned the cellar and the attic and painted the spare room, started a night course in astronomy and joined a bowling league." She made a face. "Therapy."

She took some charts out of a drawer and reached in again and found a sealed bottle. "What do you know! Barbancourt. A liqueur rum, it says. Haiti. It's been aboard at least 12 years."

"Don't mind if I do," he said. She broke the seal, got stainless-steel cups and poured a few ounces in each. She sat opposite him on the other bunk. They smiled and clanked the cups together. A gust of March wind made the old hull of the *Gay Lady* creak.

She smiled and said it was fine rum, and then her eyes went strange and she said, "What's she like?"

"Nancy? She's a girl. Pretty, Southern-social, rich and, I suspect, very well organized. I don't know her very well, and I have the feeling I never will."

"It's set for June?"

"A high noon in June. In Atlanta. One of those dynastic affairs."

"You don't have to look so jumpy, Boyd Robbins. I'm not going to break into tears. Golly, when I think of that three-day argument we all had, over two years ago, I almost want to laugh. Remember?"

He remembered. Jimmy and Gretchen had a thousand dollars saved. Jimmy was 20 and Gretchen was 22. They wanted to get married and take off for a year in the *Gay Lady,* down the Waterway and across to the sunshine islands of the Caribbean. Boyd had been in favor of it. Mary Agnes had fought it, certain that if Jimmy took a year off he would never go back and get his law degree. She thought it a stupid, romantic dream and was certain Gretchen had talked Jimmy into it. After two days Boyd had stopped trying to change his wife's mind. And then Jimmy had quit, and that meant Gretchen had to give up, too.

"Now that you're a venerable 24, Gretch, would it have been such a good idea, really?"

She looked at him calmly. "I could have made him do it, you know, in spite of Mary Agnes. And I should have. Forgive me, Boyd, but it was the last chance in this world your son had to escape being a stuffed shirt."

"Do you still love him?"

She scowled into her drink, then looked abruptly at him. "No. I've done a lot of thinking. I loved what he was and what I thought he could become. But he isn't what he used to be, and he isn't going to become what I thought he could be. Oh, he's an adequate human being, and he'll be a fine lawyer, I'm sure. But somewhere he stopped being the guy for me to spend my life with. Fair enough?"

"Fair enough, Gretch."

"Do you think we should have had that year?"

He leaned back a little, out of the glow of the overhead light. "There isn't enough magic to go around these days. I wanted you for a daughter. You kids should have had that year. You should have taken that chance."

She propped her small, firm chin on her fist and stared at him. "Do you want to really know why Mary Agnes fought it so hard?"

"I guess because you never quite fit her image of a . . ."

"Boyd, it was you and me. We always got along too well, right from the very beginning, when I was a little kid coming over to play. You never

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patronized me. There was a lot of closeness and a lot of trust. Sometimes it was as if it was you and me against Jimmy and Mary Agnes. She knew that if I married Jimmy it would be three against one. She's strong and clever and selfish, Boyd. I hate her!"

"Now, really——"

"Two jolts of this here fine rum, sir, and I can say some things I probably shouldn't say, if you'll let me. I respect you for being loyal to Mary Agnes, of course. But wouldn't you say you are—well, a very successful man?"

"I've been lucky."

"When you go into the city, a lot of people scurry around trying to keep you happy, don't they?"

"It's sort of a reign of terror."

"I'm serious. You have important friends all over the world, and when you say something, the newspapers report it. Isn't Mary Agnes aware of all that?"

"I guess she thinks I've run some kind of a bluff and the whole structure might collapse any moment."

"To her, darn it, you're fumbly old helpless Boyd Robbins. Doesn't she know you're rich and famous because you're so darned bright? Do you really hear the tone she uses when she speaks to you in front of other people? As if you were a dog that shouldn't be on the rug. Boyd, she's a tiresome, trivial, empty woman, and—and she gives you no honor!"

He picked up the bottle and put a little bit more rum into each cup.

"I have no right to talk to you like that," Gretchen whispered.

"Maybe you do. I want you to understand. I want your respect. That should give you some rights. Listen, nothing is going to change Mary Agnes. And she does get on my nerves when I see too much of her. So I don't see too much of her. If there is a problem in Seattle, I go solve it myself and do it better than the man I might have sent. So, in that sense, credit her with my success, Gretch."

"But now you have it, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Boyd, doesn't a man have to have honor from some special person? Doesn't he have to work for some person who'll keep telling him he's great?"

He stared at her with a sudden and bitter surprise. "Do you want to know something hilarious, girl? For years when I've done some difficult thing and been proud of it, I've told *you* about it—in my mind. And you have beamed upon me and told me I was great. You see, you were my second time around. Through Jimmy. But ever since he said he was bringing a new girl home I've known my little game was over. It's taken something away from me. I've felt restless and sort of out of focus ever since——Hey! Don't! Please don't, Gretch."

Tears rolled down her cheeks. "I can't help it."

"Let's try ironic laughter, dear."

"Ho, ho, ho," she said, and sobbed aloud and bowed her head.

"I used to even feel guilty about it sometimes," he said wonderingly. "I wondered if—being so very fond of you was an entirely good thing—liking the way you look and walk and react to things. Liking what you are."

"Please shut up, Boyd. Please."

"I looked at the three of them in my living room before I went out to walk on the beach. They all have blue eyes and narrow faces and clean skin. Their mouths all curl the same way. They talk so politely to each other. I love Jimmy. If he knew I felt sorry for him he would never be able to understand."

She put her cup aside and pushed her tan hair back with both hands and said despairingly, "Will you stop!"

"I wanted to tell you these things. I can stop. Yes."

"Maybe it's the talk. Maybe it's the rum or the weather. I think I'll tell you something, Mr. Robbins. And we'll all have some nice hollow laughter."

"Tell me what?"

She made an ugly mouth. "Something I've denied a thousand times since November. It's really quite a common psychological phenomenon." She leaned toward him and spoke with a cold precision. "I was seven when Daddy died. Did you ever stop to think, sir, that your son was just a substitute for what I really wanted?"

He stared at her. His mouth went dry the moment he understood what she was saying.

"But I'm old enough to be——"

"Ten thousand other people would say that, Boyd. And snicker. You'll be 44 on the 3rd of July. I'll be 25 on October 16th. When I'm 40 you'll be 59. Do you want the whole neurotic routine? All the wicked dreams? You could quit working, and there'd be enough for us and enough for Mary Agnes, too. I'm sure she would adore Atlanta—and martyrdom. Off in the *Gay Lady* then, Boyd, for a year of stars and talk and sailing, and then I—then I'd start filling this old crock boat with healthy babies for you. And I would always—love and honor and respect—you—because you—you are good!" She dropped her head into her arms and began to howl.

Shaken, he spoke her name and put his hand on her shoulder and snatched it away as hastily as if he had burned himself. He tried to comfort her. After a long time the crying stopped. She got up and found a towel and wiped her face. She tried very hard to smile at him. "What did they put in that rum?" she asked.

"Truth serum?" he said. He looked at her and knew he would never again see her as a girl. This was a woman.

"I'm a mess," she said. "And now I'm so ashamed. Please don't stare at me."

"I'm sorry. I was thinking I'm just now getting acquainted with you."

"Don't bother, Boyd. The whole thing is impossible. You better take off. You better make a strategic retreat to home and fireside. Run from the dangerous female. Not dangerous—just sort of silly. And I have to clean this craft for market."

He stood up. He was a tall man, and there was not quite enough headroom

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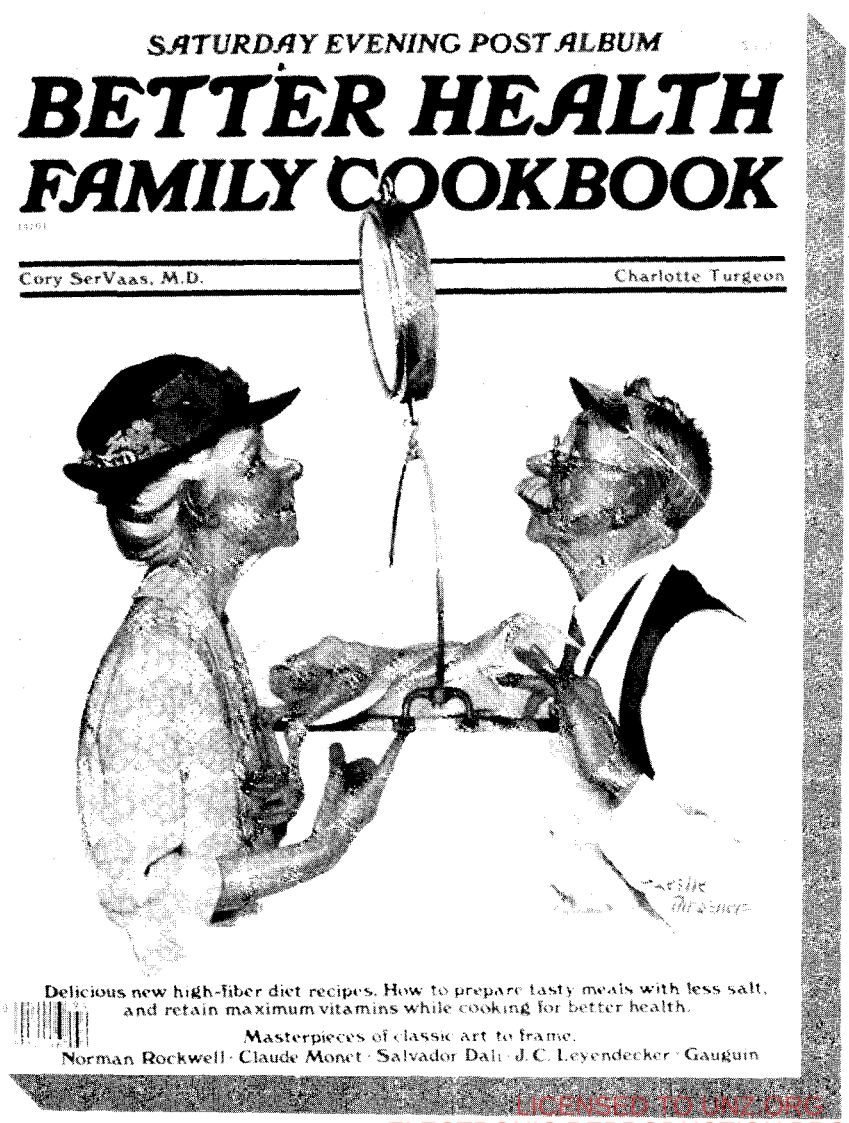
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below decks for him. They smiled at each other with excessive courtesy. They both started to speak at once and stopped, each waiting for the other. Then with a long, gliding step she came into his arms. It was very awkward. He felt shocking guilt. They could not get their arms right, and their noses were in the way. Suddenly the guilt was gone, and it was right. She was no longer Jimmy's girl, Jimmy's ex-girl, Jimmy's anything. She was his Gretchen, sweetly, sensuously alive. Then she took a great breath and wrenched herself away and tumbled headlong onto the bunk. "Go 'way!" she yelled. "Get off my boat!"

He went down the ladder on weak legs. When he reached the shed he looked back. The sky was a dark gray, and night was moving in. The ports of the *Gay Lady* glowed with orange light.

He leaned against the shed for a little while. The vision she had given him was as romantic as the look of the yard at dusk. Shuck the old life and the old wife. On with the new. Find all the old visions and dreams.

It is the special penalty of the middle years, he thought, to know that even the wildest impulse leads to the commonplace. Youth, in its innocence, can truly believe itself unique.

But what a dream this one is, he thought. The golden girl and the tropic seas under a moon like a huge pewter plate, with hot days and hard work to firm the office flesh, brown the hide, cleanse the eye. And there she was, 50 yards away, examining, just as he was, this longing which had been so suddenly and unexpectedly wrenched out into the light, perhaps wondering, just as he was, how much self-deceit was involved. Can this timeworn man and this vibrant girl find happiness as they sail off into the sunset? he asked himself bitterly. Well, for two or three minutes back there it was a nifty idea. He walked to the dark beach and turned toward home.

Going in the back way, he noticed that the Mercedes was gone. There were lights on in the kitchen, but none in the rest of the house. He tossed his old tweed jacket onto a kitchen chair and wandered into the big living room. The fire was down to a few embers. Suddenly, startling him, a table lamp at one end of the couch clicked on. Mary Agnes had been sitting there in the dark. Her features seemed bunched in the center of her face.

"You cruel, selfish, stinking thing," she said in a low, grinding voice.

"What's the matter with you?"

"I knew you'd try to act innocent. You try to humiliate me in every way you can think of. You try to spoil things for me. You really hate me, don't you?"

"What is it this time?"

"As if you didn't know! How do you make that lovely, lovely girl of Jimmy's feel at home? You brood in a corner, and then you leave without a word to anyone. You knew we were taking them to the club for dinner. I sent them along, naturally. I didn't know when you'd be back or what condition you'd be in. You prowl around in those ratty clothes looking like a bum, and you do that to humiliate me, too. Jimmy and I get very sick and tired of having to make excuses for you."

"She seems like a nice girl."

"And they're leaving in the morning."

"Honey, I flew in from Houston to meet her, and I have to go back there tomorrow. And it is still my intention to have dinner with them at the club tonight and be a genial father of the groom."

"You're in no condition to go."

He stared at her and then laughed. "No, you don't, Mary Agnes. You could make ammunition like that last forever. I'm going, and you better come along because it would look strange if you didn't."

She stared at him, her mouth slightly open. "You laughed at me!"

"You look ready to go. I'll change. Better phone them at the club and tell them we'll be right along."

"What were you laughing at?"

He took a shower and shaved and dressed with the efficiency of a man who has spent half his adult life in hotels and has learned to reduce basic tasks to simple routines. He looked at himself in the mirror and decided he was far too eroded a knight for the shining Gretchen. After the June wedding, when Mary Agnes was less tense, a summer cruise with her might be a good idea. He had gone stale recently. The mistakes thus far had been small ones. Mary Agnes was all right. Just a little irritable.

When he was ready to go, he found her in the kitchen. He stopped just inside the door, as abruptly as if he had run into a wall of glass. Obviously she had not heard him coming. He saw her with such a terrible clarity that she became someone he did not know at all. The clock of all the days and years seemed to stop. Her face was red and shiny and intent. With the heavy kitchen shears, straining at the heavy fabric, she was chopping his old tweed jacket to fragments. He could hear her breathing. She seemed to be killing something. She cut the last piece in two, let the fragments fall to the floor and dropped the shears on the counter.

"Have you lost your mind?" he asked.

She whirled and stared at him. The red faded out of her face. Then she smiled. "Just try to rescue it this time," she said. "Just try! I'm going to do that to all your bummy clothes. The men in my family never left the house unless they were immaculate. I'm just not going to let you continue to humiliate me, Boyd. Shall we go?"

He picked up a piece of the jacket.

"What are you going to do?" she asked. "Break into tears?"

"Not exactly," he said.

He didn't know just what he would do. If he did not go to the club he would be in for months of punishment. And he had laughed at her. He saw a strand of pale, tan hair on the lapel of his chopped-up jacket, caught in the heavy Irish tweed. As long as we must have

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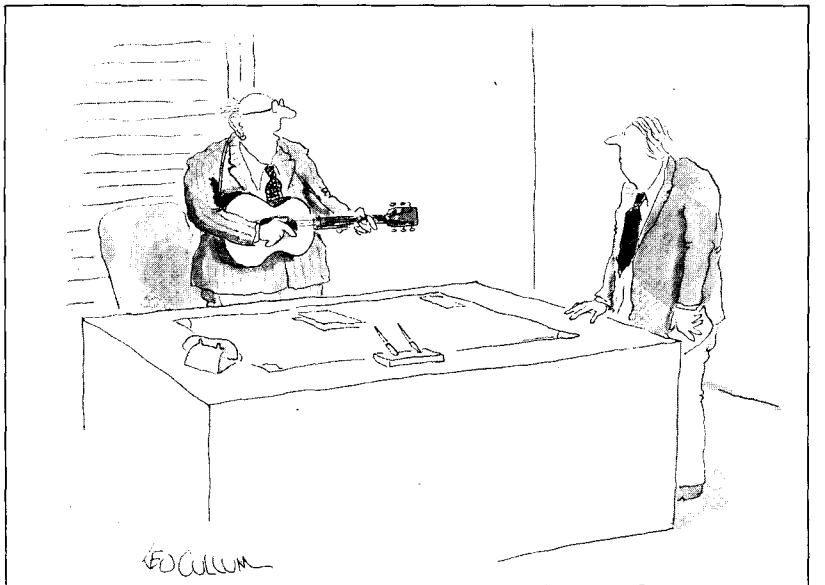

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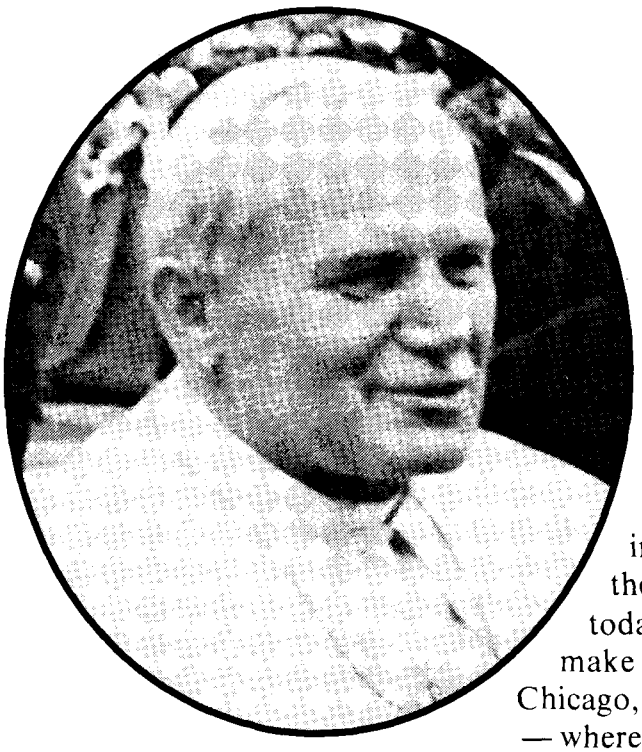

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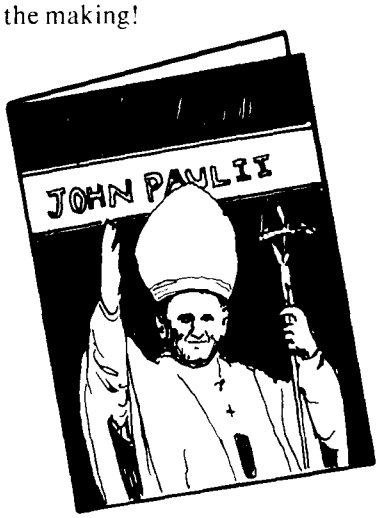

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symbols, he thought, it's nice to have a complete set. He picked up the dozen pieces of the jacket and piled them on the counter.

"What are you doing? Put it in the trash."

"Let's be off," he said, smiling.

At the club he sat comfortably back inside the nest of himself and with mild interest watched himself release upon his son and the girl and the woman all the charm and alertness he had used on all the strangers in all the far places. He was sensitive to them, aware of their response, bringing them into a glow of talk and laughter, handing them their cues deftly.

The children went off to find some music, and he took his wife home. She kept telling him how nice he had been, how astonishingly, extraordinarily nice, until somehow she had turned the compliment into a criticism of all the other evenings of their life.

When they were in the living room he interrupted her by saying her name with an odd force and inflection.

"Yes, dear?"

"Mary Agnes, I'd like you to go get that jacket you ruined and sew it back together for me."

Her eyes narrowed. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I said. It doesn't have to be invisible stitching. It doesn't even have to be wearable. But go get the pieces and sew them back together, Mary Agnes."

She was wary. "It certainly didn't take you long to spoil this evening, too, did it?"

"It might be important."

She hesitated for just a moment and then laughed. "For goodness' sake, don't pout like some stupid little boy. That coat was ratty. I did you a favor."

"I just want to be certain. You won't make the effort?"

"Absolutely not! What do you think I am?"

"All right. We'll drop it."

"Why you should ask me to do such a——"

"Good night, my dear wife."

Jimmy married his Atlanta bride on the 20th of June. On the 22nd Boyd Robbins went to one of the big commercial boatyards, accompanied by Hal Foreman, one of his most trusted young executives. A man from the yard showed them through the *Gay Lady*. It was the first time Boyd had seen it since it had been overhauled and refurbished. The man was very enthusiastic about all that had been done to the old craft.

"It's nice to get a go-ahead for a really total job, Mr. Robbins. It's a good piece of money, sure, but I'd cast off in a minute to take her around the world."

Boyd admired it appropriately, the new suit of sails, heavy-duty generators, new auxiliary, navigation aids, stainless-steel galley, new hardware. He thanked the man and sent him away and sat in the main cabin with Hal Foreman.

"She couldn't trace who really bought it?" Boyd asked.

"Not a chance."

The hull moved in the breeze, nudging the fenders, creaking the lines.

"You'll find the pressure here quite intense. In fact, you're probably wondering how I manage to keep my sanity."

Foreman looked uncomfortable and said, "Boyd, is it any of my business?"

"That's hard to say at the moment, Hal. You couldn't help guessing. I haven't seen this boat in three months. Or the lady. And I haven't decided anything worth telling anybody. Maybe the Sea Scouts will get this, Hal, and there'll be nothing to tell. Or maybe an awful lot will change. If so, you'll be the second to know. I'm going to stay here for a little while. Take the car along. I might not come back in today. I don't know yet."

Foreman hesitated and then unexpectedly shook hands. "Boyd, whatever, whenever, however . . . I want the luck to run good for you."

Foreman went topside, stepped onto the dock and left quickly.

Boyd opened the canvas bag he had brought aboard. He took out the three texts on seamanship and navigation and put them on the cabin table. He had been reading them for three months, on airplanes, in terminals, in hotel suites. The rules of the road. "Red right returning," he murmured.

He took out two stainless-steel cups and put them beside the texts. He took the bottle of Barbancourt and poured an inch of rum into the cups. He could look out through one of the ports and see the public telephone 50 feet away. She would be working at the doctor's office for another 65 minutes. He leaned back in the chair, sipped the rum and listened to his heartbeat.

This was decision time, and he had 60 minutes. This is the way you do it. You expose yourself to all the pros and cons, and you hold back until the deadline is inescapable, and then they all balance out, and you know. The big answer always comes in two sizes. Yes and no. Yes or no. With regrets but no remorse either way, because you put yourself right into the scales with everything else. And you watch which way they tip.

They never balance perfectly. There is always some small object that makes the difference. Such as a frayed shoe without a mate, of a size to fit a girl of 12. Or a leather-covered button rolling across a kitchen floor.

He had had to make many difficult decisions in his life—some patiently and cautiously, when there had been time; others hastily and instinctively. Some had been right, some very wrong. For this one he had only an hour—a short time—and he must not be wrong.

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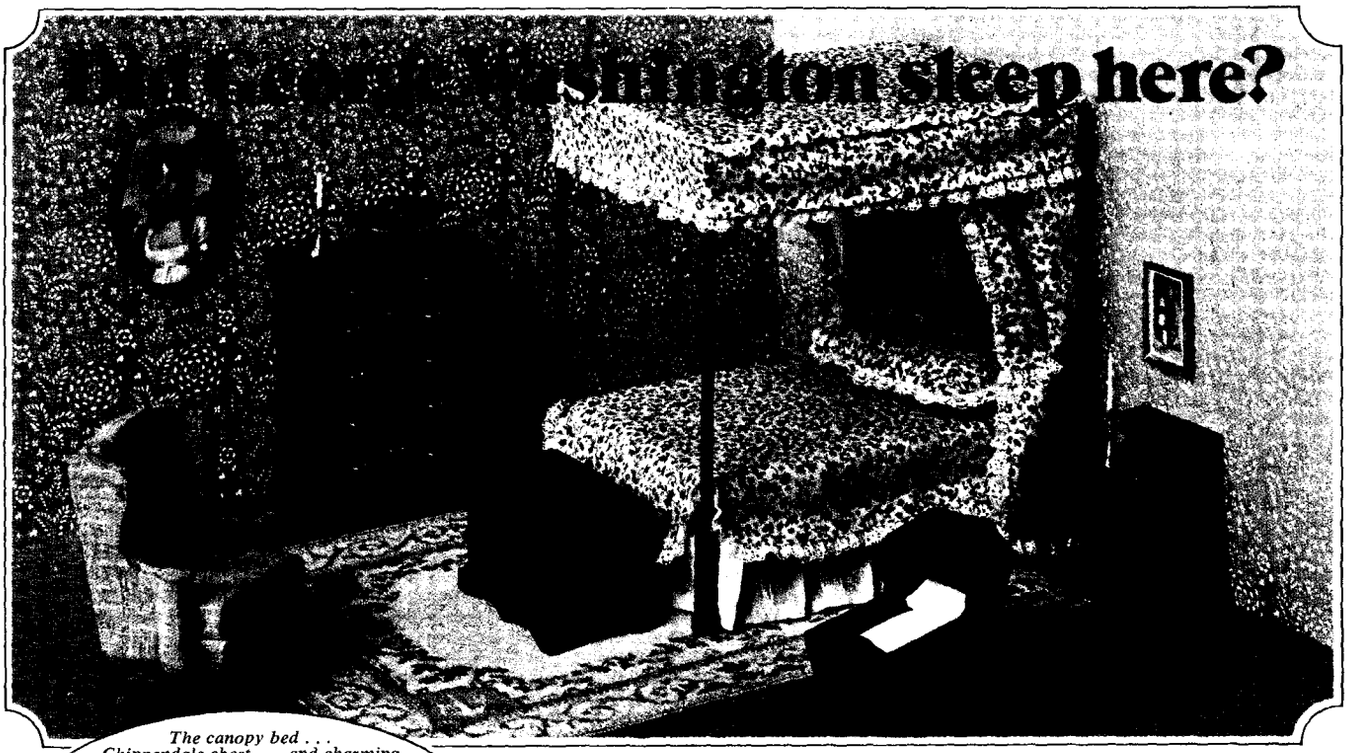

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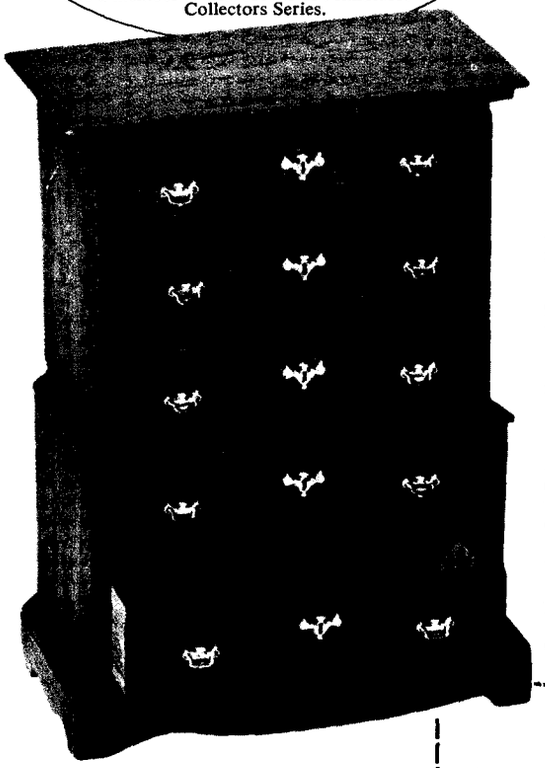

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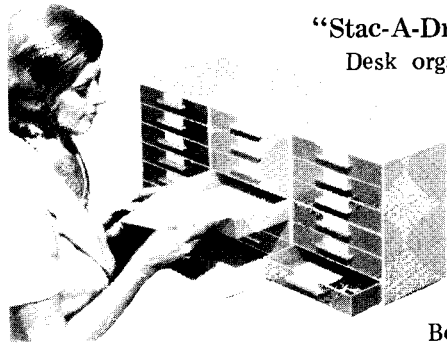

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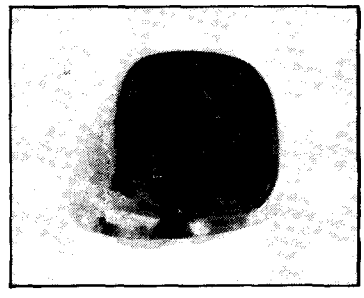

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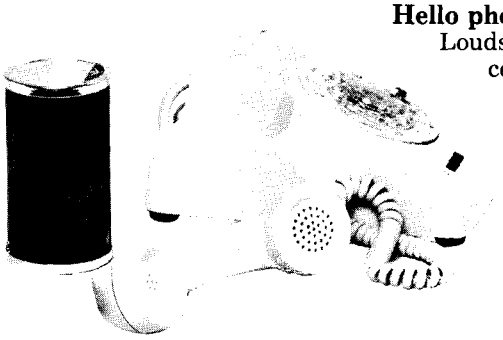

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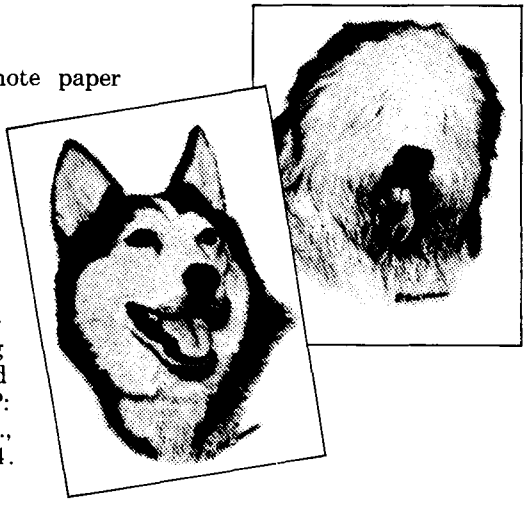

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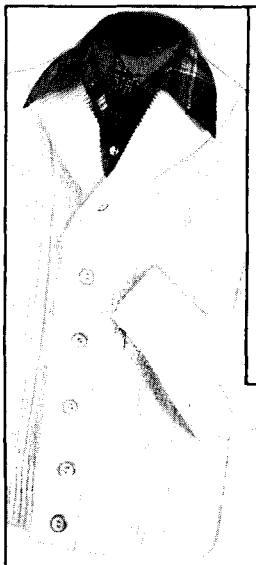

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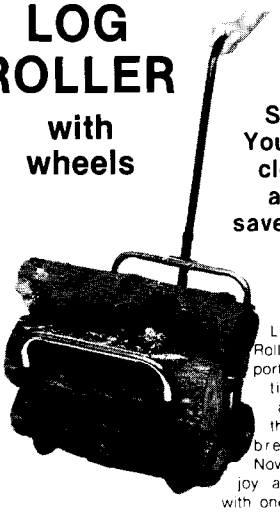

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Julie

continued from page 81

harder from now on, since ABC has paid an astronomical sum to 20th Century-Fox in order to broadcast *The Sound of Music* yearly for about two decades. At one time, the Austrian-made extravaganza was the top-grossing movie of all time; now it's not even in the top five, eclipsed by such offerings as *Star Wars, Superman, Jaws* and *The Godfather*. Before long, one imagines, it will slip out of the top ten altogether. How does the star feel about that?

Apparently, she hasn't lost any sleep over it. "It's a cycle," she says. "Nobody and nothing in this life is forever, and generations replace each other. I don't know if many stars view movies as a way of gaining immortality, because I think that's a rather shallow view, since only a few people from each century are well-remembered, and most of them do things far more important than act in a film."

Completely aware of who she is and what she represents to millions of people who still admire or even worship her, Julie is nonetheless humble and matter-of-fact. Asked by an admirer why she's let down the public by making so few pictures in a long while, she ripostes, "I think my duty to myself and my family is greater than my duty to the public, dear." Though she could easily afford *haute couture* and daily trips to the beauty salon, the woman dresses simply—but fetchingly—and her hairstyle is the dependable, comfortable tomboy cut.

"I'm all for cleanliness and looking neat and sharp, but I'm too practical and secure now to try and impress everybody with how I dress or what shade of lipstick I wear. I'm done trying to impress. Now I'm just having a good, loving time! And I don't even mind if that sounds corny."

Computer Crime

continued from page 32

a little war.

"Now I say it's possible to penetrate any computer linked to a telephone, reprogram it, and steal things. But I'm not saying I did this. I'm a good guy now. I cooperated with the feds and showed them things. I tried to teach Ma Bell, too. She's the largest, leakiest computer system in the world."

Whether or not Captain Crunch had done what he says he could have done, he was in fact imprisoned in a federal facility for four months. It is possible that he was a victim of government harassment, but if so, it was harass-

Continued on page 127

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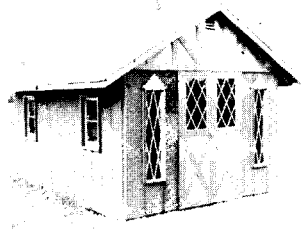

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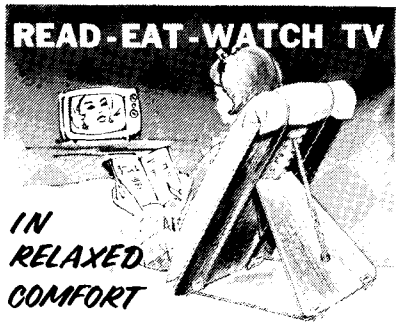

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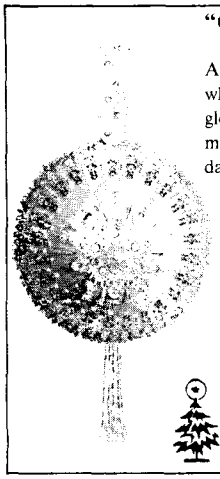

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A. Total no. copies printed (net press run)	817,143	793,798
B. Paid circulation		
1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales	233,054	194,967
2. Mail subscriptions	399,364	439,207
C. Total paid circulation	632,418	634,174
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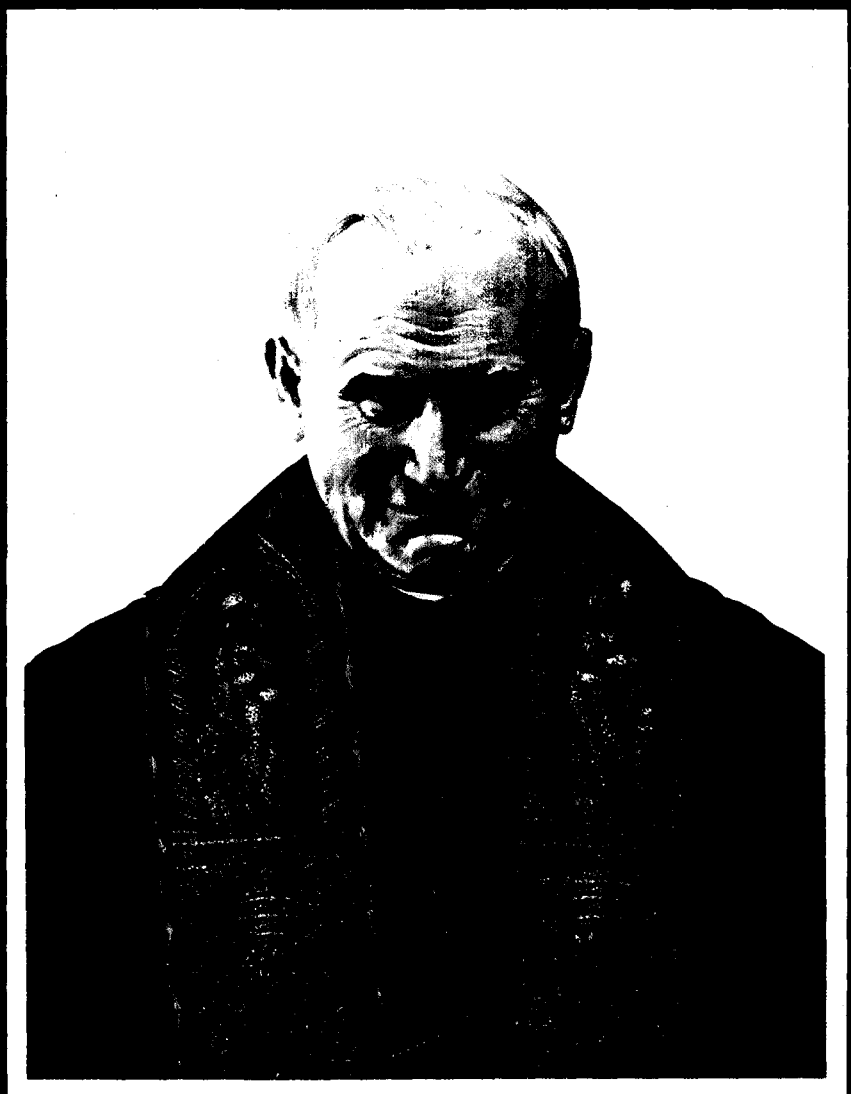

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by Michele Gutter

Absence makes the heart grow *stronger.* A new twist to an old phrase expresses the unwavering message of health officials to the American public: The absence of fatty, high-cholesterol dishes from our mealtime fare will promote a healthier heart. Recommended as nourishing substitutes are the whole grain foods which are rich in complex carbohydrates and high in fiber. Since February is Heart Month, we have selected recipes that are good for this vital, life-sustaining organ.

Whole grains are composed of three parts: the bran, which is the source of fiber; the germ, the source of the B vitamins, vitamin E and protein; and the endosperm, which is the source of energy. When grains are refined, the bran and germ are processed out. Some of the important removed nutrients are added back, but not to the extent that they naturally occur.

In the United States, flour has been roller-milled since about 1880, removing most of the bran in the process. Before that period, the average American ate many grams of fiber every day in bread. It has been estimated that we get only one tenth as much grain fiber in our bread today.

The average American diet today is very low in fiber and complex carbohydrates, and very high in refined carbohydrates and refined sugars.

One of the recommended changes in the American diet suggested by the Senate Select Committee on Nutrition and Human Needs in its report entitled "Dietary Goals for the United States" is to increase consumption of complex carbohydrates (grain products, vegetables and fruits) to account for 55 to 60 percent of the caloric intake. Every community in the world on a high-fiber diet has a low prevalence of coronary disease, diverticular disease of the colon, and cancer of the colon and rectum. Adding fiber to the diet can help protect us from these diseases.

Many doctors, especially Dr. James Anderson, professor of medicine and clinical nutrition at the University of Kentucky (see interview with Dr. Anderson in this issue), have been advocating a high-complex carbohydrate, high-fiber diet to help lower cholesterol levels. Dr. Anderson specifically recommends oat bran for this purpose. Oat bran is found in whole grain oats, such as those manufactured by the Quaker Oats Company.

Whole grain oats can find their way into your favorite recipes very easily. Ground oat flour and whole grain oats can be used to thicken soups, gravies, sauces, stews and puddings. Ground oat flour can be substituted directly for all-purpose flour when thickening. Because ground oat flour is a whole grain and not highly refined, foods prepared with it may have a slightly different appearance (as will foods made with whole wheat flour). Sauces may have a creamier color and not as smooth a texture, while breads will be heavier, chewier and tastier.

How to make your own ground oat flour: (When you make your own ground oat flour, none of the nutrients and food factors are processed out or discarded.) 1. Place 1 to 1½ cups Quaker Oats (Quick or Old Fashioned), uncooked, in blender or food processor. 2. Blend or process for about 60 seconds. 3. Store in tightly covered container

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in cool, dry place (preferably a refrigerator) up to six months. This makes about 1 cup of ground oat flour, which can be used for baking, breading or thickening. When used in baking, substitute up to, but not more than, ⅓ of the all-purpose flour called for with oat flour.

Lentil Stroganoff

(4 to 6 servings)

This recipe was adapted from a beef stroganoff recipe and has maintained the stroganoff flavor without the high calorie and cholesterol count. Yogurt has been substituted for sour cream for the same reason.

½ cup onion, chopped
1 small clove garlic, chopped fine
½ pound fresh mushrooms, sliced
¼ cup safflower oil, soy margarine, or butter
1 cup dry lentils
1 tablespoon tomato paste
2 tablespoons ground oat flour
¾ cup vegetable broth
2 teaspoons tamari soy sauce
1 cup low-fat unflavored yogurt

Combine lentils with 2½ cups water. Bring to a boil; turn heat down to a simmer. Simmer about 45 minutes, until lentils are tender but still maintain their shape.

Sauté onion, garlic, and mushrooms in oil about 5 minutes. Add cooked lentils, flour, broth, tomato paste and tamari soy sauce. Simmer several minutes and slowly add yogurt, stirring constantly. Simmer 2 minutes, but do not boil. Serve over cooked whole wheat noodles or cooked brown rice.

Note: Whole wheat noodles will not expand as much as white noodles. To cook, simply put noodles in a pot of boiling water and boil until tender, about 7 to 10 minutes. To cook brown rice, follow cooking directions for lentils.

At lunch, brunch or munch times, flavor and nutrition can be boosted by sprinkling crunchy oat granola topping on salads, casseroles, vegetable dishes, soups and desserts. It's a simple, inexpensive way to add fiber to your diet.

Golden Granola

(6 cups)

For a change from the plain-oatmeal-for-breakfast routine, try some of this crunchy granola. It tastes good served with milk or topped with plain, low-fat yogurt, and can be served as a highly nutritious snack.

3 cups uncooked Quaker Oats (Quick or Old Fashioned)
1 cup unsweetened shredded or flaked coconut
1 cup coarsely chopped unsalted nuts (almonds are especially good)
¼ cup honey
¼ cup safflower oil, preferably cold-pressed
1½ teaspoons cinnamon
⅔ cup raisins

Combine all ingredients except raisins in ungreased 9" x 13" pan; mix until nuts and oats are well coated. Bake at 350°F. for 25 to 30 minutes or until golden brown, stirring occasionally, until granola is dry and crispy. Stir in raisins. Cool thoroughly; store in tightly covered container in cool, dry place.

Peanut Butter Granola Bars

These no-bake cookies are so simple to make that the children may enjoy helping.

½ cup peanut butter
½ cup honey
2 tablespoons non-fat non-instant milk powder
*3 tablespoons Tiger's Milk Powder**
1 cup granola, preferably homemade

Combine peanut butter, honey, Tiger's Milk Powder and milk powder. Mix thoroughly. Add granola and mix well. Press mixture into 9" square pan. Refrigerate to set. Cut into squares to serve. Store in a tightly covered container.

*Tiger's Milk Powder is a good-tasting powered protein supplement. If you can't find it on your grocer's health food counters, you can substitute an equal amount of wheat germ.

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Whole Grain Batter Bread
(2 loaves)

Whole grain breads are somewhat heavier and more filling and have a coarser texture than those made with white flour. Batter breads require no kneading and have a more textured top crust than kneaded yeast breads.

1½ cups boiling water
½ cup soy margarine or butter
¼ cup honey
2 teaspoons kelp powder
2 packages active dry yeast
1 cup warm water
2 cups uncooked Quaker Oats (Quick or Old Fashioned)
5 to 6 cups whole wheat flour
2 eggs
1 cup chopped walnuts

Combine boiling water, margarine, honey and kelp powder in large bowl, stirring until margarine melts; cool to lukewarm. Dissolve yeast in warm water. (To check water temperature, test it on your wrist in the same way you would test it for a baby bottle. The water should be a little hotter.) Stir dissolved yeast, oats, 2 cups of the flour, eggs and nuts into lukewarm water mixture; mix well. Stir in enough remaining flour to make stiff batter. Place in large greased bowl. Cover; let rise in warm place 1 to 1½ hours or until doubled in size. Spoon batter into 2 well-greased 9" x 5" loaf pans. Let rise uncovered in warm place 30 to 45 minutes or until nearly doubled in size. Bake in preheated 375°F. oven for 30 to 35 minutes or until golden brown. Cool at least 1 hour before slicing.

Crispy Baked Chicken
(4 servings)

This chicken has the crispness and taste of fried chicken without the calories or cholesterol.

One 2½- to 3-pound broiler/fryer, cut up
¾ cup ground oat flour
½ cup corn meal
½ cup unprocessed wheat bran
½ cup raw wheat germ
½ teaspoon garlic powder
½ teaspoon onion powder
½ teaspoon sage
½ teaspoon thyme
½ teaspoon paprika
⅓ cup milk
1 egg
¼ cup safflower oil, preferably cold-pressed

In plastic bag, combine all dry ingredients. In shallow bowl, combine milk and egg. Dip chicken, one piece at a time, into plastic bag to coat thoroughly. Dip into milk/egg mixture; coat again with dry mixture. Place in large shallow baking pan; drizzle oil over chicken. Bake at 400°F. for 45 to 50 minutes or until tender and golden brown.

Note: This coating mixture can also be used for fish.

Top off your morning jogging routine by getting back to breakfast basics: a high-fiber menu of whole grain cereals and fresh fruits—a good way to get the ⅓ to ¼ of your daily calorie requirement in a wholesome, tasty combination.

Sprout Salad
(6 to 8 servings)

Sprouts are the product of a germinating bean. The most common variety of sprouts is the mung bean sprout, which is used in Oriental cookery. Other beans and seeds that can be sprouted include alfalfa seeds, lentils, wheat berries, adzuki beans, garbanzo beans (chickpeas), soybeans and sunflower seeds. Once the bean or seed sprouts, the protein, vitamin B and vitamin C content soars. Sprouts are also low in calories.

2 cups sprouts (a mixture of different sprouts tastes best)
2 tomatoes, chopped
2 stalks celery, chopped
2 green onions, chopped
1 carrot, grated
1 cucumber, chopped
½ cup parsley

DRESSING

½ cup safflower oil, preferably cold-pressed
½ cup apple cider vinegar or lemon juice
¼ teaspoon garlic powder
¼ teaspoon tamari soy sauce

Combine all vegetables in large bowl. Mix well. Combine dressing ingredients and pour over salad. Marinate before serving.

Nutty Fruit Cake

1 cup safflower oil, preferably cold-pressed
1 cup chopped pecans
2 cups old-fashioned rolled oats
1 cup well-drained crushed pineapple packed in its own juice
1 cup shredded unsweetened coconut
1½ cups fresh cranberries (or frozen, without sugar)
½ cup oranges
1 cup apples (1½ small apples or 1 large)
1 teaspoon pure vanilla extract
2½ cups whole wheat flour

Coarsely grind cranberries, oranges and apples. In a large bowl, combine all ingredients, stirring until the dry ingredients are well moistened. Spoon into a lightly greased bundt pan and bake at 350° F. for 50 to 60 minutes or until the cake tests done. Let cool in pan for 10 minutes before turning out onto a serving platter. May be served warm or cool. Especially good served with all-natural honey-vanilla ice cream.

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Can you answer these questions? What's the future of the coyote in its war with Western sheepherders? Is there *really* a miracle bean that will soften your skin, give you 75,000 miles between oil changes, clean your hair and save the whales, too? And what's ex-Tumbleweed troubadour Gene Autry up to these days? Think about it . . . take your time . . . then take *The Country Gentleman*. We'll update you on the wily prairie wolf, clue you in on the magical Jojoba bean and give you exclusive insights about the most famous Singing Cowboy of all time. Need more? Then how about illegal treasure hunting—did you know it's reached epidemic proportions? Or out-of-the-way travel spots—on a tank of gas! And to frost the cake, read our cover story on Kenny Rogers—country music's hottest star is making waves in a new direction. If you live in the country (or wish you did), you need *The Country Gentleman*. We're for keeping the countryside *country* . . . we're for solid rural values . . . we're for you. And if you subscribe for three years, you'll receive a Norman Rockwell keepsake canvas print, *Practicing Intern*—a $5.98 value absolutely free! Subscribe to *The Country Gentleman*. You'll be doggone glad you did.

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Norway's Stave Churches

Nearly 800 years ago, these wooden houses of worship rose from the dying embers of the Viking age with the first sparks of Christianity in Scandinavia.

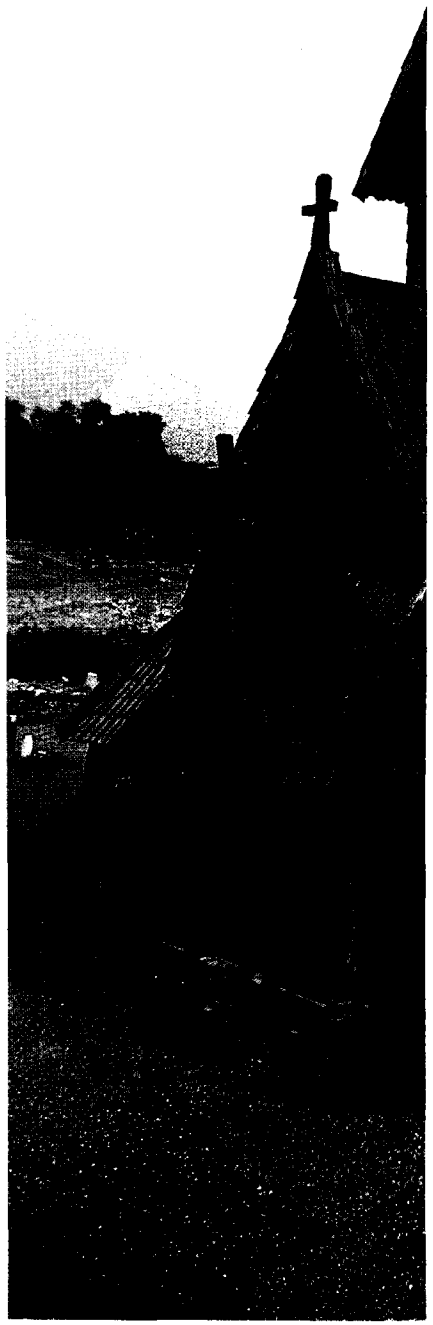
Text and photography by Buck Jenkins

Norway offers much to the traveler: magnificent scenery, a rich history and a beautifully kept modern environment. Because it became a quasi-independent country only in 1814, Norway did not develop in the same way as other European countries. A strong Nationalist-Romantic movement helped to preserve the old culture, with the result that today Norway probably has the best-preserved folk past of any country in Western Europe. A fascinating aspect of that past is Norway's stave churches. There are 28 of them, and nothing like them exists anywhere else in the world.

When the Vikings were first converted to Christianity in about 1000 A.D., one problem they faced was the construction of churches. As far as we know, Viking temples simply consisted of sacred groves which contained sacrificial rocks and idols of the Viking gods; their former religion probably made no use of large buildings. How did the Vikings deal with this problem? Study of the stave churches indicates they went through several building phases.

Originally, the supporting wooden staves were stuck into the wet ground, where they quickly rotted. The first stave churches also imitated stone churches constructed by English church builders. But slowly, as these original efforts rotted away or burned down, they were replaced by new churches

In the wild, rugged Telemark region is the Roldal church, its walls and ceilings decorated with delightful rosepainting. An overcast day is always the best measure of whether a church interior is artistically successful; the Røldal interior succeeds. Filled with a soft, blue-gray light which the flowing acanthus designs pick up and then seem to give back, it looks as if the walls are somehow translucent and lighted from behind. A small but beautiful crucifix hangs just at the front of the crossways. Surrounded by these graceful acanthus figures, it seems to be saying symbolically that the soft beauty of nature resembles the mercy of Christ.



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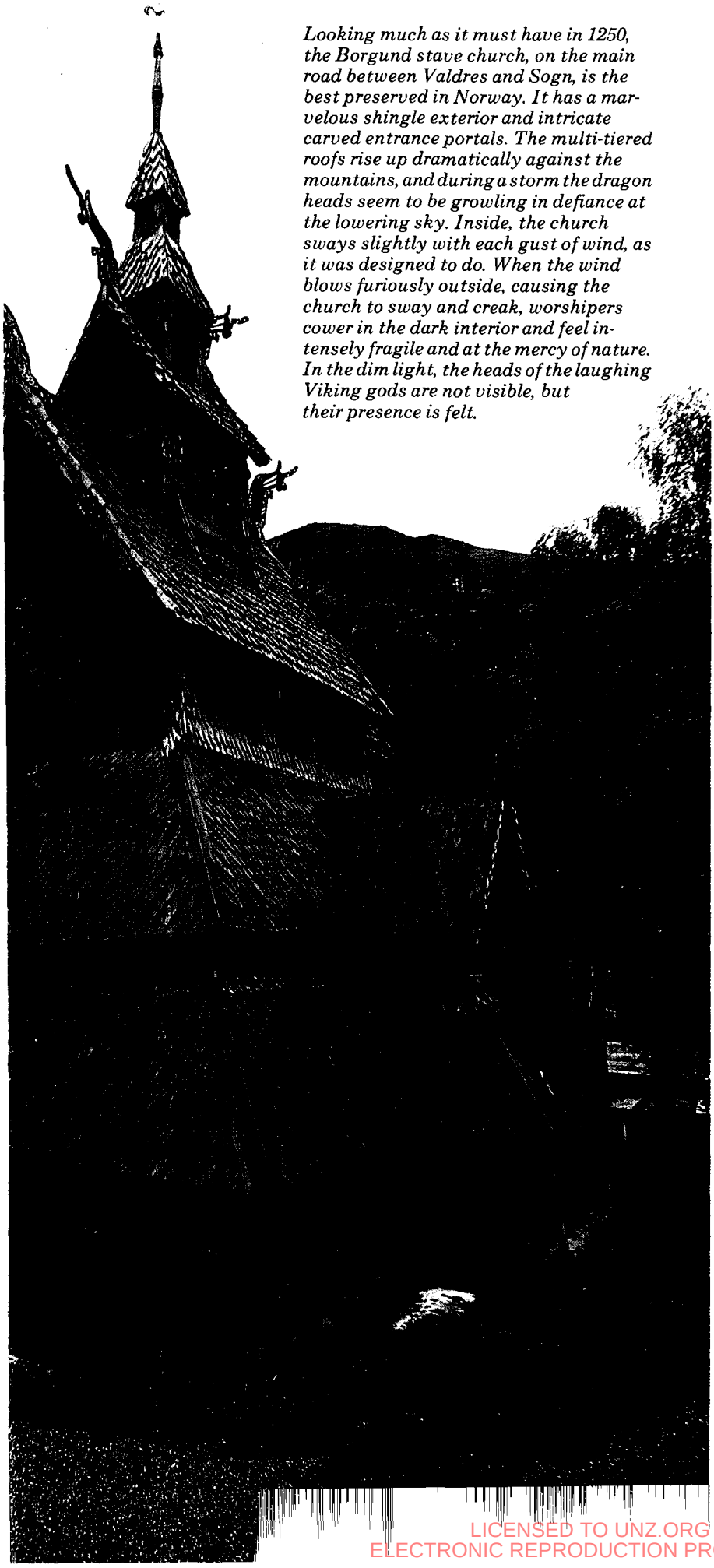
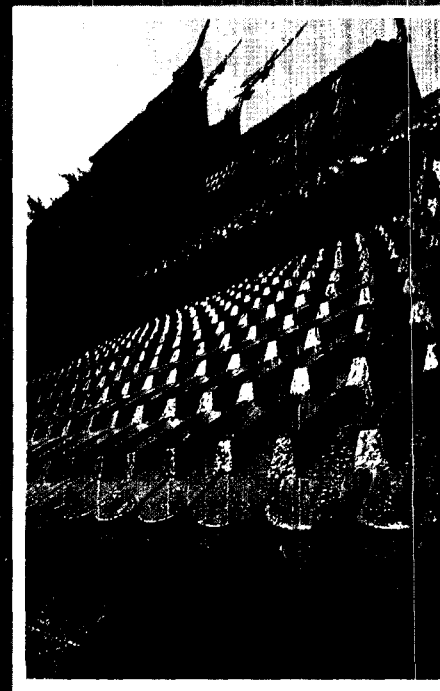


Looking much as it must have in 1250, the Borgund stave church, on the main road between Valdres and Sogn, is the best preserved in Norway. It has a marvelous shingle exterior and intricate carved entrance portals. The multi-tiered roofs rise up dramatically against the mountains, and during a storm the dragon heads seem to be growling in defiance at the lowering sky. Inside, the church sways slightly with each gust of wind, as it was designed to do. When the wind blows furiously outside, causing the church to sway and creak, worshipers cower in the dark interior and feel intensely fragile and at the mercy of nature. In the dim light, the heads of the laughing Viking gods are not visible, but their presence is felt.



Resembling a monster covered with scales, church roofs were usually layered with tarred shingles for waterproofing and resistance to rot. The jarring height of the stave churches is possible because of the strength of the basic frame structure: At least four tiers of steeply sloping roofs could be built virtually on top of each other.

built on the same spot. These second or even third efforts are the stave churches we see today.

The ultimate solution to the problem of stave church construction shows ingenuity in the face of tremendous problems. The Vikings had no saws, no metal nails, yet they built wooden structures which have lasted for 800 years. Part of the answer was the use of staves, boards and shingles cut from trees which were stripped of branches and left to continue growing for several years, with the result that the outer layers of the trunk filled with sap and became as hard as the center of the tree. Thus, the wood used in the construction of a stave church is, when treated with tar, almost totally resistant to rot. Next, the problem of having wood in contact with dirt was solved by putting the foundation on a pile of stones fitted together without mortar, providing a foundation which was solid but also promoted drainage. When laid on this base, the [illegible]

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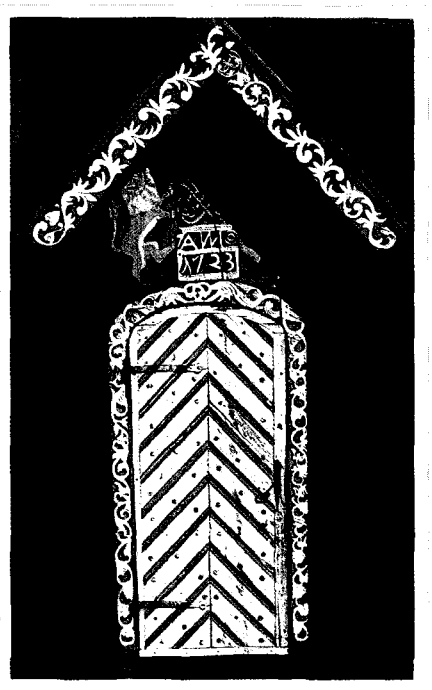
would not rot. Many stave churches were entirely surrounded at ground level by outward-facing cloistered porches which created the opposite effect of a Spanish cloister, which faces inward on a courtyard. This porch sheltered from the inclement weather lepers and other socially unacceptable people who could still listen to the service through small holes in the walls.

The church was entered through a "weapons porch," where all those who attended had to leave their weapons. The entry from the porch into the church itself was decorated by portals containing elaborately carved scenes depicting reptiles and monsters intertwined in eternal combat or legends from Viking mythology. The windowless interior of the church itself was presumably lighted by enough candles so that the worshipers could see the fittings and paintings, but many stave churches caught fire and burned to the ground because of them. The whole effect is weird, definitely from another time, when death was much more easily accepted than it is now. One authority has suggested that the church exterior, with its scaly, reptilian appearance and the dragon heads decorating some of its gables, was meant to depict for the Viking worshiper the closeness of danger and death to his whole life. In the weapons porch, the worshiper could look at the carved portals and be reminded again of life's dangers while he divested himself of his weapons. Upon entering the church, he was transformed into a spiritual world of eery candlelight, crucifixes, paintings and Christian worship, the solution to the problems posed by the exterior. But yet there were still those heads of laughing Viking gods carved on the top of the staves! No theory is perfect.

Most of Norway's stave churches were built between 1200 and 1300, a period of great stability and prosperity for the country. As during so many positive times in history, the art and architecture of this time shows an almost Baroque elaboration. Depicted also is a clear struggle between Christian and pagan elements: Dragon heads and crosses decorate alternate gables; entrance portals are carved with intertwining mythical depictions alongside medieval crucifixes and statues of Christian saints; and laughing Viking gods look down on paintings of scenes from the Bible.



The door to the outside porch of the Nore church more properly belongs to a bell house or stabbur *(storage bin) on an 18th-century Telemark farm. It is trimmed with slanting strips of wood painted alternately red and white. The interior, decorated with wild rosepainting of fanciful design and unusual coloring, gives an odd impression because some of the wall boards have slipped during settling, throwing the decorative scheme out of line in several places. Like so many of the stave churches still serving parishes, Nore has been enlarged and had windows added. However, its essential stave construction is still visible, and it is possibly the quaintest church in Norway.*

There are 28 stave churches left in Norway. Even for the general traveler, most of them are worth seeing. The most accessible is the Gol stave church, which is exhibited at the Norwegian Folk Museum in Oslo. If you go to Bergen, you can see the Fantoft stave church, which was moved from Fortun on the Sognefjord. This is one of Norway's best stave churches, but it loses a little bit of its atmosphere because it has been removed from its original setting. Those which have been preserved where they were built are the most impressive.

Valdres, the district just east over the mountains from Sogn, has five small stave churches. There is a good story connected with one of them, the Hedalen church. It seems that the surrounding district had been depopulated by the plague; but one day a hunter, who had wandered far afield in search of game, saw an animal standing near a large blackberry thicket. He notched an arrow into his bow and fired it at the animal, but the animal bolted before the arrow reached it. The arrow disappeared into the thicket and quickly produced a weird, resonantly metallic sound. When the frightened hunter got up the nerve to investigate, he found that his arrow had hit the bell in the belfry of a stave church which had been covered by the thicket. Upon further investigation, he found that a bear lived in the church. He killed it and slept in the church that night. Presumably, the land in the area was resettled soon afterward.

A few miles west of Kongsberg, in the south of Norway, is the largest stave church of all, the Heddal stave church. The surrounding parish was especially prosperous and so the people could afford a large stave church, which was therefore also able to serve longer as a parish church without being altered. As a result, it has come down to the present time largely in its original state; the church features an impressive, multi-roofed exterior, a fine exterior cloister porch, impressive entrance portals and a large, well-lighted interior complete with many original fittings, including a carved

Continued on following page

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HOLIDAY SURPRISE!

THE NO STRINGS HOLIDAY

Bare, browning skin touched by cool breezes. Blue waters breaking steadily onto clean, sugar-white sands—a rhythmic dance of Mexican beach and Pacific surf. It's the lazy, easy life at the Ixtapa Holiday Inn.

IXTAPA
LUXURY BEACH RESORT
Holiday Inn

THE HOLIDAY ON ICE

Swirl the coolness of a sunset drink and conjure up the memories of a tropical day. Fishermen casting nets into the azure waters of a world turned upside down. Sailing in perfumed breezes of old Spanish Mexico. Mazatlan Holiday Inn.

MAZATLAN
LUXURY BEACH RESORT
Holiday Inn

THE HOLIDAY IN LIGHTS

The fantasy colors and images of electric light are exciting reflections of the stars sparkling in Banderas Bay. Music beats in the heart through the exotic Mexican night. At daVinci's disco, in the Puerto Vallarta Holiday Inn.

PUERTO VALLARTA
LUXURY BEACH RESORT
Holiday Inn

THE HEAVENLY HOLIDAY

Golden sunset rays flood the air in the city of silver. Renaissance arches and doorways of the Holiday Inn glimmer in the twilight as the valley beyond stretches out to greet the misty coming of night. It is the time of enchantment, Taxco.

TAXCO
LUXURY RESORT HOTEL
Holiday Inn

THE HOLIDAY FLAMBE

Guadalajara! Just let the name strum on your tongue like the flourish on a flamenco guitar. Guadalajara, yes, the city of flowers and fountains—and the flaming flambé that lights up your eyes at the Holiday Inn. Guadalajara, where lovers meet.

GUADALAJARA
LUXURY RESORT HOTEL
Holiday Inn

THE HOLIDAY IN BED

...e you breakfast in luxury in this ...nd of dreams, you can almost ...ear the faint drums and chants of ...n Aztec ceremony wafting ...cross the breezes of centuries to ...e Holiday Inn in Mexico City's ...ona Rosa. Mexico City, viva!

MEXICO CITY
LUXURY HOTEL
Holiday Inn

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bishop's chair.

The history and appearance of the stave churches emphasize the point that the Norwegian peasants, no matter how difficult or depressing their existence, still retained a good deal of their love of life and expressed it in their churches. The best words to describe the original construction and decoration of the stave churches and their later decoration with rosepainting are *eccentricity* and *flamboyance*; it's almost as if the peasants were laughing at or defying their difficult lot in life. If this interpretation is correct, the Norwegian stave churches give us one of human history's most moving artistic documents.

Ground of Hope

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most core.

But there are other ways by which love works its perfect work. It may stab the spirit by calling forth a bitter, scathing self-judgment. The heights to which it calls may seem so high that all incentive is lost and the individual is stricken with an utter hopelessness and despair. It may throw in relief old and forgotten weaknesses to which one has made the adjustment of acceptance—but which now stir in their place to offer themselves as testimony of one's unworthiness and to challenge the love with their embarrassing authenticity.

Love has no awareness of merit or demerit; it has no scale by which its portion may be weighed or measured. It does not seek to balance giving and receiving. *Love loves*; this is its nature. But this does not mean that love is blind, naive or pretentious. It does mean that love holds its object securely in its grasp, calling all that it sees by its true name but surrounding all with a wisdom born of both its passion and its understanding. Here is no traffic in sentimentality, no catering to weakness or strength. Instead, there is robust vitality that quickens the roots of personality, creating an unfolding of the self that redefines, reshapes and makes all things new. Such an experience is so fundamental in quality that an individual knows that what is happening to him can outlast all things without itself being dissipated or lost.

Whence comes this power which seems to be the point of referral for all experience and the essence of all meaning? No created thing, no single unit of life, can be the source of such fullness and completeness. For in the experience itself a man is caught and held by something so much more than he can ever think or be that there is but one word by which its meaning can be encompassed—God. This is the confirmation that is called forth from the ground of his being by that which includes him but is more than he is—at once the end all and be all of life. There must not be the mischievous confusion over labels—the word most congenial to my mind and spirit is *God*. I can sympathize with Meister Eckhart when exhausting all categories which exploded and crumbled at his feet—at such a moment of high mystical intensity he burst forth with words that exhausted all meaning by declaring that God is the "Nameless Nothing" or the "Godhead" where no categories can hold.

As for me, the meaning summarizes itself: God is the Creator of life and the living substance, God bottoms all existence and His creation is the lung through which He breathes. I find quiet reassurance with Tennyson's phrases:

Speak to Him Thou for He heareth
And spirit with spirit may meet
Closer is He than breathing
Nearer than hands or feet.

"You've dialed the wrong number, but it could be a lucky number for you if you need low-cost life insurance!"

Dr. Anderson

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whose general air of cheery enjoyment of life, plus his habit of understatement, can possibly obscure the significance of his subject. He doesn't use the word *epidemic* lightly when he refers to the diseases which are so widespread in our own civilization today.

It's scary when you get right down to thinking about it. If fiber is one of the answers, I ask him, how much of it should we eat?

Dr. Anderson is not going to turn your whole life style around just to prove his point. For example, he has drawn up a sample food plan for a high-fiber diet of 1,500 calories per day which is mighty palatable (see chart with this article listing the foods in this plan) and contains foods all of us enjoy eating simply for pleasure as well as fiber supplements which we should include simply for health as well.

How much fiber should we eat?

Dr. Anderson's reply: *more than we do now.*

"No firm recommendation can be made at present. The measurement of 'crude fiber' is not a good indicator of the plant fiber content of most foods. Thus the fiber content of most cereals and cereal products is much higher than stated on the label. At the present we recommend that all adults should receive at least 40 grams of fiber per day. You can greatly increase your fiber intake by substituting fiber-rich foods you already eat. Whole wheat bread, bran cereals, oats, beans and most vegetables are good sources of fiber."

Dr. Anderson reveals some extraordinary results with diabetics. One patient at the Lexington, Kentucky, Veterans Medical Center "came into the hospital taking 38 units of insulin a day and went home taking zero. This fellow had to spend a month in the hospital, but he had been insulin-dependent for years."

The doctor merely offers the thought that he is not so much an innovator—no new transplant technique, no high-powered new drug, no revolutionary new machinery is involved—as he is simply leading a sensible return to old, proven methods. He's just going back to a high-carbohydrate, low-fat, high-fiber diet, which is very much the same as

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everyone ate before the advent of large-scale food processing. For example, between the years 1875 and 1895, precisely the period when this country as a whole turned away from fiber-rich, stone-ground wheat flour and switched to more refined, roller-milled flour containing less fiber, death statistics in New York City due to diabetes took an enormous jump. Later on, during World War II and in the years following, Great Britain switched to a flour which used more of the wheat grain and consequently contained more fiber. The death rate during that period fell off 55 percent in men and 54 percent in women. At the end of that period, the diabetes death rate for women was at its lowest level in the 20th century. After the war, when grain was again plentiful, millers again removed the bran to further refine the flour. Predictably, the diabetes death rate went back up its present level.

Dr. Anderson is aware of all this, and to the five percent of our population who suffer from diabetes this is dramatic, if very simple and basic, reasoning. But the fallout from Dr. Anderson's work affects all of us. When treating his diabetic patients via his high-fiber diet, Dr. Anderson discovered an average drop of 30 percent in cholesterol levels in their blood. That, of course, is very meaningful to diabetics, who are prone to the clogging of blood vessels with fat that can lead to heart disease.

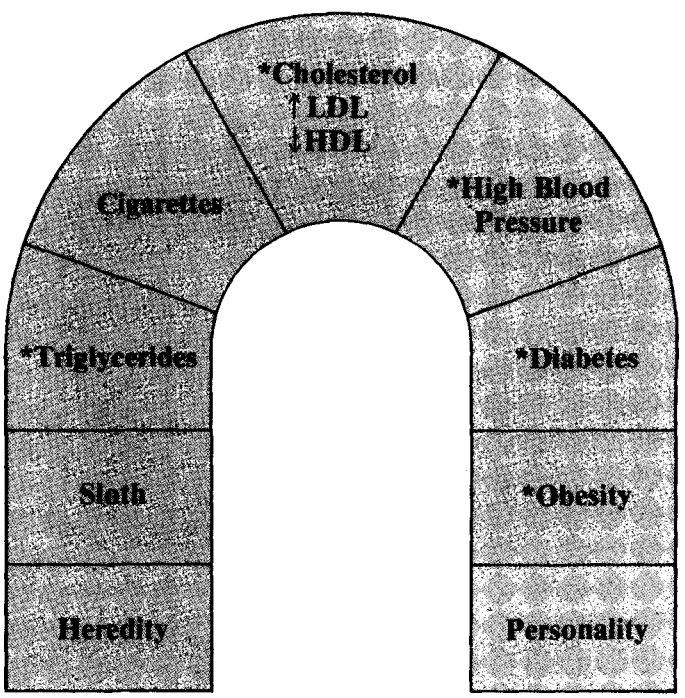
Why not the rest of us, then?

"Right," says Dr. Anderson. "This diet would be healthful for every American. Many physicians tell their patients they're doing fine when they have cholesterol levels of 250 milligrams per 100 milliliters of blood. They consider 200 to 260 to be 'normal.' Well, it may be average, but it's certainly not healthy. Most people would be far healthier if they got their cholesterol down to 180."

And oats will help?

"You bet," says the doctor.

He whips out a pencil and sketches for me what he calls "the heart attack risk chart." Here it is:



To me, as a lay person unacquainted with medicine but interested as we all are today in the likelihood of heart problems, Dr. Anderson's simple little arch was one of the most illuminating and thought-provoking charts I had ever seen.

Continued on page 117

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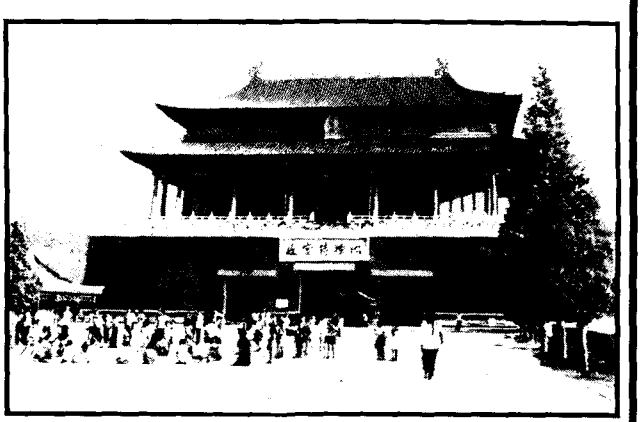

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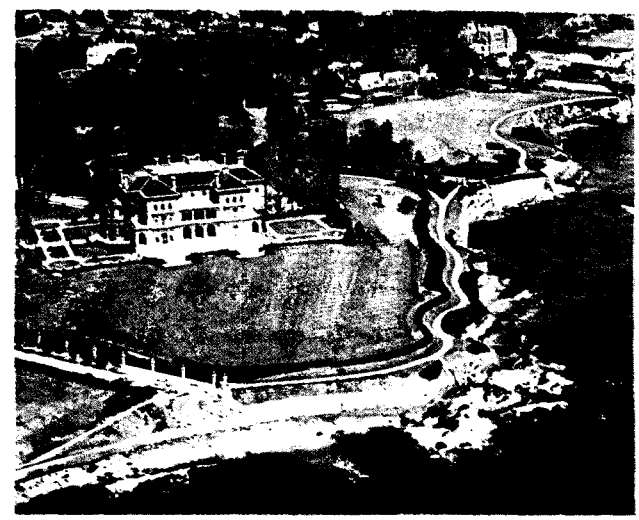
"Things bygone are the only things that last: The present is mere grass, quick-mown away: The Past is stone, and stands forever fast."—E.L. Hamilton
Can you locate these stone monuments of the past?

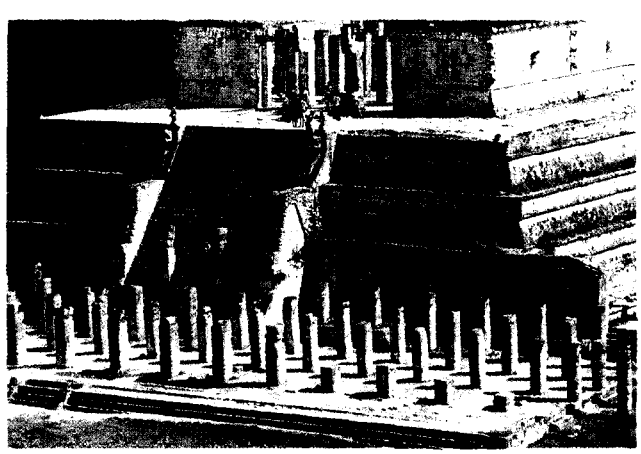
☐ South Dakota ☐ Illinois ☐ Wisconsin

1 Mother Nature's answer to Mt. Rushmore, Old Stone Face is one of many bizarre sandstone formations in this state including Anvil Rock, Tower of Babel and Camel Rock, which were sculpted by wind and rain 200 million years ago. Sitting stately in a large national forest in the foothills of a famous mountain range, the rugged face is reminiscent of the native Indians whose confederacy gave the state its name.



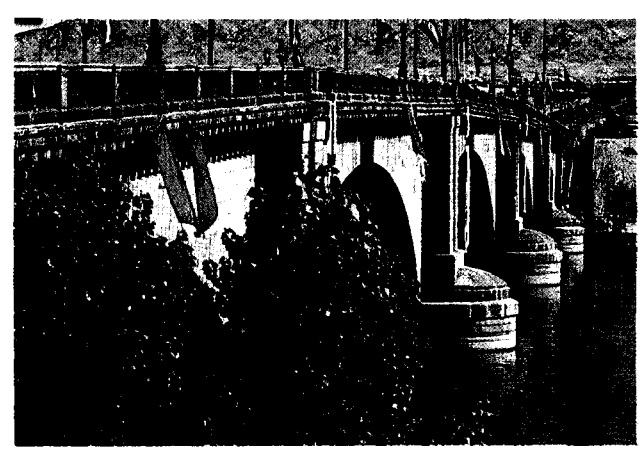
☐ San Diego ☐ Newport, Rhode Island ☐ Miami

2 A stately and imposing remnant of the Gilded Age, "The Breakers" was built as the residence of a famous 19th-century railroad magnate whose name is still synonymous with great wealth. The mansion, which resembles a 16th-century northern Italian palace, was constructed in the amazingly short time of three years on the site of an older manor house that was destroyed by fire. Its grand salon is now the setting for a well-known series of musical concerts. The house was set in one of the poshest suburbs in the U.S., a neighbor to the magnificent homes of other well-to-do Americans who, it might be said, were on the right side of Providence.



☐ Greece ☐ Iran ☐ Mexico

3 The builders of this ancient temple are noted chiefly for their achievements in hieroglyphics, astronomy and calender making, although they are also unique as the most roundheaded people in the world. In architecture they were far ahead of other peoples on the continent, their culture rising to its zenith in about 300 A.D., only to decline 600 years later.



☐ Budapest ☐ Paris ☐ Lake Havasu City, Arizona

4 Workmen found handfuls of Roman coins while laying the fountain for this famous bridge in 1825. The span it replaced had been in use for 655 years and was so crowded with shops and residences that there was not even a walkway for pedestrians. For centuries toll was exacted from everyone crossing the bridge and even from ships passing under it, and, at one time, the heads of executed criminals were grotesquely displayed above its approach.

Answers on page 129

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Dr. Anderson

continued from page 115

"Heredity" and "personality" seem well beyond control, so Dr. Anderson agreed with me that we should face this philosophically and stoically. Since neither he nor I approach obesity and find even the slightest tendency toward sloth virtually unthinkable, the other elements contributing to a heart condition came under strict scrutiny. We have already observed the relationship between diabetes and heart problems and how treatment of the first with high-fiber dieting seems to lower that old devil cholesterol. Cigarettes, this nation is slowly beginning to recognize (if not do anything about) are just plain bad for your heart. The other elements in the arch bring out a few comments from Dr. Anderson.

"The three major risk factors for heart attacks and vascular disease," he says, "are elevated cholesterol, hypertension and elevated blood pressure. I have put asterisks by those which seem to be amenable to diet."

The doctor has drawn up the following menu as a sample of how to keep your weight under control, get the right amount of fiber and other necessary content, and enjoy your meals as well.

Breakfast	⅔ cup bran buds ½ banana 2 slices whole wheat toast 1 cup skim milk 1 tsp. corn oil margarine
10 a.m. snack	1 whole wheat muffin
Noon meal	1 cup white bean soup ½ cup hash brown potatoes ¼ cup stewed tomatoes ½ cup pickled beets 1 small fresh apple, cored 1 slice whole wheat bread 2 tsp. corn oil margarine
Evening meal	3 oz. roast beef 1 small baked potato ½ cup corn ½ cup carrots Salad: ½ cup lettuce 1 medium cucumber 1 tbsp. zero dressing* ½ cup water-packed peaches 1 whole wheat muffin 1 tsp. corn oil margarine
Evening snack	1 whole wheat muffin

*This specially prepared low-calorie dressing contains only 4 calories/tablespoon.

Just for the record, this meal plan provides 97 grams of protein, 85 grams of simple carbohydrates, 187 grams of

Continued on page 122

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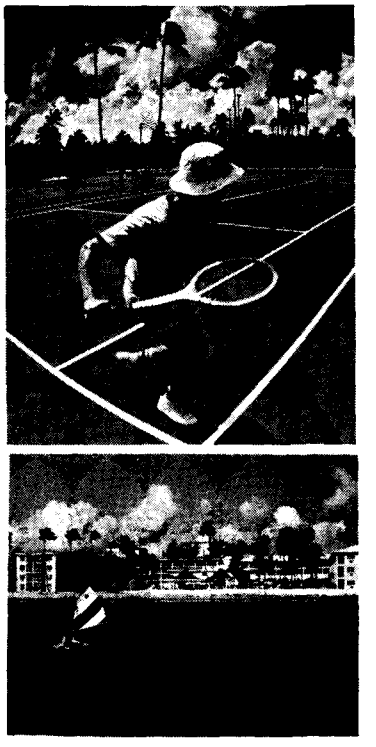

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MEDICAL MAILBOX

By Cory SerVaas, M.D.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.—Psalms 90:12

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

The exercise you suggest for leg cramps (November 1979) is excellent—if one is up. But if one is already in bed it is difficult, and even *more* painful, to get out of bed, let alone to walk to a wall.

Some time ago I found that by stretching my heel down toward the foot of the bed slowly but firmly and as far as I can, and pulling the toes up and back, the same result is obtained.

Fortunately, I seldom have such cramps, but now I know what to do if I'm "up and around."

Florence Watson (Mrs.)
Walnut Creek, California

Getting Around the Bypass

Coronary bypass surgery, once viewed as exotic and risky, is now a commonplace procedure in U.S. hospitals, where more than 400,000 have been performed. Thousands of patients each year are yielding up their hearts to surgical teams for the operation, and it is estimated that enough qualified surgeons are now available to perform 150,000 bypasses a year.

It's the generally bad state of Americans' hearts that has people anxiously waiting in line for an operation which costs, on the average, $12,500. The American Heart Association estimates 980,900 Americans died from cardiovascular diseases in 1979, 51 percent of all deaths in the country. Of those deaths, 650,000 resulted from coronary artery disease, whose dangerous effects the bypass operation is designed to alleviate.

Over 4 million living Americans have a history of heart attack or angina pectoris, so the potential line of bypass surgery candidates is very long. It's no wonder some critics of the procedure have labeled it the "bypass mill."

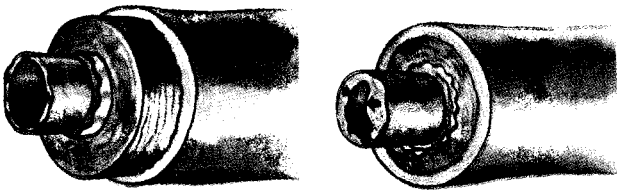
The big unanswered question about bypass surgery is: Does it really increase a patient's longevity? The 1977 study by the Veterans Administration, which showed almost equal three-year survival rates for surgery and non-surgery patients, set off a controversy that is still blazing. What can be safely and accurately said about bypass surgery is this: About 70 percent of patients gain complete relief from chronic chest pain. The mortality rate during the operation runs 1 to 3 percent. Most specialists agree that, in advanced cases where the left main coronary artery is blocked, surgery probably will lengthen a patient's life.

Researchers are also investigating another important question: Will bypass surgery allow patients to return to a normal working life? Study results vary greatly. A British survey showed that 75 out of 115 patients returned to full-time work after surgery, but a study at the University of Alabama Medical Center showed a disappointing return rate of only 25 percent.

The most encouraging news is a report by the U.S. Department of Health and Social Services that deaths from heart disease are declining and have been throughout the '70s because people are becoming more aware of the bad effects of smoking, sedentary living and poor eating habits on the human heart.

Dr. David Blankenhorn of the University of South-

Continued on page 120

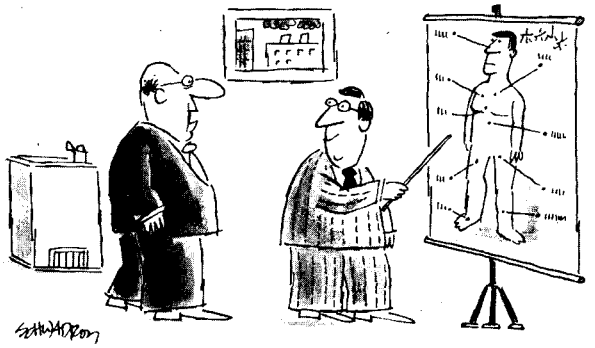


Normal Artery *Clogged Artery*

The average person has about 5 quarts of blood contained within his massive network of blood vessels. Two factors which can affect blood pressure are the size of the space (within the arteries) which contains the blood and the total volume of blood. If something happens to decrease the amount of space the blood can occupy, and the volume remains the same—same volume in smaller space—the pressure will increase.

By the same token, if something happens to increase the volume of blood and the space remains the same—more volume, same space—the pressure will increase. If both the space decreases and the volume increases, there will be an even greater pressure increase.

In the disease arteriosclerosis, or "hardening of the arteries," the inside diameter of the artery decreases because cholesterol plaques are building up inside the vessel. This increases blood pressure because the space for the blood is decreased. High blood pressure can cause a stroke or heart attack.



"Just because I ask how you are, Payne, doesn't mean I really want to know."

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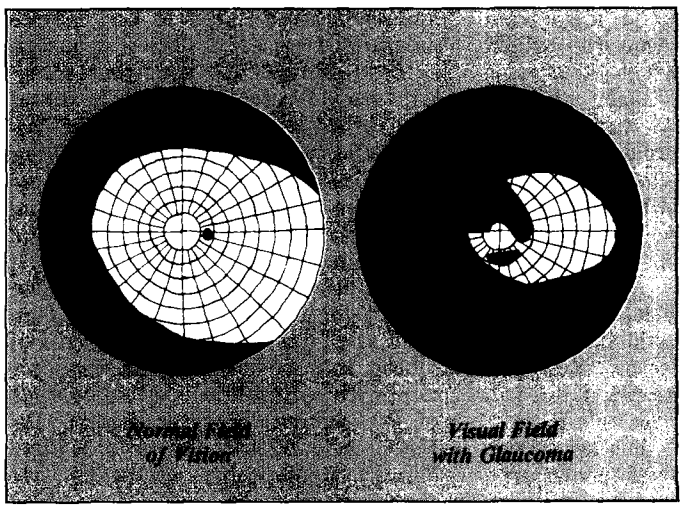

Visual changes by glaucoma occur as abnormal pressure within the eye reduces the blood supply to nerve fibers on the retina. After a certain period of deficient blood supply, a nerve fiber dies, making a portion of the retina blind. The above diagram shows the visual field of a normal right eye (left), and the visual field of the same eye with moderately advanced glaucoma.

Glaucoma is the silent stealer of sight. It is a disease which often has no symptoms at the very time it is destroying the visual field.

The disease is characterized by three occurences: an increasing pressure inside the eyeball, changes in the optic disc (where the nerve to the eye enters the eyeball), and a loss of the visual field. About two percent of the United States' population of adults over 35 years of age are affected.

People with diabetes and people who have family histories of glaucoma are more likely to develop it. To insure your sight, you should make sure that you have annual tests to rule out its onset.

Your opthamologist, optometrist or even your family physician can detect glaucoma with a simple test. The test is done with a tonometer, an instrument which precisely measures the pressure of the fluids inside the eye. The tonometer is placed lightly and painlessly on the cornea and the entire test for glaucoma can be made in a few minutes. All persons over 35 should have it done annually.

At least 90 percent of cases of primary glaucoma are of the "open angle" type, which is insidious in onset and slowly progressive. There are no symptoms until visual impairment occurs, often too late to salvage vision. It is therefore imperative to diagnose glaucoma before irreversible optic nerve damage has occurred. Early treatment prevents or delays visual deterioration.

"No sweat, Francine! I'll just unplug something in here!"

The recipient of this month's Benjamin Franklin Award is ventriloquist Ron Caldwell, who volunteers his time and talent with puppets to promote "good health" attitudes among elementary school children. Using a stage he designed and built, Ron visits schools to present a unique program written with the aid of the American Heart Association.

Ron Caldwell and Ricky Redpepper

With help from his puppet friend, Ricky Redpepper, audio-visual equipment and music from the movie *Star Wars*, Ron's half-hour program tells young viewers the story of a new boy in town, C.J. Johnson, who joins the local Little League team and tries to impress his playmates by smoking, gorging on junk food and pooh-poohing the exercise regimen. All these ill-advised practices combine to make C.J. sick.

Then "Red Alert" sounds, and the young viewers are called to "heart control" for an imaginary trip through C.J.'s body. They view junk food in his stomach, muscle tissue laden with fat and lungs gooey with tar and nicotine deposits. It's no wonder by the time the show is over they're all glad to take the pledge and join the Healthy Heart Club strike force. The program is backed up with classroom teaching materials.

Ron is especially concerned about young smokers. "I started smoking when I was 11 years old," he admits. "A lot of kids start about that age. Now, I sure wish I could quit."

Special mention goes to the Kroger Company, which provided funds for the Healthy Heart Club Show set and audio-visual equipment.

Readers are invited to nominate candidates for the Benjamin Franklin Award. Nominations should include a description of self-help medical feats performed by the person or group. Recipients receive a certificate and a $100 grant from the Benjamin Franklin Literary & Medical Foundation. Both amateurs and professionals are eligible.

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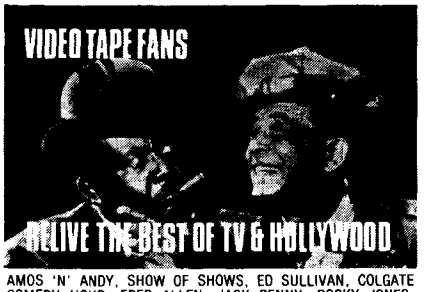

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ern California has done angiogram studies which prove that the villain cholesterol plaques—which fill arteries and cause strokes, heart attacks, angina and kidney failure—can *regress*. In other words, *even if your vessels have become clogged through years of sedentary living and wrong diet, you can stop the process, even eliminate some of the clogging, he believes.*

Dr. Blankenhorn insists that his patients quit smoking, which he terms the unnecessary risk factor. "You have to have *some* fat in your blood, but you don't have to smoke," he tells them.

Proper exercise and diet have been shown to lower the bad cholesterol, LDL, and raise the good scavenger cholesterol, HDL. The diets of oatmeal recipes and other high-fiber foods recommended by Dr. Anderson, and the experimental work with cholesterol-lowering alfalfa seed by Dr. Rene Malinow, are most promising for preventing the need for surgery.

Dr. William Castelli, director of the Framingham (Mass.) Heart Study, suggests that eating fish, garlic and brewer's yeast protects against clogged arteries. "We don't know yet why these substances increase HDL, but they do," Castelli said. Eating lecithin, a popular health food, can increase HDL, but "it only seems to be effective if you consume about 32 ounces daily, which may be impractical," he said. "A little alcohol daily seems to increase HDL, but often I'm afraid to give this advice because it might give a lot of people an excuse to drink," Castelli said.

A big advocate of fish, Dr. Castelli believes that Eskimos are protected from coronaries by their diet. They eat a large amount of fat, but they have high levels of HDL, probably also from eating a lot of fish. He believes the average American should not eat more than 4 to 5 ounces of meat per day.

Studies indicate that the higher the HDL level is in the body, the better it is for you, Castelli said.

Hay! It Works

It's back to rats, rabbits and monkeys in the lab of researcher Dr. M. Rene Malinow because he discovered that one of his human patients had developed anemia after being treated with alfalfa seeds for lowering cholesterol. Dr. Malinow said he is continuing his experiment with animals until he can find what caused the toxicity which he believes might have caused the anemia in one of his patients.

It all started about seven months ago when he learned that alfalfa hay lowered the blood cholesterol in monkeys. He decided to try a more palatable form of alfalfa on a human subject—himself. Ground roasted alfalfa seeds have no flavor, so he drank them in orange juice. His serum cholesterol dropped more than 20 percent after three weeks on coarsely ground seeds in juice. More finely ground seeds gave him a still greater lipid reduction.

Six patients had an average 12 percent reduction in their serum cholesterol after having taken 100 grams of alfalfa. In a second trial with seven patients, cholesterol dropped an average of 30 percent in three weeks. Dr. Malinow found that the ratio of high-density lipoproteins (HDL) to low-density lipoproteins (LDL) in the blood increased up to 40 percent with alfalfa treatment!*

Dr. Malinow found that one out of five patients had gas after eating the alfalfa seeds, but most found the gas problem went away within a week.

Alfalfa apparently reduces serum cholesterol in 2 ways, Dr. Malinow believes: (1) Fiber in the seeds binds cholesterol-related bile salts in the intestine, and (2) other substances in alfalfa bind cholesterol directly, removing it from the body.

Dr. Malinow has no idea how soon his experiment will be conclusive. We put Dr. Malinow in touch with Dr. James Anderson, whose exciting research project involves lowering cholesterol with oat bran.

**For a complete explanation of the good and bad cholesterols (HDL & LDL), please order* Medical Update, *Vol. 1, No. 6, from Medical Education & Research Foundation, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202. Enclose $1.00 to cover costs and postage.*

No Needles Needed

A new German measles vaccine (RA 27/3) being introduced in this country can be given by nose instead of being injected. The vaccine has several other advantages over its predecessor: It produces a high amount of antibody to the rubella virus in the blood, is effective in all but a few cases, and produces large, lasting increases in antibodies, persisting for four to eight years.

Coffee May Promote Alcoholic Craving

A recent report from Dr. Patricia Mutch, head of the nutrition department at Andrews University, speculated that people may be reaching for a drink to control the shakiness caused by too much coffee. She based her findings on studies done with animals given an equivalent of nine cups of coffee a day.

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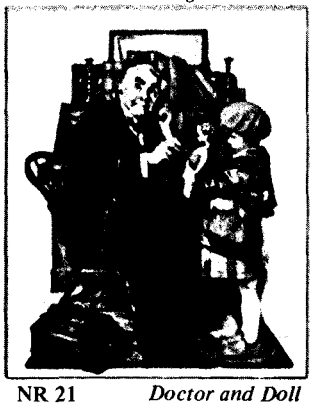

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Dr. Anderson

continued from page 117

complex carbohydrates, 38 grams of fat, 90 grams of cholesterol and 75 grams of plant fiber per day. He even allows moderate amounts of coffee, tea and other low-calorie beverages with it. And, when you look it over, it's good eating, too. Dr. Anderson is not a man to freak us out with a diet which only a squirrel could relish. He regards taste as one of the pleasures of life, but he wants to keep it under control so that it doesn't interfere with health.

The essence of what he says next is simply astonishing.

"We're beginning to dissect the cholesterol and find that there are 'good guys' in it as well as 'bad guys.' The good guys, the high-density lipids (HDL) in protein cholesterol, tend to *protect* you from heart attacks. And the bad guys, the low-density lipoproteins (the LDL) tend to enhance your likelihood of heart attacks. Now, with our oat diet we are getting into selectively exchanging these bad guys for good guys."

Translated, the oat diet not only gives you a high-fiber content for digestion and nutrition, it actually works to bring around cholesterol itself to fighting on your behalf. Wheat doesn't do it, or corn; but oats do.

"Water-soluble fibers, such as oats," says Dr. Anderson, "seem in practice to be especially effective in lowering cholesterol. Experiments performed by Dr. De Groot in the '60s seem to indicate as much, but to obtain the lowering of the count to any degree, De Groot observed that he had to feed a patient 140 grams of oats per day. That amounts to six large bowls of oats, and that's not very practical. It's not something you can expect people to do for very long. So we reasoned that if you took an oat bran fraction perhaps you would get a richer fiber fraction. On that basis, you could feed someone 100 grams of oat bran per day and that would have 30 grams of fiber, which would be good cholesterol-lowering intake. De Groot was feeding his experimental patients those six large bowls of oatmeal every day for six weeks, and that's a lot of oatmeal."

The net of this was that Dr. Anderson addressed himself to the Quaker Oats Company, which does not presently offer oat bran among its other products, and advised them of the potential of the grain to prevent cholesterol build-up. So they made him up some oat bran, and Dr. Anderson put it to the test.

"We went ahead and demonstrated that oat bran did lower cholesterol even more than our usual high-fiber diet. Our usual high-carbohydrate high-fiber diet lowers cholesterol by an average of 25 percent, which is not too bad, but *with oat bran we found we obtained about a 35 percent reduction in the serum cholesterol.* The exciting thing—although it needs further documentation—is that in our preliminary studies we observed that oat bran selectively lowered the bad guys, the LDL, while raising the good guys, the HDL cholesterol. You see, in the artery, the LDL cholesterol spews cholesterol into the artery for plaque formation whereas the HDL cholesterol (the good guys) serves a scavenger function in picking up cholesterol."

Dr. Anderson grins to himself at a sudden thought.

"It was funny," he says. "When we started making our observations on oats known—cautiously, of course—we ran into the usual nonbelievers. 'OK,' they said, 'so it works out fine on humans. But how do you know what's going to happen when you try it on rats?' "

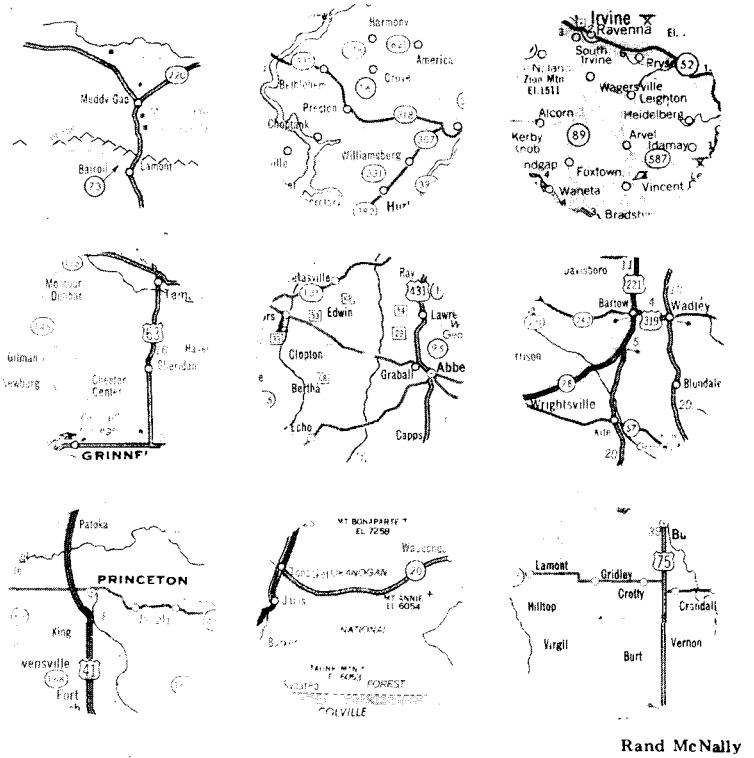
Medical experimentation was reversing itself.

"So much for academic medicine," says Dr. Anderson, laughing heartily. "It helped the rats, too, and now everybody's happy. In fact, we found even more striking reductions in LDL and increases in HDL cholesterol. So we now have academic credibility, and we can go back and further test it on humans."

Dr. Anderson hopes, of course, that someday soon oat bran will be commercially available. It is like a coarse corn meal, and he mixes it into something like farina, flavors it with a little cinnamon or nutmeg, and he's got a good, hot cereal. It incorporates into bakery products as well.

For the time being, you can't go wrong eating oatmeal or oats in any form. As Dr. Anderson says, it has the same therapeutic effect as the oat bran we've been discussing, but you just have to eat a bit more oats that you would if you had the bran.

He's willing to generalize. "As a starter, we said 100 grams of oat bran a day. We haven't titrated downward, but maybe for people who don't have bad cholesterol problems, eating 25 grams of oat bran or 50 grams of whole oats a day would have favorable effects in lowering cholesterol."



Rand McNally

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? If you or a friend find the game too easy (but you won't) add the requirement that you place the area north, south, east, west, or central in the designated state.

Answers on page 129

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So that's the new message.

Dr. Anderson is telling his story all over the country at one medical forum after another and was recently invited to present his data at a summit conference in Washington, D.C., to determine recommendations to be made to the President and Congress concerning future directions in treating diabetes. Recently, he also spoke in California at a meeting of the American Diabetes Association.

To Dr. Anderson go our admiration for his great work and our hopes for what he will be discovering in the future. We give a bow to the humble oat, originally a grain from western Europe which has now spread all over the world.

The Scots, we now know, were right all along. And Dr. Johnson, distinguished lexicographer though he was, must now hang his head in that heaven of polysyllables he now inhabits.

To find recipes for good-tasting high-fiber foods, turn to page 106.

Bypass

continued from page 40

put it simply, HDL seems to act like "Drano" in the arterial system.

A University of California at San Francisco research group have now come up with a medical regime for the management of the low-HDL high-LDL victim. One drug, Colestepol, reduces the cholesterol levels because it binds bile acids, a breakdown product of cholesterol, thus triggering a string of reactions which lowers cholesterol levels. Nicotinic acid, the vitamin niacin, inhibits formation in the liver of lipoproteins, the large molecules that transport cholesterol.

Investigations by Miller and Hamilton from Tulane University School of Medicine and by W.B. Parsons show that nicotinic acid can alter the lipids in the blood rather dramatically. Their studies indicate that 1 gram of nicotinic acid taken with each meal significantly lowers the LDL. Further studies are in progress showing that this vitamin also has promise in raising the HDL. Nicotinic acid is not without side effects. Patients must build up to the dose of 3 grams daily. Marked flushing of the skin can be very annoying, and it can cause heartburn or stomach pains. Patients are told to gradually increase the dose over several weeks, take it with meals and use antacids when hyperacidity symptoms are a factor.

(Editor's note: For nutritional preventive approach, see article about Dr. James Anderson, page 35.)

After all the discussion of the physical, emotional and medical ap-

Continued on following page

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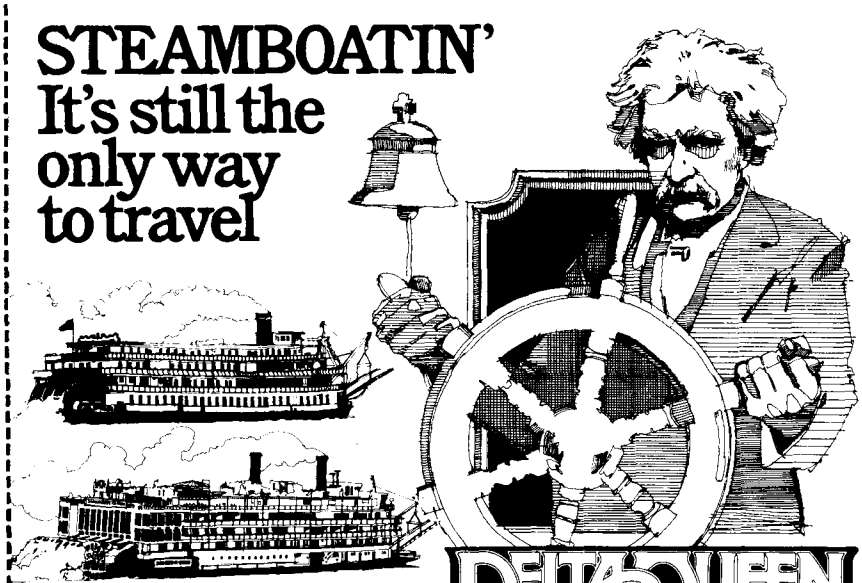

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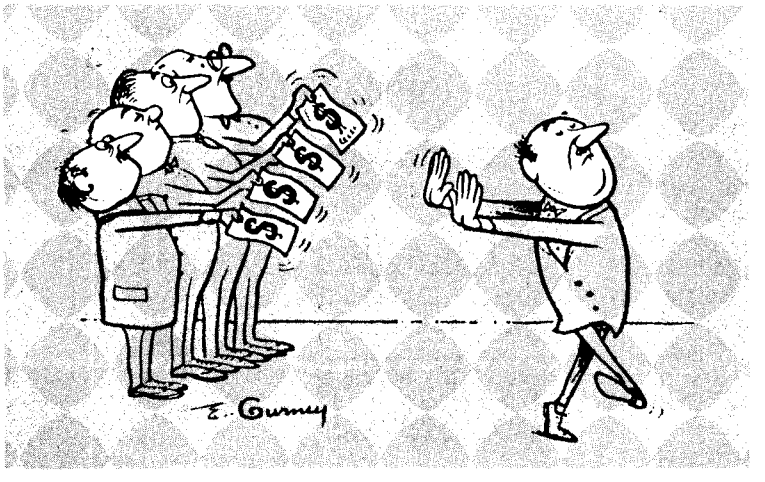
proaches to coronary artery disease, people want to know what I am doing. From a work standpoint, I'm in a unique situation. I've been in the community long enough that the referring physicians understand my attempt to cut back. They know I'm assisting in surgery at a neighboring hospital and that I wish to hold down my own practice to two cases per week. They've actually told me that if I've already done two cases that particular week, they'll try again the next week. How can you beat that sort of friendship and good will amongst your colleagues?

As to physical fitness, I admit I hate jogging and I'm doing only one mile three times a week, but I know I'll get up to that three-mile requirement. Again, it's just a matter of discipline and survival—I am now playing vigorous singles tennis with no fatigue at all. It is a known fact that 5 grains of aspirin per day will reduce clotting in the arteries. This can be taken with breakfast. I'm taking 250 milligrams of nicotinic acid three times daily in a long-acting form called Nicobid, which has been easy on my stomach and caused almost no skin flushing. Since we know that serum cholesterol studies are almost useless for people over 50, that group must rely on the HDL-LDL ratio. Recently I repeated my lipid studies and was pleased to find my HDL was 68mg/dl, which is well in the range of low coronary artery disease incidence.

How about all of you between 35 and 60 years of age? What should you be doing? Remember that tennis really never helped prevent my coronary. You must have some sustained form of exercise. It is a fact that singles tennis expends 430 calories per hour and jogging uses up to 675 calories in the same time period. I believe you should go to a reliable laboratory and get accurate measurement of your lipids. Go to two laboratories for comparison studies. If you find your HDL is 60 or above, you're lucky. You probably won't develop coronary artery disease. If you are in the range of the 40s or low 50s, you had better readjust your physical and emotional program, stop smoking, lose weight if you're overweight, and start the nicotinic acid routine *all under the guidance of your physician.* Reduce the stress in your life, whether it be in the office or at home. Obviously, the jogging doesn't begin until you've been cleared with a stress test.

Finally, if the stress test indicates there is coronary insufficiency, your cardiologist or personal physician may suggest an angiogram. If you recall the beginning of my story, there was no easy way to evaluate the severity of my coronary occlusive disease until I had the dye study.

It isn't just survival we are seeking. It should be a joy of living each day. In order to accomplish this, you must enjoy your work, try a little kindness to casual friends and really know your family and their needs. Then perhaps some of that stress will subside, and you can truly enjoy a full life. ✖



The Perfect Squelch

Although he owned much land in the city, Mr. Finch screamed when the school board asked him to sell a ten-foot strip. The city fathers, he loudly complained at a public hearing on the matter, were grossly underestimating the value of his land. Their $10,000 offer was ridiculous. They should pay at least $75,000 for the strip they wanted as a right of way to the new school.

After a series of speakers had risen to call Finch's demand outrageous and to denounce his greed, Councilman Tatmore took the floor and surprised everyone with the statement: "Gentlemen, I am in favor of giving Mr. Finch the $75,000 he asks for the right of way." Then, to still the immediate murmur of protest, Tatmore held up his hand and added, "And of reassessing the rest of Mr. Finch's property on the same basis."

—Joy Gallagher

Politics '80

continued from page 26

the press said he'd lost the election—and shortly afterward he was forced to drop out of the race. Senator Ed Muskie won the New Hampshire primary in 1972 by an almost 2-to-1 margin over Senator George McGovern and saw the press insist that it was a grievous loss; he lost momentum, personnel and money, and had to drop out of the race. The trick these days is to win the various polls and primaries without the media quite noticing that you've won. For once they notice, they say you really lost so they can force you out of the race. One tantalizing example came last October when Jimmy Carter won a 2-to-1 margin of victory over Ted Kennedy in a straw vote in Florida. In its news-section hype for Senator Kennedy, the *Washington Post* printed a story on page four showing that, by the *Post*'s own measurements, Carter got 65 percent of the vote and Kennedy got 31 percent. On page *one*—where it would get far more attention—the *Post* ran an interpretive story asserting that Carter had really *lost* to Kennedy in Florida, though he'd etched a 2-to-1 lead over the favorite. ("President Shown Vulnerable to Kennedy . . .") Somehow, in both interpretation and in reporting, the *Post* ignored two facts: that Carter won the first head-on-head fight between Kennedy and Carter, and that this was only the second time in history that any Kennedy had lost an election. (The first time was when Bobby Kennedy lost the Oregon primary in 1968.) To Carter, there was only one daemonic possibility: that the *Washington Post* would proclaim every Carter win a loss—with the rest of the media tagging dumbly behind—until the *Washington Post* forced Carter out of the race, leaving the loser, Ted Kennedy, as victor.

To be sure, Ted Kennedy has himself felt

Cont. on following page

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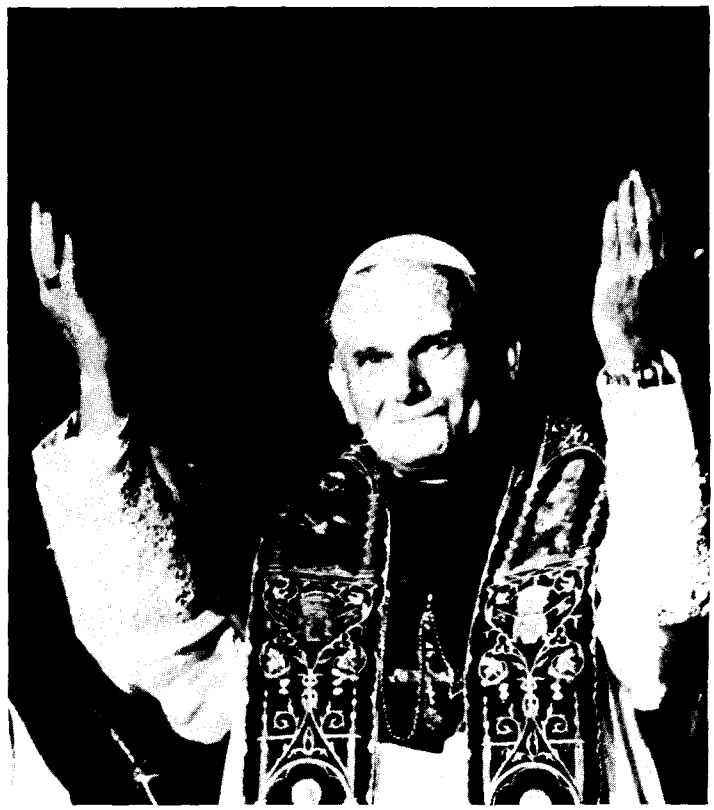
"The worlds most impressive and natural leader"

Time Magazine

Pope John Paul II
The Life of Karol Wojtyla



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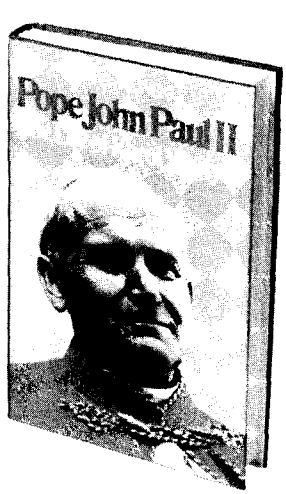

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the sting of being a front runner. As soon as he plunged formally into the race, the press—which had confined itself merely to fawning in his pre-contest period—began nibbling around the edges of the Camelot legend. ("Camelittle!" snapped a normally loyal Kennedy columnist.) In some segments of the media, there were vague suggestions that perhaps Teddy is not too bright—certainly not as bright as his brothers—if he doesn't have a prepared statement in front of him. And that he couldn't talk on his feet—he tended to use "uhs" and "ers" instead of verbs . . . or facts—because he really didn't have any feel for the issues. ("What is er uh Teddy's uh uh I.Q.?" asked a reader's letter to a normally pro-Kennedy newspaper.) No longer were the media examining the skills shown by Ted Kennedy in the Senate; instead they were suggesting that he had not accomplished anything in his 17 years in the Senate that he wasn't demanding that President Carter accomplish in three years in the White House. Some media people were even suggesting that he had some responsibility in driving his wife to alcoholism—and into a separation which led to her attempted recovery—through his philandering. To be sure, the criticism was not universal: The *New Republic* obligingly dropped an article on Senator Kennedy's womanizing, and the news section of the *Washington Post* made sure that it wasn't out in front in investigating the events of Chappaquiddick. It waited until there were two TV shows and serious questions raised in the *Wall Street Journal* and the crosstown rival *Washington Star* before the *Washington Post* recognized Chappaquiddick as a story—a week or ten days after the other media and *four months* after *The Saturday Evening Post*.

Despite all this, nobody—but nobody—went at Kennedy with the tough questions and got an answer which sufficed. Not ABC-TV, not the *Wall Street Journal*. Not CBS—which won applause for serving softballs. (Kennedy kept saying, "I'll answer any question you ask," and the viewer got the feeling that CBS' Roger Mudd had no tough questions to ask). Certainly not the *Washington Post*.

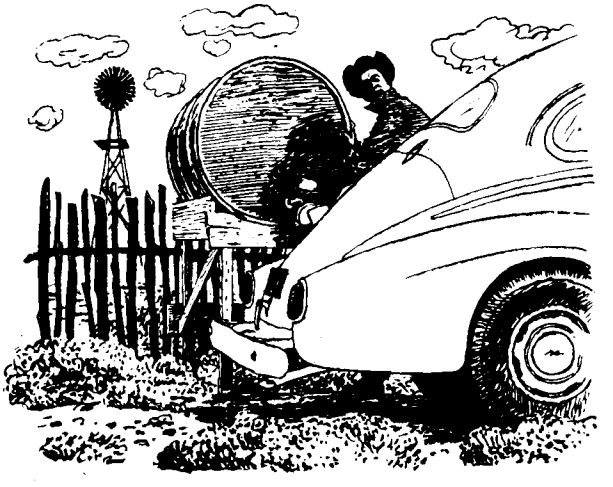
The toughest question—the one that should have been asked, but wasn't—is simply this: "Senator Kennedy, the evidence is that Mary Jo Kopechne died of suffocation, not of drowning. It appears that she died many hours after the accident, her fingers clawed to find the last bit of air. It appears also that you got yourself out of the car without helping her and that in the minutes and hours after the accident you did not bother to summon the professional help which might have saved her life. Instead you say you asked a couple of friends to leave an alcohol-hazed party to try to help her instead of making a single phone call to the police, from a phone near the accident, which might have saved her life. Moreover, you and your two friends were lawyers and none of the three of you obeyed a very basic law: to report an accident immediately. Instead you went back to your hotel room and slept it all off. Perhaps while she suffocated. And waited for you to save her. Now this suggests that you were indifferent to your responsibilities as a member of the human race, to your responsibilities as a lawyer, to your responsibilities as a friend. Did you, in fact, ignore these basic responsibilities? If so, why? And was there any discussion with your lawyer-friends that it might be better to walk away from the accident and leave Mary Jo to fend for herself, instead of trying to rescue her alive—and face embarrassing questions of how the two of you got there in the first place?"

These are questions which must not only be offered to Senator Kennedy but which demand corroboration from his lawyer-friends. They demand the formal setting which suggests the penalties of perjury and perhaps even support by lie-detector examinations if one is to resolve them beyond all doubt. But that forum does not exist and is never likely to exist. Thus the only alternative is the extension of the faith and charity of the Judaic-Christian relationship: to believe that any individual who had—in conscience—to answer "yes" to any of those questions could not, within himself, go through the charade of pretending to be fit for the presidency.

In any case, "charade" is itself becoming an issue in the campaign.

Ronald Reagan opened his formal campaign by bending his head to interviewers so they could see that the roots of his hair were indeed dark, that he did not dye his hair. ("Go ahead, feel it," he said. "It felt thick and soft and dry," reported a newspaper reporter—female. One who was wonderfully unconscious of the absurdity of it all.)

Reagan also denied that he'd had a facelift. (" . . . It leaves little tiny scars behind your ears. You can look for



WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE?

Our ranch was seven miles from the nearest neighbors, and, in the trusting way of the West, we never bothered to lock up anything, although our work took us away from home every weekday morning. All went well until someone began helping himself generously to the gasoline which we kept in a large drum with a faucet at a convenient level for filling car tanks. As the thievery might someday leave us stranded without gas, we had to trap the thief. But how? What would you have done?

We poured a gallon of water into the drum. It settled to the bottom, close to the faucet. The next afternoon on our way home, we found a neighbor near our place frantically cleaning out the gas line and carburetor of his car. "Dirty gas sure gives you trouble, doesn't it?" I said. "Better be careful where you buy it." No more gasoline was stolen.

—Betty Ross

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yourself." The woman reporter looked and found no scars. "If I'd had one [a facelift]," said Reagan, "I'd hope to look better than I look.")

But George Bush had a little more trouble. He looked so cerebral and Ben Franklin-ish—particularly wearing his half-lens glasses—that one of his major backers said he had to appear more forceful if he wanted to keep his backing. So Bush threw away his half-lens glasses. He hired a voice coach. And he began practicing gestures which would make him appear more forceful and dynamic in public.

But charades alone won't do it. Nor will force and dynamism. It helps to have ideas and the brains behind them. It helps also to have an organization. That's one of the reasons that campaign-watchers are looking at a significant interior contest in the GOP race: the one between John Connally and George Bush for second place behind Ronald Reagan. For Connally has great force in his public posture but he has an organization which lacks force. Bush lacks great force in his public posture but he has an organization which possesses it. For the two of them—and for the American people—it will be a contest of vast significance: whether personal force or organizational force will prevail.

In all of this there is great drama, not just for the candidates but for the American people. The elections of 1980 will be wild, wacky and meaningful. They will raise laughs and inspire groans. They will raise heroes and paint villains. They will be a passion and a recreation and they will define the state of the nation for perhaps an entire generation.

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•Putting a $1 flow constrictor on the shower head can save a family of four up to $40 a year.

•If all American households cut the use of dishwashers by one load a week, the aggregate saving would total 3.25 million barrels of oil a year.

•If all home hot water heaters were properly insulated, this could save 60,000 barrels of oil a day. That's almost 22 million barrels of oil a year, or a cut in the nation's trade deficit of $572 million.

•The federal government now offers homeowners a 15 percent tax credit for installing insulation, storm windows or caulking up to $2,000, for a total credit of $300. The nearest Internal Revenue Service Office has the details—a toll-free number is listed in your phone book.

Computer Crime

continued from page 100

ment by government which he had already harassed. Reformed, he plans to start a computer security business. It seems that if you know the system, you know it, crooked or straight.

These button-pushers and the key-punchers and the smart guys on the Touch-Tone phones—these crooks will cost us hundreds of millions of dollars this year (one expert's estimate is much higher: $10 billion). Two and a half million people control 350,000 computer systems, and too many of these people seem to possess great minds bent on grand theft.

The Prophecy

continued from page 86

have warned you before events could have reached the present state. The fact is, the Rom—the Gypsy folk—believe a terrible prophecy about Zoltan.

You see, Dear Catherine: The wife of Zoltan's grandfather was not Rom. She was one of you, one of the Gaje. So Zoltan's father was didikai—*half Rom, half Gaje. When he was a little boy, the mother took him away, back to the Gaje, and it was said: The line of Carbarow will end dreadfully if they marry again to the Gaje. But Zoltan's father*

Continued on following page

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came back to us, and did marry one of us. Zoltan must do the same. It is said if Zoltan should marry one from the Gaje, both he and his wife will die violently. On his ninth birthday, their orphaned son will be the victim of a brutal murderer. And thus will end the line of the Carbarows. . . .

A creepy prickling moved up my back and down both my arms. Zoltan and Millicent were my parents! And I should have been murdered on my ninth birthday? What a weird notion. I had no idea what did happen on my ninth birthday, but in any case, I seemed to have survived. I leafed frantically through the rest of the papers in the bundle, but there was no further mention of the prophecy or of my father's gypsy heritage—only a few references to the marriage taking place in the spring of 1929 and the fact that for several years there were no children. They had almost given up by the time I arrived.

It was quite late when I closed the desk and made my way down the hall past Grandmother's room to my own. Though I fell into bed exhausted from the events of the long day, sleep was fitful and sporadic for a long time, before I finally dropped off into a drugged-like state.

What woke me from it I do not know, but it came with a stab of pure terror, as if a bright light had flashed full in my face. Disoriented, my pajamas completely drenched with sweat, I sat upright abruptly, a single thought pounding in my brain: I was a leap-year baby, born on February 29, thirty-six years ago that very night. It was my ninth birthday!

As I sat there shivering, a sense of reality began slowly returning, and I went over it all again in my mind. It was easy enough to see how recent events had been enough to tax my nerves to a point where any faint rustle would suddenly become a vampire: the terse message informing me, before I was even fully awake, of Grandmother's passing; the mad rush for the plane; then the quick, intense sessions with the minister and the funeral director; and, finally, plunging into a complicated assortment of documents spanning decades of affairs of which I had little knowledge, all in a rather dreary old house, alone.

When the pounding of my heart had slowed and my breathing was nearly back to normal, I turned off the light I had groped for so frantically a few minutes earlier and eased my aching body back to a horizontal position, feeling warm and protected under the soft quilts. It was a good feeling, and I began consciously stretching and then relaxing, first my toes, then the whole foot, the legs, the arms . . . until I was drowsy . . . so drowsy . . .

Then something slit a window screen in Grandmother's room! ZZZZIIIIIIIT! I froze, unable to breathe. For ages there wasn't another sound, except the wind knocking low branches against the house. Could that have been it, after all? The inescapable conclusion that I had to go into her room and see if someone had been at the window finally forced my leaden legs from under the covers. With a stream of chills running up and down my stomach, I went in.

Eyes glued to the two windows, I moved along the foot of her bed toward them. Halfway there, I sensed, more than heard, a lightning-like flurry of movement. Before I could react I was struck hard in the center of my back. Recovering from the blow without falling, I stumbled a few wild steps, then was upright and running for the kitchen. I knew there was a madman in the house and I had to get out. I thought, as I ran, of Peter Shipman. Could it be he hated me enough to follow me here, break in, and . . . ? Maybe he hadn't given anybody my message. Then there would be no way he could be connected with the murder. *I* was the only one who knew I had called him. None of the others knew where I had gone; why should anybody suppose he did? A perfect setup. And Peter, with his weird creative genius, would have instantly grasped the combination. He was incredibly brilliant at times, but erratic—dangerous. That's why I got the promotion instead of him. There is a limit to how much creative daring an architectural firm can risk. Peter had to be controlled.

Reaching the kitchen, I began clearing my mind for action—for survival. It was nearly half a mile to the closest house, and the night was bitter cold with freezing rain. The car was locked. If I went out with no wrap the cold would overpower me. Peter could easily catch up with me, and I would be defenseless. Better to make a stand here. He was in there somewhere, watching. Why didn't he come after me? What was he waiting for?

Even the limbs had stopped knocking against the house. The dead silence was horrible. So was the darkness. I would hunt him down, turning on lights as I went. If I made it to my bedroom, I could get a coat and my keys

Continued on page 132

You be the Judge

By Eric SerVaas

On a blustery wintery night in a small Vermont village Mr. Snow woke up to a crashing noise. "Sure enough. I told him it would happen," he swore as he surveyed the damage. Mr. Ice, his close neighbor, had allowed snow and ice to accumulate on his roof, and now it had slid off onto Mr. Snow's house, smashing the window, splitting the clapboards and breaking a hole in the porch roof.

In court, Defendant Ice claimed no liability for what he termed an act of God. Besides, snow had fallen from his roof onto his neighbor's house for years, giving the defendant what the law calls a "prescriptive right"—that is, the use of another's property in an open, notorious and adverse manner for a statutory period of years. This law would entitle plaintiff Snow to only nominal damages. Should he be entitled to more?

The court held that Mr. Snow was entitled to more than nominal damages. Mr. Snow had given the defendant notice of the nuisance and had suggested his using roof guards above the eaves to prevent snow from sliding. The defendant's knowingly allowing the nuisance to continue evidenced malice which entitled Mr. Snow to actual and punitive damages.

Based on a 1911 Vermont Supreme Court Case.

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WHERE IN THE WORLD?

(Answers from page 116)

1 Not just another pretty face, this stolid stone visage overlooks a section of the 24,000-acre Shawnee National Forest in the scenic Ozark Mountain foothills in southern Illinois.

2 "The Breakers," at Newport, Rhode Island, is part of a $100 million estate left by shipping and railroad baron Cornelius Vanderbilt. By today's standards, Vanderbilt got the biggest break of them all—no income taxes.

3 Long-dead Mayan cities such as Uxmal and Chichen Itza on Mexico's Yucatan Peninsula have yielded some of the finest buildings of the pre-Columbian Mayan culture, although most Mayan descendents now live in the highlands of neighboring Guatemala.

4 Saved from premature retirement when it was judged too narrow for modern London traffic, engineer John Rennie's London Bridge, which spanned the Thames from 1831 to 1971, was moved to Lake Havasu City, Arizona, where it is now a favorite of New World tourists.

For Thine is the Power

He'd spent an hour in a fruitless search for a parking space. Finally he left his car in a no-parking zone. A few minutes later, a policeman stood beside it reading the note affixed to the windshield. It read: "I have circled this block 10 times and I have an appointment and must keep it or lose my job. *Forgive us our trespasses.*"

The officer then wrote a note of his own: "I have circled this block for 10 years. If I don't give you a ticket, I will lose my job. *Lead us not into temptation.*"

—Kenneth E. Hall

Where Do You Think You Are?

(Answers from page 122)

1. Wyoming
2. Maryland
3. Kentucky
4. Iowa
5. Alabama
6. Georgia
7. Indiana
8. Washington
9. Kansas

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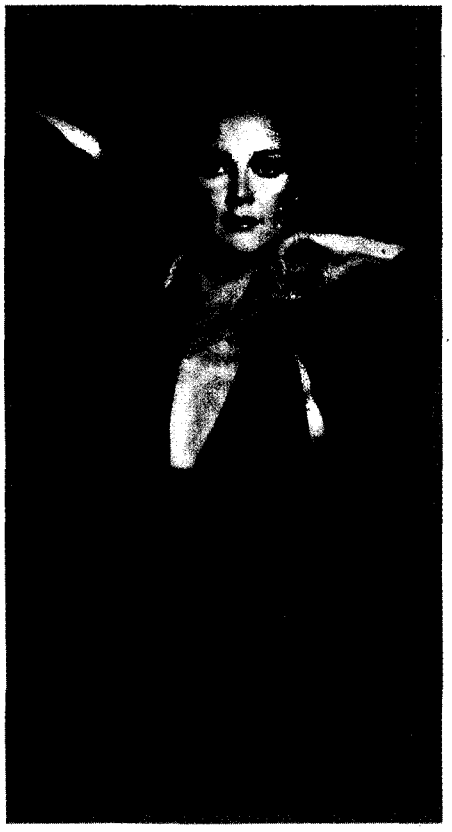
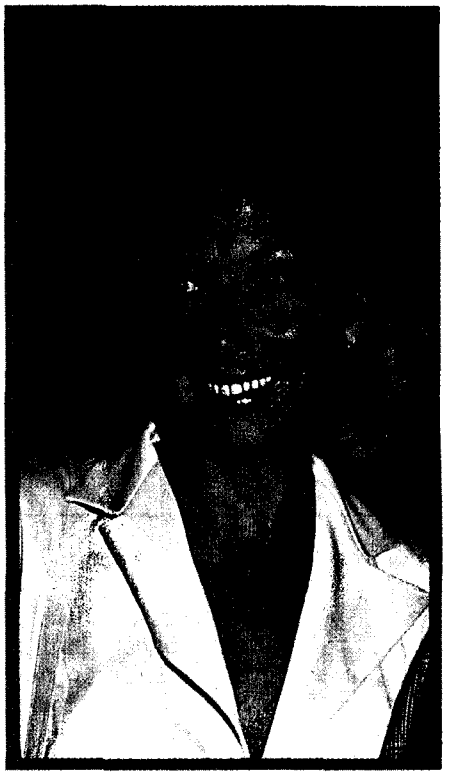
POST PEOPLE



Lynda Carter, a whiz at throwing her weight around on TV's "Wonder Woman," is flexing talent muscles many people didn't suspect she had. Her show-biz itinerary this year includes a Lynda Carter CBS special on January 1, with Kenny Rogers and Leo Sayer. The superstar will belt out some nice songs instead of nasty villains and dance a little bit, too. Lynda also stars in an upcoming movie, *The Shroud.* A born-again Christian, she and her promoter/husband Ron Samuels read the Bible before performances. Ron is Jewish, "but he believes in Jesus, too," Lynda claims.

America's undisputed No. 1 male sex symbol and box-office draw, Robert Redford, has been behind the scenes rather than on the screens lately. The 41-year-old actor is busy directing his first film, *Ordinary People*, based on the best-selling novel by Judith Guest and starring the director and Mary Tyler Moore. Redford fans are already standing in line to catch his recent release, *Electric Horseman*, co-starring Jane Fonda. At home in Utah, Redford actively campaigns for the use of solar energy.

For the past two years Pearl Bailey, making more appearances at the library than on the stage, has been pacing and gracing the walkways of Georgetown University. The versatile actress/singer seriously hits the books, seldom passing up an opportunity to celebrate cerebration. In fact, returning from a trip to Abu Dhabi at the request of the government, Pearl stretched a short stopover in London into a three-week furlough because she wouldn't miss the chance to sit in on classes at Oxford University. Before parting company, Oxford's Rabbi White invited her to matriculate on a full-time basis, but Pearlie Mae demurred.



Michael Learned may have left Walton's Mountain, but she's still at the peak of her career. Exhausted after seven years of 12-hour-day, 5-day-a-week rehearsals for the one-hour episodes of "The Waltons," Learned asked to be written out of the script last year. Since then, while Olivia is away recuperating in a tuberculosis sanitarium, alter ego Michael Learned has been shooting films and TV specials.

She is changing roles not only on the screen—Miss Learned has recently contracted to play wife to writer Will Barker on a permanent basis. And their household won't be in the Blue Ridge Mountains, but deep in the mansion-studded Hollywood Hills.

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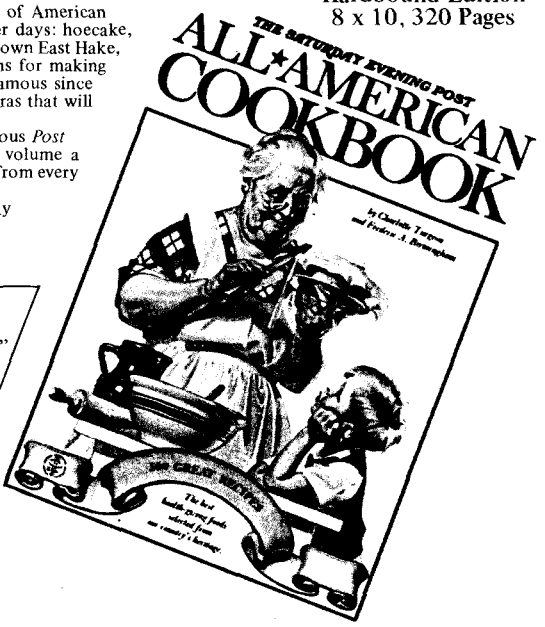

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The Prophecy

continued from page 128

and make a dash for it. Gritting my teeth, I flipped on the kitchen light. Nothing. The room looked deceptively normal. My coffee cup was where I had left it, still a quarter full. Grandmother's spice rack beamed comfortably at me. The hackles rose on my neck. It wasn't right for everything to look so peaceful. Any second now Peter would send a bullet crashing through my skull. I was making too good a target. I dashed jaggedly from the kitchen to the sitting room and turned on the light in there. I moved stealthily out to the hall, which was completely black, and began fumbling along the wall. I couldn't remember where the wall switch was.

Then I heard a light bump in Grandmother's room.

The sound sent my brain whirling! I knew, then. A perfect picture of what was about to happen formed on the backs of my eyes in the instant I blinked. When I opened them a split second later he was there, coming out the door of the room where he always slept: Jonathan, Grandmother's enormous Persian cat.

It could have been funny, but it wasn't. He was disturbed, restless. When I had gone into her room he must have jumped at my back from the shelf where he slept. I had forgotten about him completely, and of course the poor animal was hungry. And he was looking for Grandmother. He meowed mournfully and trotted over on his padded feet to rub nervously against my leg.

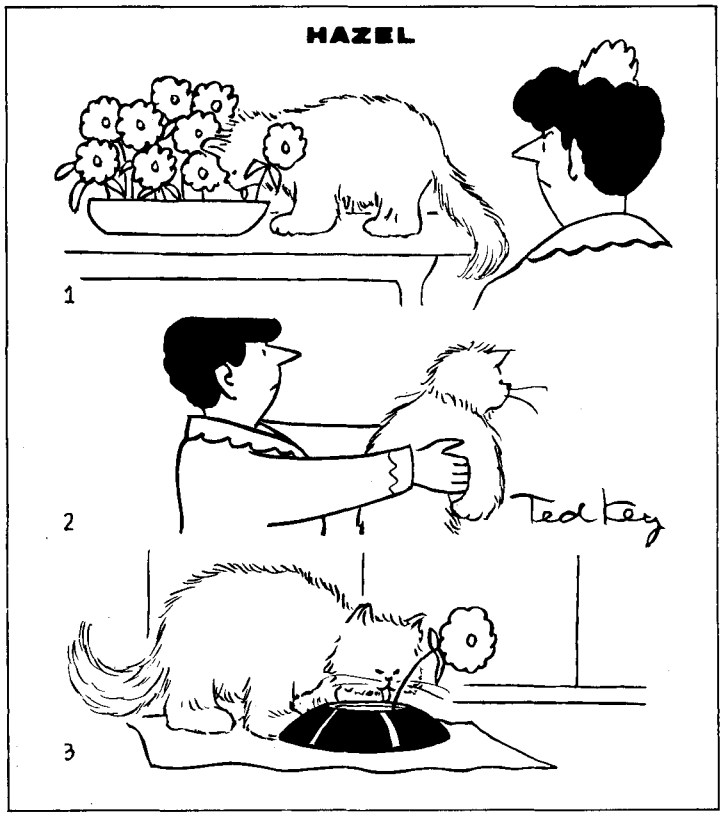
"All right, Jonathan, I'll take care of you," I told him on the way to the kitchen. "Where were you when I was here Christmas? And where's your bowl?"

I took down a cereal bowl and poured some milk for him. Then, out of curiosity, I went back to check the windows. One of them was unlocked, and its screen had been cut cleanly, all the way across the bottom. There *had* been somebody there. What had frightened him away? Jonathan? My light? I had no way of knowing.

No one came to inquire about buying the house during the four days it took to finish the papers. So when it was all done I closed the old house and left the key with the real estate agent, glad to be going home.

But when I got home, I was in for a shock. On the night of the 29th a bomb had devastated my apartment in Philadelphia. There was not a piece of anything larger than a silver dollar left in the primary explosion area around the bed, where the police thought the bomb had been attached. Of one thing they were certain: It was a professional's work. It was supposed Peter had made the arrangements and then was not able to change the plans when he found out I would be gone. Peter himself still hasn't been found.

At the office it grew more and more difficult to concentrate on my work. And as for another apartment—I could summon no enthusiasm even to look for one. After a week, Mr. Taylor, out of concern for me, or his business, or both, suggested I take a leave of absence.



"... bring you out of that hotel room, at least, Carbarow. Take a trip, maybe ... get your equilibrium back."

He thought, I'm sure, that I feared for my life—with Peter still out there somewhere. The truth is, that didn't worry me at all. There was no doubt in my mind that Peter had failed on the appointed date, and that there would not be another time.

No, my thoughts were occupied entirely with that strange old letter, and little things Grandmother had said—things that hadn't registered at the time. I went back to her house and got the letter. By the end of April I found the one who had written it half a century before. Her name was not *Ruby*, as I first thought. It was *Rupa*. She lived alone in a little camper down on the Gulf coast, no longer roaming the country as the Gypsies did in the old days, but she still cooked outside on an open fire. She had a little shop up on the main road, where she bought things from the sailors and sold them to the tourists—the Gaje.

Rupa did not seem surprised to see me, but it was only gradually that I was able to break through her reserve. There was never any real sign that I *had*, but after a time I began to feel comfortable when I visited her.

"Oh, yes, sometimes it is possible to change a prophecy," old Rupa told me one night, squatting by the smoky fire to roast her coffee beans on a flat tin lid she held in one brown, knobby hand. "It is not an easy thing," she added, with a dark glance in my direction.

"But Grandmother Fairfax had no Gypsy blood. How could she have known——?"

"No. She was not a Rom—you call us Gypsy. She was one of the Gaje—outsiders," Rupa, who speaks few words, interrupted. "But your grandmother was different. She understood."

"Understood?"

"I will tell you one thing ..." Rupa's voice dropped low and soft against the chirp of a katydid, somewhere out there in the darkness. "... she loved you very much."

"Yes, I know. And——"

"No *and* ..."

I waited while she poked at the fire, her lips pressed together intently. I felt her eyes cut sharply across the firelight once, and as quickly back, though her head never moved. Some wisps of ashes lay where they had fallen on her dark hair, scarcely touching it. For a long time then, there was only the rattle of the beans as she gently shook the tin. Their pungent—almost stinging—aroma blended with the smoke at first, until at last it dominated the night air. Finally she set the tin aside and looked up from the fire.

"Rupa ..." I started again, "do you think Grandmother——?"

"Go back to your city, Gaje boy," she said evenly, "and don't try to learn our ways. You cannot ride two horses with one backside."

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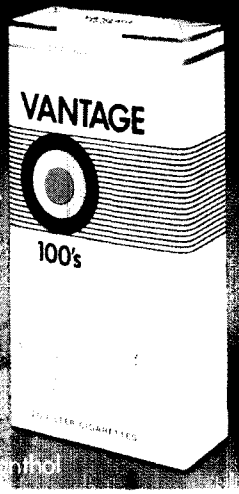

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